

German Literature

1858

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2. Rudolf von Habsburg.

3. Maximilian der Erste.

4. Fables.

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Hans Sachs—

1. Sacred Song.

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Petermann Etterlin's Chronicle.—William Tell and Rudolf von Habsburg.

Aegidius Tschudi's Chronicle.—William Tell.

Paulus Melissus Schede.

Johann Fischart—

1. Exhortation addressed to the German people.

2. Das glückhafte Schiff.

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Georg Rudolf Weckherlin.

Anonymous Poem—'O Ewigkeit.'

Michael Altenburg's Camp-song (Gustavus Adolphus).

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II.

OLD GERMAN LOVE-SONGS¹.

SEVEN hundred years ago! What a long time it seems! Philip Augustus, King of France; Henry II, King of England; Frederic I, the famous Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany! When we read of their times, the times of the Crusades, we feel as the Greeks felt when reading of the War of Troy. We listen, we admire, but we do not compare the heroes of St. Jean d'Acre with the great generals of the nineteenth century. They seem a different race of men from those who are now living, and poetry and tradition have lent to their royal frames such colossal proportions that we hardly dare to criticise the legendary history of their chivalrous achievements. It was a time of heroes, of saints, of martyrs, of miracles! Thomas a'Becket was murdered at Canterbury, but for more than three hundred years his name lived on, and his bones were working miracles, and his soul seemed as it were embodied and petrified in the lofty pillars that surround the spot of his martyrdom. Abelard was persecuted and imprisoned, but his spirit revived in the Reformers of

¹ 'Des Minnesangs Frühling.' Herausgegeben von Karl Lachmann und Moritz Haupt. Leipzig, 1857.

the sixteenth century, and the shrine of Abelard and Heloise in the Père Lachaise is still decorated every year with garlands of *immortelles*. Barbarossa was drowned in the same river in which Alexander the Great had bathed his royal limbs, but his fame lived on in every cottage of Germany, and the peasant near the Kyffhäuser still believes that some day the mighty Emperor will awake from his long slumber and rouse the people of Germany from their fatal dreams. We dare not hold communion with such stately heroes as Frederick the Red-beard, and Richard the Lion-heart; they seem half to belong to the realm of fable. We feel from our very schooldays as if we could shake hands with a Themistocles and sit down in the company of a Julius Cæsar, but we are awed by the presence of those tall and silent knights, with their hands folded and their legs crossed, as we see them reposing in full armour on the tombs of our cathedrals.

And yet, however different in all other respects, these men, if they once lift their steel beaver and unbuckle their rich armour, are wonderfully like ourselves. Let us read the poetry, which they either wrote themselves, or to which they liked to listen in their castles on the Rhine or under their tents in Palestine, and we find it is poetry which a Tennyson or a Moore, a Goethe or Heine might have written. Neither Julius Cæsar nor Themistocles would know what was meant by such poetry. It is modern poetry—poetry unknown to the ancient world, and who invented it nobody can tell. It is sometimes called romantic, but this is a strange misnomer. Neither the Romans, nor the lineal descendants of the Romans, the Italians, the Pro-

vençals, the Spaniards, can claim that poetry as their own. It is Teutonic poetry—purely Teutonic in its heart and soul, though its utterance, its rhyme and metre, its grace and imagery, show the marks of a warmer clime. It is called sentimental poetry, the poetry of the heart rather than of the head, the picture of the inward rather than of the outward world. It is subjective as distinguished from objective poetry, as the German critics, in their scholastic language, are fond of expressing it. It is Gothic, as contrasted with classical poetry. The one, it is said, sublimizes nature, the other bodies forth spirit—the one deifies the human, the other humanizes the divine—the one is ethnic, the other Christian. But all these are but names, and their true meaning must be discovered in the works of art themselves, and in the history of the times which produced the artists, the poets, and their ideals. We shall perceive the difference between these two hemispheres of the Beautiful better if we think of Homer's 'Helena' and Dante's 'Beatrice,' if we look at the 'Venus of Milo' and a 'Madonna' of Francia, than in reading the profoundest systems of æsthetics.

The work which has caused these reflections is a volume of German poetry, just published by Lachmann and Haupt. It is called 'Des Minnesangs Frühling—the Spring of the Songs of Love;' and it contains a collection of the poems of twenty German poets, all of whom lived during the period of the Crusades, under the Hohenstaufen Emperors, from about 1170 to 1230. This period may well be called the spring of German poetry, though the summer that followed was but of short duration,

and the autumn was cheated of the rich harvest which the spring had promised. Tieck, one of the first who gathered the flowers of that forgotten spring, describes it in glowing language. 'At that time,' he says, 'believers sang of faith, lovers of love, knights described knightly actions and battles; and loving, believing knights were their chief audience. The spring, beauty, gaiety, were objects that could never tire: great duels, and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely, the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircle the flock, so did religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality; and every heart, in equal love, humbled itself before her.' Carlyle, too, has listened with delight to those merry songs of spring. 'Then truly,' he says, 'was the time of singing come; for princes and prelates, emperors and squires, the wise and the simple, men, women and children, all sang and rhymed, or delighted in hearing it done. It was a universal noise of song, as if the spring of manhood had arrived, and warblings from every spray—not indeed, without infinite twitterings also, which, except their gladness, had no music—were bidding it welcome.' And yet it was not all gladness; and it is strange that Carlyle, who has so keen an ear for the silent melancholy of the human heart, should not have heard that tone of sorrow and fateful boding which breaks, like a suppressed sigh, through the free and light music of that Swabian era. The brightest sky of spring is not without its clouds in Germany, and the German heart is never happy without some sadness. Whether we listen to a short ditty, or to the epic ballads of the 'Nibelunge,' or to Wolfram's grand

poems of the 'Parcival' and the 'Holy Graal,' it is the same everywhere. There is always a mingling of light and shade,—in joy a fear of sorrow, in sorrow a ray of hope, and throughout the whole, a silent wondering at this strange world. Here is a specimen of an anonymous poem—and anonymous poetry is an invention peculiarly Teutonic. It was written before the twelfth century; its language is strangely simple, and sometimes uncouth. But there is truth in it, and it is truth after all, and not fiction, that is the secret of all poetry :—

It has pained me in the heart,
 Full many a time,
 That I yearned after that
 Which I may not have,
 Nor ever shall win.
 It is very grievous.
 I do not mean gold or silver :
 It is more like a human heart.

I trained me a falcon,
 More than a year.
 When I had tamed him,
 As I would have him,
 And had well tied his feathers
 With golden chains,
 He soared up very high,
 And flew into other lands.

I saw the falcon since,
 Flying happily;
 He carried on his foot
 Silken straps,
 And his plumage was
 All red of gold. . . .
 May God send them together,
 Who would fain be loved.

The key-note of the whole poem of the 'Nibelunge,' such as it was written down at the end of the twelfth, or the beginning of the thirteenth century, is 'Sorrow after Joy.' This is the fatal spell against which all the heroes are fighting, and fighting in vain. And as Hagen dashes the Chaplain into the waves, in order to belie the prophecy of the Mermaids, but the Chaplain rises, and Hagen rushes headlong into destruction, so Chriemhilt is bargaining and playing with the same inevitable fate, cautiously guarding her young heart against the happiness of love, that she may escape the sorrows of a broken heart. She, too, has been dreaming 'of a wild young falcon that she trained for many a day, till two fierce eagles tore it.' And she rushes to her mother Ute, that she may read the dream for her; and her mother tells her what it means. And then the coy maiden answers:—

. . . . no more, no more, dear mother, say,
From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear as day,
That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites us ever.
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never.

But Siegfried comes, and Chriemhilt's heart does no longer cast up the bright and the dark days of life. To Siegfried she belongs; for him she lives, and for him, when 'two fierce eagles tore him,' she dies. A still wilder tragedy lies hidden in the songs of the 'Edda,' the most ancient fragments of truly Teutonic poetry. Wolfram's poetry is of the same sombre cast. He wrote his 'Parcival' about the time when the songs of the 'Nibelunge' were written down. The subject was taken by him from a French source. It belonged originally to the British cycle of Arthur

and his Knights. But Wolfram took the story merely as a skeleton, to which he himself gave a new body and soul. The glory and happiness which this world can give, is to him but a shadow—the crown for which his hero fights is that of the Holy Graal.

Faith, Love, and Honour are the chief subjects of the so-called Minnesänger. They are not what we should call erotic poets. *Minne* means love in the old German language, but it means, originally, not so much passion and desire, as thoughtfulness, reverence, and remembrance. In English *Minne* would be 'Minding,' and it is different therefore from the Greek *Eros*, the Roman *Amor*, and the French *Amour*. It is different also from the German *Liebe*, which means originally desire, not love. Most of the poems of the 'Minnesänger' are sad rather than joyful—joyful in sorrow, sorrowful in joy. The same feelings have since been so often repeated by poets in all the modern languages of Europe, that much of what we read in the 'Minnesänger' of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries sounds stale to our ears. Yet there is a simplicity about these old songs, a want of effort, an entire absence of any attempt to please or to surprise, and we listen to them as we listen to a friend who tells us his sufferings in broken and homely words, and whose truthful prose appeals to our heart more strongly than the most elaborate poetry of a Lamartine or a Heine. It is extremely difficult to translate these poems from the language in which they are written, the so-called Middle High-German, into modern German—much more so to render them into English. But translation is at the same time the best test of the true

poetical value of any poem, and we believe that many of the poems of the Minnesängers can bear that test. Here is another poem, very much in the style of the one quoted above, but written by a poet whose name is known, Dietmar von Eist :—

A lady stood alone,
 And gazed across the heath,
 And gazed for her love.
 She saw a falcon flying.
 'O happy falcon that thou art,
 Thou fliest wherever thou likest ;
 Thou choosest in the forest
 A tree that pleases thee.
 Thus I too had done. .
 I chose myself a man :
 Him my eyes selected.
 Beautiful ladies envy me for it.
 Alas ! why will they not leave me my love ?
 I did not desire the beloved of any one of them.
 Now woe to thee, joy of summer !
 The song of birds is gone ;
 So are the leaves of the lime-tree :
 Henceforth, my pretty eyes too
 Will be overcast.
 My love, thou shouldst take leave
 Of other ladies ;
 Yes, my hero, thou shouldst avoid them.
 When thou sawest me first,
 I seemed to thee in truth
 Right lovely made :
 I remind thee of it, dear man !'

These poems, simple and homely as they seem to us, were loved and admired by the people for whom they were written. They were copied and preserved with the greatest care in the albums of Kings and Queens, and some of them were translated into foreign languages. The poem which we quoted first

was translated as an Italian sonnet in the thirteenth century, and has been published in Franc Trucchi's 'Poesie Italiane Inedite :—

Tapina me, che amava uno spaviero ;
 amaval tanto ch'io me ne moria :
 a lo richiamo ben m'era maniero
 ed unque troppo pascere no'l dovia.
 or è montato e salito sì altero,
 assai più altero che far non solia ;
 ed è assiso dentro a un verziero,
 e un'altra donna l'averà in balia.
 isparvier mio, ch'io t'avea nodrito ;
 sonaglio d'oro ti faceva portare,
 perchè nell' uccellar fossi più ardito.
 or sei salito siccome lo mare,
 ed hai rotti li getti, e sei fuggito
 quando eri fermo nel tuo uccellare.

One of the most original and thoughtful of the 'Minnesänger' is the old Reinmar. His poems are given now for the first time in a correct and readable text by Lachmann and Haupt, and many a difficult passage has been elucidated by their notes. His poems, however, are not easy to read, and we should have been thankful for some more help than the editors have given us in their notes. The following is a specimen of Reinmar's poetry:—

High as the sun stands my heart :
 That is because of a lady who can be without change
 In her grace, wherever she be.
 She makes me free from all sorrow.

I have nothing to give her, but my own life,
 That belongs to her : the beautiful woman gives me always
 Joy, and a high mind,
 If I think of it, what she does for me.

Well 'is it for me that I found her so true !
Wherever she dwell, she alone makes every land dear to me ;
If she went across the wild sea,
There I should go ; I long so much for her.

If I had the wisdom of a thousand men, it would be well
That I keep her, whom I should serve :
May she take care right well,
That nothing sad may ever befall me through her.

I was never quite blessed, but through her :
Whatever I wish to her, may she allow it to me !
It was a blessed thing for me
That she, the Beautiful, received me into her grace.

Carlyle, no doubt, is right when he says, that among all this warbling of love there are infinite twitterings which, except their gladness, have little to charm us. Yet we like to read them as part of the bright history of those bygone days. One poet sings :

If the whole world was mine,
From the Sea to the Rhine,
I would gladly give it all,
That the Queen of England
Lay in my arms, etc.

Who was the impertinent German that dared to fall in love with a Queen of England? We do not know. But there can be no doubt that the Queen of England whom he adored was the gay and beautiful Eleonore of Poitou, the Queen of Henry II, who filled the heart of many a Crusader with unholy thoughts. Her daughter, too, Mathilde, who was married to Henry the Lion of Saxony, inspired many a poet of those days. Her beauty was celebrated by the Provençal Troubadours ; and at the Court of her husband, she encouraged several of her

German vassals to follow the example of the French and Norman Knights, and sing the love of Tristan and Isolt, and the adventures of the Knights of Charlemagne. They must have been happy times, those times of the Crusades! Nor have they passed away without leaving their impress on the hearts and minds of the nations of Europe. The Holy Sepulchre, it is true, is still in the hands of the Infidels, and the bones of the Crusaders lie buried in unhallowed soil, and their deeds of valour are well nigh forgotten, and their chivalrous Tournaments and their Courts of Love are smiled at by a wiser generation. But much that is noble and heroic in the feelings of the nineteenth century has its hidden roots in the thirteenth. Gothic architecture and Gothic poetry are the children of the same mother; and if the true but unadorned language of the heart, the aspirations of a real faith, the sorrow and joy of a true love are still listened to by the nations of Europe—and if what is called the Romantic school is strong enough to hold its ground against the classical taste and its Royal patrons, such as Louis XIV, Charles II, and Frederick the Great—we owe it to those chivalrous poets who dared for the first time to be what they were, and to say what they felt, and to whom faith, love, and honour were worthy subjects of poetry, though they lacked the sanction of the Periclean and Augustan ages.

The new edition of the Poems of the 'Minnesänger' is a masterpiece of German scholarship. It was commenced by Lachmann, the greatest critic after Wolf, that Germany has produced. Lachmann died before the work was finished, and Professor

Haupt, his successor at Berlin, undertook to finish it. His share in the edition, particularly in the notes, is greater than that of Lachmann, and the accuracy with which the text has been restored from more than twenty MSS, is worthy of the great pupil of that great master.

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III.

YE SCHYPPE OF FOOLES¹.

THE critical periods in the history of the world are best studied in the lives of a few representative men. The history of the German Reformation assumes a living, intelligible, and human character in the biographies of the Reformers; and no historian would imagine that he understood the secret springs of that mighty revolution in Germany without having read the works of Hutten, the table-talk of Luther, the letters of Melanchthon, and the sermons of Zwingli. But although it is easy to single out representative men in the great decisive struggles of history, they are more difficult to find during the preparatory periods. The years from 1450 to 1500 are as important as the years from 1500 to 1550—nay, to the thoughtful historian, that silent period of incubation is perhaps of deeper interest than the violent outburst of the sixteenth century. But where, during those years, are the men of sufficient eminence to represent the age in which they lived? It was an age of transition and preparation, of dissatisfaction and hesitation. Like the whole of the fifteenth

¹ Sebastian Brant's 'Narrenschiff.' Herausgegeben von Friedrich Zarncke. Leipzig, 1857.

century, 'it was rich in scholars, copious in pedants, but poor in genius, and barren of strong thinkers.' We must not look for heroes in so unheroic an age, but be satisfied with men if they be but a head taller than their contemporaries.

One of the most interesting men in whose life and writings the history of the preliminary age of the German Reformation may be studied, is Sebastian Brant, the famous author of the famous 'Ship of Fools.' He was born in the year 1457. The Council of Basle had failed to fulfil the hopes of the German laity as to a *reformatio ecclesiæ in capite et membris*. In the very year of Brant's birth, Martin Meyer, the Chancellor of Mayence, had addressed his letter to his former friend, Æneas Sylvius—a national manifesto, in boldness and vigour only surpassed by the powerful pamphlet of Luther, 'To the Nobility of the German Nation.' Germany seemed to awaken at last to her position, and to see the dangers that threatened her political and religious freedom. The new movement which had taken place in Italy in classical learning, supported chiefly by Greek refugees, began to extend its quickening influence beyond the Alps. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II, 1458, writes in one of his letters, that poets were held in no estimation in Germany, though he admits that their poetry is less to be blamed for this than their patrons, the princes, who care far more for any trifles than for poetry. The Germans, he says, do not care for science nor for a knowledge of classical literature, and they have hardly heard the name of Cicero or any other orator. In the eyes of the Italians, the Germans were barbarians; and when Constantine Lascaris saw the first specimen of

printing, he was told by the Italian priests, that this invention had lately been made *apud barbaros in urbe Germaniæ*. They were dangerous neighbours these barbarians, who could make such discoveries as the art of printing; and Brant lived to see the time when Joh. Cæsarius was able to write to a friend of his:—‘At this moment, Germany, if she does not surpass Italy, at least need not, and will not, yield to her, not so much on account of her empire, as for her wonderful fecundity in learned men, and the almost incredible growth of learning.’

This period of slow but steady progress, from the invention of printing to the Council of Worms, is bridged over by the life of Sebastian Brant, who lived from 1457 to 1521. Brant was very early the friend of Peter Schott, and through him had been brought in contact with a circle of learned men, who were busily engaged in founding one of the first schools of classical learning at Schlettstadt. Men like Jac. Wimpheling, Joh. Torrentinus, Florentius Hundius, and Johannes Hugo, belonged to that society. Brant afterwards went to Basle to study law. Basle was then a young University. It had only been founded in 1459, but it was already a successful rival of Heidelberg. The struggle between the Realists and Nominalists was then raging all over Europe, and it divided the University of Basle into two parties, each of them trying to gain influence and adherents among the young students. It has been usual to look upon the Realists as the Conservative, and upon the Nominalists as the Liberal, party of the fifteenth century. But although at times this was the case, philosophical opinions, on which the differences between these two parties were

founded, were not of sufficient strength to determine for any length of time the political and religious bias of either school. The Realists were chiefly supported by the Dominicans, the Nominalists by the Franciscans; and there is always a more gentle expression beaming in the eyes of the followers of the seraphic Doctor, particularly if contrasted with the stern frown of the Dominican. Ockam himself was a Franciscan, and those who thought with him were called *doctores renovatores* and *sophistæ*. Suddenly, however, the tables were turned. At Oxford, the Realists, in following out their principles in a more independent spirit, had arrived at results dangerous to the peace of the Church. As philosophers, they began to carry out the doctrines of Plato in good earnest—as reformers, they looked wistfully to the early centuries of the Christian Church. The same liberal and independent spirit reached from Oxford to Prague, and the expulsion of the German nation from that University may be traced to the same movement. The Realists were at that time no longer in the good odour of orthodoxy; and, at the Council of Constanz, the Nominalists, such as Joh. Gerson and Petrus de Alliaco, gained triumphs which seemed for a time to make them the arbiters of public opinion in Germany, and to give them the means of securing the Church against the attacks of Huss on one side, and against the more dangerous encroachments of the Pope and the monks on the other. This triumph, however, was of short duration. All the rights which the Germans seemed to have conquered at the Councils of Constanz and Basle were sacrificed by their own Emperor. No one dared to say again, what Gregory von Heimburg had

said to the Italian clergy—‘*Quid fines alienos invaditis? quid falcem vestram in messem alienam extenditis?*’ Under Æneas Sylvius, the power of the Pope in Germany was as absolute as ever. The Nominalist party lost all the ground which it had gained before. It was looked upon with suspicion by Pope and Emperor. It was banished from Courts and Universities, and the disciples of the Realistic school began a complete crusade against the followers of Ockam.

Johannes Heynlin a Lapide, a former head of a house in Paris, migrated to Basle, in order to lend his influence and authority to the Realist party in that rising University. Trithemius says of him:—‘*Hic doctrinam eorum Parisiensium qui reales appellantur primus ad Basiliensium universitatem transtulit, ibidemque plantavit, roboravit et auxit.*’ This Johannes Heynlin a Lapide, however, though a violent champion of the then victorious Realist party, was by no means a man without liberal sentiments. On many points the Realists were more tolerant, or at least more enlightened, than the Nominalists. They counted among themselves better scholars than the adherents of Ockam. They were the first and foremost to point out the uselessness of the dry scholastic system of teaching grammar and logic, and nothing else. And though they cherished their own ideas as to the supreme authority of the Pope, the divine right of the Emperor, or the immaculate conception of the Virgin (a dogma denied by the Dominicans, and defended by the Franciscans), they were always ready to point out abuses and to suggest reforms. The age in which they lived was not an age of decisive thought or decisive action. There was a want of character in individuals as well as in parties ;

and the points in which they differed were of small importance, though they masked differences of greater weight. At Basle, the men who were gathered round Johannes a Lapide, were what we should call Liberal Conservatives, and it is among them that we find Sebastian Brant. Basle could then boast of some of the most eminent men of the time. Besides Agricola, and Wimpheling, and Geiler von Kaisersberg, and Trithemius, Reuchlin was there for a time, and Wessel, and the Greek Kontablacos. Sebastian Brant, though on friendly terms with most of these men, was their junior; and, among his contemporaries, a new generation grew up, more independent and more free-spoken than their masters, though as yet very far from any revolutionary views in matters of Church or State. Feuds broke out very soon between the old and the young schools. Locher, the friend of Brant—the poet who had turned his ‘Ship of Fools’ into Latin verse—published a poem, in which he attacked rather petulantly the scholastic philosophy and theology. Wimpheling, at the request of Geiler of Kaisersberg, had to punish him for this audacity, and he did it in a pamphlet full of the most vulgar abuse. Reuchlin also had given offence, and was attacked and persecuted; but his party retaliated by the ‘*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*.’ Thus the Conservative, or Realistic party became divided; and when, at the beginning of a new century and a new era in the history of the world, Luther raised his voice in defence of national and religious freedom, he was joined not only by the more advanced descendants of the Nominalistic school, but by all the vigour, the talent, and the intellect of the old Conservatives.

Brant himself, though he lived at Strasburg up to 1521, did not join the standard of the Reformation. He had learned to grumble, to find fault, to abuse and to condemn; but his time was gone when the moment for action arrived. And yet he helped toward the success of the Reformation in Germany. He had been one of the first, after the discovery of printing, to use the German language for political purposes. His fly sheets, his illustrated editions, had given useful hints how to address the large masses of the people. If he looked upon the world, as it then was, as a ship of fools, and represented every weakness, vice, and wickedness, under the milder colour of foolery, the people who read his poems singled out some of his fools, and called them knaves. The great work of Sebastian Brant was his 'Narrenschiff.' It was first published in 1497, at Basle, and the first edition, though on account of its woodcuts it could not have been a very cheap book, was sold off at once. Edition after edition followed, and translations were published in Latin, in Low German, in Dutch, in French, and English. Sermons were preached on the 'Narrenschiff;' Trithemius calls it *Divina Satira*, Locher compares Brant with Dante, Hutten calls him the new lawgiver of German poetry. The 'Narrenschiff' is a work which we may still read with pleasure, though it is difficult to account for its immense success at the time of its publication. Some historians ascribe it to the woodcuts. They are certainly very clever, and there is reason to suppose that most of them were, if not actually drawn, at least suggested by Brant himself. Yet even a Turner has failed to render mediocre poetry popular by his illustrations, and there is nothing to show that

the caricatures of Brant were preferred to his satires. Now his satires, it is true, are not very powerful, nor pungent, nor original. But his style is free and easy. Brant is not a ponderous poet. He writes in short chapters, and mixes his fools in such a manner that we always meet with a variety of new faces. It is true that all this would hardly be sufficient to secure a decided success for a work like his at the present day. But then we must remember the time in which he wrote. What had the poor people of Germany to read toward the end of the fifteenth century? Printing had been invented, and books were published and sold with great rapidity. People were not only fond, but proud, of reading books. Reading was fashionable, and the first fool who enters Brant's ship is the man who buys books. But what were the books that were offered for sale? We find among the early prints of the fifteenth century religious, theological, and classical works in great abundance, and we know that the respectable and wealthy burghers of Augsburg and Strasburg were proud to fill their shelves with these portly volumes. But then German aldermen had wives, and daughters, and sons, and what were they to read during the long winter evenings? The poetry of the thirteenth century was no longer intelligible, and the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had produced very little that would be to the taste of young ladies and gentlemen. The poetry of the 'Meistersänger' was not very exhilarating. The romances of 'The Book of Heroes' had lost all their native charms under the rough treatment they had experienced at the hand of their latest editor, Caspar von der Roen. The so-called 'Misteries' (not mysteries) might be very well

as Christmas pantomimes once a year, but they could not be read for their own sake, like the dramatic literature of later times. The light literature of the day consisted entirely in novels, and in spite of their miserable character, their popularity was immense. Besides the 'Gesta Romanorum' which were turned into German verse and prose, we meet with French novels, such as 'Lothar and Maler,' translated by a Countess of Nassau in 1437, and printed in 1514; 'Pontus and Sidonia,' translated from the French by Eleonore of Scotland, the wife of Sigismund of Austria, published 1498; 'Melusina,' equally from the French, published 1477. The old epic poems of Tristan, and Lancelot, and Wigalois, were too long and tedious. People did not care any longer for the deep thoughts of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and the beautiful poetry of Gottfried von Strassburg. They wanted only the plot, the story, the dry bones, and these were dished up in the prose novels of the fifteenth century, and afterwards collected in the so-called 'Book of Love.' There was room, therefore, at that time for a work like the 'Ship of Fools.' It was the first printed book that treated of contemporaneous events and living persons, instead of old German battles and French knights. People are always fond of reading the history of their own times. If the good qualities of their age are brought out, they think of themselves or their friends; if the dark features of their contemporaries are exhibited, they think of their neighbours and enemies. Now, the 'Ship of Fools' is just such a satire which ordinary people would read, and read with pleasure. They might feel a slight twinge now and then, but they would put down the book at the end, and thank

God that they were not like other men. There is a chapter on Misers—and who would not gladly give a penny to a beggar? There is a chapter on Gluttony—and who was ever more than a little exhilarated after dinner? There is a chapter on Church-goers—and who ever went to church for respectability's sake, or to show off a gaudy dress, or a fine dog, or a new hawk? There is a chapter on Dancing—and who ever danced except for the sake of exercise? There is a chapter on Adultery—and who ever did more than flirt with his neighbour's wife? We sometimes wish that Brant's satire had been a little more searching, and that, instead of his many allusions to classical fools (for his book is full of scholarship), he had given us a little more of the *chronique scandaleuse* of his own time. But he was too good a man to do this, and his contemporaries no doubt were grateful to him for his forbearance.

Brant's poem is not easy to read. Though he was a contemporary of Luther, his language differs much more from modern German than Luther's translation of the Bible. His 'Ship of Fools' wanted a commentary, and this want has been supplied by one of the most learned and industrious scholars of Germany, Professor Zarncke, in his lately published edition of the 'Narrenschiff.' This must have been a work of many years of hard labour. Nothing that is worth knowing about Brant and his works has been omitted, and we hardly know of any commentary on Aristophanes or Juvenal in which every difficulty is so honestly met as in Professor Zarncke's notes on the German satirist. The editor is a most minute and painstaking critic. He tries to re-establish the correct reading of every word, and he enters

upon his work with as much zeal as if the world could not be saved till every tittle of Brant's poem had been restored. He is, however, not only a critic, but a sensible and honest man. He knows what is worth knowing and what is not, and he does not allow himself to be carried away by a desire to display his own superior acquirements—a weakness which makes so many of his colleagues forgetful of the real ends of knowledge, and the real duties of the scholar and the historian.

We have to say a few words on the English translation of Brant's 'Ship of Fools.' It was not made from the original, but from Locher's Latin translation. It reproduces the matter, but not the manner of the original satire. Some portions are added by the translator, Alexander Barclay, and in some parts his translation is an improvement on the original. It was printed in 1508, published 1509, and went through several editions.

The following may serve as a specimen of Barclay's translation, and of his original contributions to Brant's 'Navis Stultifera :—

Here beginneth the 'Ship of Fooles,' and first of unprofitable books :—

I am the first foole of all the whole navie,
 To keep the Pompe, the Helme, and eke the Sayle:
 For this is my minde, this one pleasure have I,
 Of bookes to have great plentie and apparayle.
 I take no wisdome by them, nor yet awayle,
 Nor them perceave not, and then I them despise:
 Thus am I a foole, and all that sue that guise.

That in this Ship the chiefe place I governe,
 By this wide Sea with fooles wandring,
 The cause is plaine and easy to discern,

Still am I busy, bookes assembling,
 For to have plentie it is a pleasant thing
 In my conceyt, and to have them ay in hande :
 But what they meane do I not understande.

But yet I have them in great reverence
 And honoure, saving them from filth and ordure,
 By often brussling and much diligence,
 Full goodly bounde in pleasant coverture,
 Of Damas, Sattin, or els of Velvet pure :
 I keepe them sure, fearing least they should be lost,
 For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

But if it fortune that any learned men
 Within my house fall to disputation,
 I drawe the curtaynes to shewe my bokes then,
 That they of my cunning should make probation :
 I keepe not to fall in alterication,
 And while they comment, my bookes I turne and winde,
 For all is in them, and nothing in my minde.

In the fourth chapter, 'Of newe fassions and disguised garmentes,' there is at the end what is called 'The Lenvoy of Alexander Barclay,' and in it an allusion to Henry VIII :—

But ye proude galants that thus your selfe disguise,
 Be ye ashamed, beholde unto your prince :
 Consider his sadness, his honestie devise,
 His clothing expresseth his inwarde prudence,
 Ye see no example of such inconvenience
 In his highness, but godly wit and gravitie,
 Ensue him, and sorrowe for your enemie.

IV.

LIFE OF SCHILLER¹.

THE hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Schiller, which, according to the accounts published in the German newspapers, seems to have been celebrated in most parts of the civilised, nay even the uncivilised world, is an event in some respects unprecedented in the literary annals of the human race. A nation honours herself by honouring her sons, and it is but natural that in Germany every town and village should have vied in doing honour to the memory of one of their greatest poets. The letters which have reached us from every German capital relate no more than what we expected. There were meetings and feastings, balls and theatrical representations. The veteran philologist Jacob Grimm addressed the Berlin Academy on the occasion in a soul-stirring oration; the directors of the Imperial

¹ 'Rede auf Schiller,' von Jacob Grimm. Berlin, 1859. (Address on Schiller, by Jacob Grimm.)

'Schiller-Buch,' von Tannenberg; Wien. From the Imperial Printing Press, 1859.

'Schiller's Life and Works.' By Emil Palletke. Translated by Lady Wallace. London, Longman and Co., 1860.

'Vie de Schiller.' Par Ad. Regnier, Membre de l'Institut, Paris, Hachette, 1859.

Press at Vienna seized the opportunity to publish a splendid album, or 'Schiller-Buch,' in honour of the poet; unlimited eloquence was poured forth by professors and academicians; school-children recited Schiller's ballads; the German students shouted the most popular of his songs; nor did the ladies of Germany fail in paying their tribute of gratitude to him who, since the days of the Minnesängers, had been the most eloquent herald of female grace and dignity. In the evening torch processions might be seen marching through the streets, bonfires were lighted on the neighbouring hills, houses were illuminated, and even the solitary darkness of the windows of the Papal Nuncio at Vienna added to the lustre of the day². In every place where Schiller had spent some years of his life local recollections were revived and perpetuated by tablets and monuments. The most touching account of all came from the small village of Cleversulzbach. On the village cemetery, or, as it is called in German, the 'God's-acre,' there stands a tombstone, and on it the simple inscription 'Schiller's Mother.' On the morning of her son's birthday the poor people of the village were gathered together round that grave, singing one of their sacred hymns, and planting a lime-tree in the soil which covers the heart that loved him best.

But the commemoration of Schiller's birthday was not confined to his native country. We have seen in the German papers letters from St. Petersburg and Lisbon, from Venice, Rome, and Florence, from Amsterdam, Stockholm, and Christiana, from Warsaw

² See 'The Times' Special Correspondent from Vienna, November 14.

and Odessa, from Jassy and Bucharest, from Constantinople, Algiers, and Smyrna, and lately from America and Australia, all describing the festive gatherings which were suggested, no doubt, by Schiller's cosmopolitan countrymen, but joined in most cheerfully by all the nations of the globe. Poets of higher rank than Schiller—Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe—have never aroused such world-wide sympathies; and it is not without interest to inquire into the causes which have secured to Schiller this universal popularity. However superlative the praises which have lately been heaped on Schiller's poetry by those who cannot praise except in superlatives, we believe that it was not the poet, but the man, to whom the world has paid this unprecedented tribute of love and admiration. After reading Schiller's works we must read Schiller's life—the greatest of all his works. It is a life not unknown to the English public, for it has been written by Carlyle. The late festivities, however, have given birth to several new biographies. Palleske's *Life of Schiller* has met with such success in Germany that it well deserved the honour which it has lately received at the hands of Lady Wallace, and under the special patronage of the Queen, of being translated into English. Another very careful and lucid account of the poet's life is due to the pen of a member of the French Institute, M. A. Regnier, the distinguished tutor of the Comte de Paris.

In reading these lives, together with the voluminous literature which is intended to illustrate the character of the German poet, we frequently felt inclined to ask one question, to which none of Schiller's biographers has returned a satisfactory answer:—

‘What were the peculiar circumstances which brought out in Germany, and in the second half of the eighteenth century, a man of the moral character, and a poet of the creative genius of Schiller?’ Granted that he was endowed by nature with the highest talents, how did he grow to be a poet, such as we know him, different from all other German poets, and yet in thought, feeling, and language the most truly German of all the poets of Germany? Are we reduced to appeal to the mysterious working of an unknown power if we wish to explain to ourselves why, in the same country and at the same time, poetical genius assumed such different forms as are seen in the writings of Schiller and Goethe? Is it all to be ascribed to what is called individuality, a word which in truth explains nothing; or is it possible for the historian and psychologist to discover the hidden influences which act on the growing mind, and produce that striking variety of poetical genius which we admire in the works of contemporaneous poets, such as Schiller and Goethe in Germany, or Wordsworth and Byron in England? Men grow not only from within, but also from without. We know that a poet is born—*poeta nascitur*, but we also know that his character must be formed; the seed is given, but the furrow must be ploughed in which it is to grow; and the same grain which, if thrown on cultivated soil, springs into fulness and vigour, will dwindle away, stunted and broken, if cast upon shallow and untilled land. There are certain events in the life of every man which fashion and stamp his character; they may seem small and unimportant in themselves, but they are great and important to each of us; they mark that slight bend

where two lines which had been running parallel begin to diverge, never to meet again. The Greeks call such events *epochs*, i. e. halts. We halt for a moment, we look about and wonder, and then choose our further way in life. It is the duty of biographers to discover such epochs, such halting-points, in the lives of their heroes, and we shall endeavour to do the same in the life of Schiller by watching the various influences which determined the direction of his genius at different periods of his poetical career.

The period of Schiller's childhood is generally described with great detail by his biographers. We are told who his ancestors were. I believe they were bakers. We are informed that his mother possessed in her *trousseau*, among other things, four pairs of stockings—three of cotton, one of wool. There are also long discussions on the exact date of his birth. We hear a great deal of early signs of genius, or rather, we should say, of things done and said by most children, but invested with extraordinary significance if remembered of the childhood of great men. To tell the truth, we can find nothing very important in what we thus learn of the early years of Schiller, nor does the poet himself in later years dwell much on the recollections of his dawning mind. If we must look for some determining influences during the childhood of Schiller, they are chiefly to be found in the character of his father. The father was not what we should call a well-educated man. He had been brought up as a barber and surgeon; had joined a Bavarian regiment in 1745, during the Austrian war of succession; and had acted as a non-commissioned officer, and,

when occasion required, as a chaplain. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he had married the daughter of an innkeeper. He was a brave man, a God-fearing man, and, as is not unfrequently the case with half-educated people, a man very fond of reading. What he had failed to attain himself, he wished to see realized in his only son. The following prayer was found among the papers of the father :—‘And Thou, Being of all beings, I have asked Thee after the birth of my only son, that Thou wouldest add to his powers of intellect what I from deficient instruction was unable to attain. Thou hast heard me. Thanks be to Thee, bounteous Being, that Thou heedest the prayers of mortals.’ A man of this stamp of mind would be sure to exercise his own peculiar influence on his children. He would make them look on life, not as a mere profession, where the son has only to follow in the steps of his father ; his children would early become familiar with such ideas as ‘*making* one’s way in life,’ and would look forward to a steep path rather than to a beaten track. Their thoughts would dwell on the future at a time when other children live in the present only, and an adventurous spirit would be roused, without which no great work has ever been conceived and carried out.

When his children, young Frederick and his sisters, were growing up, their father read to them their morning and evening prayers, and so fond was the boy of the Old and New Testament stories that he would often leave his games in order to be present at his father’s readings. In 1765 the family left Marbach on the Neckar. The father was ordered by the Duke of Wurtemberg to Lorch, a place on the

frontier, where he had to act as recruiting officer. His son received his education in the house of a clergyman, began Latin at six, Greek at seven; and, as far as we are able to see, he neither seems to have considered himself, nor to have been considered by his masters, as very superior to other boys. He was a good boy, tenderly attached to his parents, fond of games, and regular at school. There are but two marked features which we have an opportunity of watching in him as a boy. He knew no fear, and he was full of the warmest sympathy for others. The first quality secured him the respect, the second the love, of those with whom he came in contact. His parents, who were poor, had great difficulty in restraining his generosity. He would give away his school books and the very buckles off his shoes. Both his fearlessness and universal sympathy are remarkable through the whole of his after-life. Not even his enemies could point out one trait of cowardice or selfishness in anything he ever did, or said, or wrote. There are some pertinent remarks on the combination of these two qualities, sympathy with others and courage, by the author of 'Friends in Council.'

'If greatness,' he writes, 'can be shut up in qualities, it will be found to consist in courage and in openness of mind and soul. These qualities may not seem at first to be so potent. But see what *growth* there is in them. The education of a man of open mind is never ended. Then with openness of soul a man sees some way into all other souls that come near him, feels with them, has their experience, is in himself a people. Sympathy is the universal solvent. Nothing is understood without it. . . . Add courage to this openness, and you have a man who can own himself in the wrong, can forgive, can trust, can adventure, can, in short, use all the means that insight and sympathy endow him with.'

A plucky and warm-hearted boy, under the care of an honest, brave, and intelligent father and a tender and religious mother,—this is all we know and care to know about Schiller during the first ten years of his life. In the year 1768 there begins a new period in the life of Schiller. His father was settled at Ludwigsburg, the ordinary residence of the reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, the Duke Charles. This man was destined to exercise a decisive influence on Schiller's character. Like many German sovereigns in the middle of the last century, Duke Charles of Wurtemberg had felt the influence of those liberal ideas which had found so powerful an utterance in the works of the French and English philosophers of the eighteenth century. The philosophy which in France was smiled at by kings and statesmen, while it roused the people to insurrection and regicide, produced in Germany a deeper impression on the minds of the sovereigns and ruling classes than of the people. In the time of Frederick the Great and Joseph II it became fashionable among sovereigns to profess Liberalism, and to work for the enlightenment of the human race. It is true that this liberal policy was generally carried out in a rather despotic way, and people were emancipated and enlightened very much as the ancient Saxons were converted by Charlemagne. We have an instance of this in the case of Schiller. Duke Charles had founded an institution where orphans and the sons of poor officers were educated free of expense. He had been informed that young Schiller was a promising boy, and likely to reflect credit on his new institution, and he proceeded without further inquiry to place him on the list of his *protégés*, assigning to him

a place at his military school. It was useless for the father to remonstrate, and to explain to the Duke that his son had a decided inclination for the Church. Schiller was sent to the Academy in 1773, and ordered to study law. The young student could not but see that an injustice had been done him, and the irritation which it caused was felt by him all the more deeply because it would have been dangerous to give expression to his feelings. The result was that he made no progress in the subjects which he had been commanded to study. In 1775 he was allowed to give up law, not, however, to return to theology, but to begin the study of medicine. But medicine, though at first it seemed more attractive, failed, like law, to call forth his full energies. In the meantime another interference on the part of the Duke proved even more abortive, and to a certain extent determined the path which Schiller's genius was to take in life. The Duke had prohibited all German classics at his Academy; the boys, nevertheless, succeeded in forming a secret library, and Schiller read the works of Klopstock, Klinger, Lessing, Goethe, and Wieland's translations of Shakspeare with rapture, no doubt somewhat increased by the dangers he braved in gaining access to these treasures. In 1780, the same year in which he passed his examination and received the appointment of regimental surgeon, Schiller wrote his first tragedy, 'The Robbers.' His taste for dramatic poetry had been roused partly by Goethe's 'Goetz von Berlichingen' and Shakspeare's plays, partly by his visits to the theatre, which, under the patronage of the Duke, was then in a very flourishing state. The choice of the subject of his first dramatic composi-

tion was influenced by the circumstances of his youth. His poetical sympathy for a character such as Karl Moor, a man who sets at defiance all the laws of God and man, can only be accounted for by the revulsion of feeling produced on his boyish mind by the strict military discipline to which all the pupils at the Academy were subjected. His sense of right and wrong was strong enough to make him paint his hero as a monster, and to make him inflict on him the punishment he merited. But the young poet could not resist the temptation of throwing a brighter light on the redeeming points in the character of a robber and murderer by pointedly placing him in contrast with the even darker shades of hypocritical respectability and saintliness in the picture of his brother Franz. The language in which Schiller paints his characters is powerful, but it is often wild and even coarse. The Duke did not approve of his former *protégé*; the very title-page of 'The Robbers' was enough to offend his Serene Highness,—it contained a rising lion, with the motto '*In tyrannos.*' The Duke gave a warning to the young military surgeon, and when, soon after, he heard of his going secretly to Mannheim to be present at the first performance of his play, he ordered him to be put under military arrest. All these vexations Schiller endured, because he knew full well there was no escape from the favours of his Royal protector. But when at last he was ordered never to publish again except on medical subjects, and to submit all his poetical compositions to the Duke's censorship, this proved too much for our young poet. His ambition had been roused. He had sat at Mannheim a young man of twenty,

unknown, amid an audience of men and women who listened with rapturous applause to his own thoughts, and words. That evening at the theatre of Mannheim had been a decisive evening—it was an epoch in the history of his life; he had felt his power and the calling of his genius; he had perceived, though in a dim distance, the course he had to run and the laurels he had to gain. When he saw that the humour of the Duke was not likely to improve he fled from a place where his wings were clipt and his voice silenced. Now this flight from one small German town to another may seem a matter of very little consequence at present. But in Schiller's time it was a matter of life and death. German sovereigns were accustomed to look upon their subjects as their property. Without even the show of a trial the poet Schubart had been condemned to life-long confinement by this same Duke Charles. Schiller, in fleeing his benefactor's dominions, had not only thrown away all his chances in life, but he had placed his safety and the safety of his family in extreme danger. It was a bold, perhaps a reckless step. But whatever we may think of it in a moral point of view, as historians we must look upon it as the Hegira in the life of the poet.

Schiller was now a man of one or two-and-twenty, thrown upon the world penniless, with nothing to depend on but his brains. The next ten years were hard years for him; they were years of unsettledness, sometimes of penury and despair, sometimes of extravagance and folly. This third period in Schiller's life is not marked by any great literary achievements. It would be almost a blank were it not for the 'Don Carlos,' which he wrote during his stay near Dresden,

between 1785-87. His 'Fiesco' and 'Cabale und Liebe,' though they came out after his flight from Stuttgart, had been conceived before, and they were only repeated protests, in the form of tragedies, against the tyranny of rulers and the despotism of society. They show no advance in the growth of Schiller's mind. Yet, that mind, though less productive than might have been expected, was growing as every mind grows between the years of twenty and thirty; and it was growing chiefly through contact with men. We must make full allowance for the powerful influence exercised at that time by the literature of the day (by the writings of Herder, Lessing, and Goethe), and by political events, such as the French Revolution. But if we watch Schiller's career carefully we see that his character was chiefly moulded by his intercourse with men. His life was rich in friendships, and what mainly upheld him in his struggles and dangers was the sympathy of several high-born and high-minded persons, in whom the ideals of his own mind seemed to have found their fullest realisation.

Next to our faith in God, there is nothing so essential to the healthy growth of our whole being as an unshaken faith in man. This faith in man is the great feature in Schiller's character, and he owes it to a kind Providence which brought him in contact with such noble natures as Frau von Wolzogen, Körner, Dalberg; in later years with his wife; with the Duke of Weimar, the Prince of Augustenburg, and lastly with Goethe. There was at that time a powerful tension in the minds of men, and particularly of the higher classes, which led them to do things which at other times men only aspire to do.

The impulses of a most exalted morality—a morality which is so apt to end in mere declamation and deceit—were not only felt by them, but obeyed and carried out. Frau von Wolzogen, knowing nothing of Schiller except that he had been at the same school with her son, received the exiled poet, though fully aware that by doing so she might have displeased the Duke and blasted her fortunes and those of her children. Schiller preserved the tenderest attachment to this motherly friend through life, and his letters to her display a most charming innocence and purity of mind.

Another friend was Körner, a young lawyer living at Leipsic, and afterwards at Dresden—a man who had himself to earn his bread. He had learned to love Schiller from his writings; he received him at his house, a perfect stranger, and shared with the poor poet his moderate income with a generosity worthy of a prince. He, too, remained his friend through life; his son was Theodore Körner, the poet of ‘Lyre and Sword,’ who fell fighting as a volunteer for his country against French invaders.

A third friend and patron of Schiller was Dalberg. He was the coadjutor, and was to have been the successor, of the Elector of Hesse, then an ecclesiastical Electorate. His rank was that of a reigning prince, and he was made afterwards by Napoleon Fürst-Primas—Prince Primate—of the Confederation of the Rhine. But it was not his station, his wealth and influence—it was his mind and heart which made him the friend of Schiller, Goethe, Herder, Wieland, Jean Paul, and all the most eminent intellects of his time. It is refreshing to read the letters of this Prince. Though they belong to a later period of Schiller’s life, a few passages may here be quoted in

order to characterize his friend and patron. Dalberg had promised Schiller a pension of 4,000 florins (not 4,000 thalers, as M. Regnier asserts) as soon as he should succeed to the Electorate, and Schiller in return had asked him for some hints with regard to his own future literary occupations. The Prince answers,—‘Your letter has delighted me. To be remembered by a man of your heart and mind is a true joy to me. I do not venture to determine what Schiller’s comprehensive and vivifying genius is to undertake. But may I be allowed to humbly express a wish that spirits endowed with the powers of giants should ask themselves, “How can I be most useful to mankind?” This inquiry, I think, leads most surely to immortality, and the rewards of a peaceful conscience. . May you enjoy the purest happiness, and think sometimes of your friend and servant, Dalberg.’ When Schiller was hesitating between history and dramatic poetry, Dalberg’s keen eye discovered at once that the stage was Schiller’s calling, and that there his influence would be most beneficial. Schiller seemed to think that a professorial chair in a German University was a more honourable position than that of a poet. Dalberg writes : ‘Influence on mankind’ (for this he knew to be Schiller’s highest ambition) ‘depends on the vigour and strength which a man throws into his works. Thucydides and Xenophon would not deny that poets like Sophocles and Horace have had at least as much influence on the world as they themselves.’ When the French invasion threatened the ruin of Germany and the downfall of the German Sovereigns, Dalberg writes again, in 1796, with perfect serenity,—‘True courage must never fail!

The friends of virtue and truth ought now to act and speak all the more vigorously and straightforwardly. In the end, what you, excellent friend, have so beautifully said in your "Ideals" remains true, "The diligence of the righteous works slowly but surely, and friendship is soothing comfort. It is only when I hope to be hereafter of assistance to my friends that I wish for a better fate." The society and friendship of such men, who are rare in all countries and in all ages, served to keep up in Schiller's mind those ideal notions of mankind which he had first imbibed from his own heart and from the works of philosophers. They find expression in all his writings, but are most eloquently described in his 'Don Carlos.' We should like to give some extracts from the dialogue between King Philip and the Marquis Posa, but our space is precious, and hardly allows us to do more than just to glance at those other friends and companions whose nobility of mind and generosity of heart left so deep an impress on the poet's soul.

The name of Karl August, the Duke of Weimar, has acquired such a world-wide celebrity as the friend of Goethe and Schiller that we need not dwell long on his relation to our poet. As early as 1784 Schiller was introduced to him at Darmstadt, where he was invited to Court to read some scenes of his 'Don Carlos.' The Duke gave him then the title of 'Rath,' and from the year 1787, when Schiller first settled at Weimar, to the time of his death, in 1804, he remained his firm friend. The friendship of the Prince was returned by the poet, who, in the days of his glory, declined several advantageous offers from Vienna and other places, and remained at the court.

of Weimar, satisfied with the small salary which that great Duke was able to give him.

There was but one other Prince whose bounty Schiller accepted, and his name deserves to be mentioned, not so much for his act of generosity as for the sentiment which prompted it. In 1792, when Schiller was ill and unable to write, he received a letter from the Hereditary Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg, and from Count Schimmelmann. We quote from the letter :—

‘ Your shattered health, we hear, requires rest, but your circumstances do not allow it. Will you grudge us the pleasure of enabling you to enjoy that rest? We offer you for three years an annual present of 1,000 thalers. Accept this offer, noble man. Let not our titles induce you to decline it. We know what they are worth; we know no pride but that of being men, citizens of that great republic which comprises more than the life of single generations, more than the limits of this globe. You have to deal with men—your brothers—not with proud Princes, who, by this employment of their wealth, would fain indulge but in a more refined kind of pride.’

No conditions were attached to this present, though a situation in Denmark was offered if Schiller should wish to go there. Schiller accepted the gift so nobly offered, but he never saw his unknown friends¹. We owe to them, humanly speaking, the last years of Schiller’s life, and with them the masterworks of his genius, from ‘Wallenstein’ to ‘Wilhelm Tell.’ As long as these works are read and admired the names of these noble benefactors will be remembered and revered.

The name of her whom we mentioned next among Schiller’s noble friends and companions,—we mean

¹ The Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg was the grandfather of the present Duke and of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

his wife,—reminds us that we have anticipated events, and that we left Schiller after his flight in 1782, at the very beginning of his most trying years. His hopes of success at Mannheim had failed. The director of the Mannheim Theatre, also a Dalberg, declined to assist him. He spent the winter in great solitude at the country house of Frau von Wolzogen, finishing 'Cabale und Liebe' and writing 'Fiesco.' In the summer of 1783 he returned to Mannheim, where he received an appointment in connection with the theatre of about 40*l.* a-year. Here he stayed till 1785, when he went to Leipsic, and afterwards to Dresden, living chiefly at the expense of his friend Körner. This unsettled kind of life continued till 1787, and produced, as we saw, little more than his tragedy of 'Don Carlos.' In the meantime, however, his taste for history had been developed. He had been reading more systematically at Dresden, and after he had gone to Weimar in 1787 he was able to publish, in 1788, his 'History of the Revolt of the Netherlands.' On the strength of this he was appointed Professor at Jena in 1789, first without a salary, afterwards with about 30*l.* a-year. He tells us himself how hard he had to work:—'Every day (he says) I must compose a whole lecture and write it out,—nearly two sheets of printed matter, not to mention the time occupied in delivering the lecture, and making extracts.' However, he had now gained a position, and his literary works began to be better paid. In 1790 he was enabled to marry a lady of rank, who was proud to become the wife of the poor poet, and was worthy to be the 'wife of Schiller.' Schiller was now chiefly engaged in historical researches. He wrote his 'History of the Thirty Years'

War' in 1791-92, and it was his ambition to be recognized as a German professor rather than as a German poet. He had to work hard in order to make up for lost time, and under the weight of excessive labour his health broke down. He was unable to lecture, unable to write. It was then that the generous present of the Duke of Augustenburg freed him for a time from the most pressing cares, and enabled him to recover his health.

The years of thirty to thirty-five were a period of transition and preparation in Schiller's life, to be followed by another ten years of work and triumph. These intermediate years were chiefly spent in reading history and studying philosophy, more especially the then reigning philosophy of Kant. Numerous essays on philosophy, chiefly on the Good, the Beautiful, and the Sublime, were published during this interval. But what is more important, Schiller's mind was enlarged, enriched, and invigorated; his poetical genius, by lying fallow for a time, gave promise of a richer harvest to come; his position in the world became more honourable, and his confidence in himself was strengthened by the confidence placed in him by all around him. A curious compliment was paid him by the Legislative Assembly then sitting at Paris. On the 26th of August, 1792, a decree was passed, conferring the title of *Citoyen Français* on eighteen persons belonging to various countries, friends of liberty and universal brotherhood. In the same list with Schiller were the names of Klopstock, Campe, Washington, Kosciusko, and Wilberforce. The decree was signed by Roland, Minister of the Interior, and countersigned by Danton. It did not reach Schiller till after the enthusiasm which

he too had shared for the early heroes of the French Revolution had given way to disappointment and horror. In the month of December of the very year in which he had been thus honoured by the Legislative Assembly, Schiller was on the point of writing an appeal to the French nation in defence of Louis XVI. The King's head, however, had fallen before this defence was begun. Schiller, a true friend of true liberty, never ceased to express his aversion to the violent proceedings of the French Revolutionists. 'It is the work of passion,' he said, 'and not of that wisdom which alone can lead to real liberty.' He admitted that many important ideas, which formerly existed in books only or in the heads of a few enlightened people, had become more generally current through the French Revolution. But he maintained that the real principles which ought to form the basis of a truly happy political constitution were still hidden from view. Pointing to a volume of Kant's 'Criticism of Pure Reason,' he said, 'There they are and nowhere else; the French Republic will fall as rapidly as it has risen; the Republican Government will lapse into anarchy, and sooner or later a man of genius will appear (he may come from any place) who will make himself not only master of France, but perhaps also of a great part of Europe.' This was a remarkable prophecy for a young professor of history.

The last decisive event in Schiller's life was his friendship with Goethe. It dates from 1794, and with this year begins the great and crowning period of Schiller's life. To this period belong his 'Wallenstein,' his 'Song of the Bell,' his Ballads (1797-8), his 'Mary Stuart' (1800), the 'Maid of Orleans'

(1801), the 'Bride of Messina' (1803), and 'Wilhelm Tell;' in fact, all the works which have made Schiller a national poet, and gained for him a world-wide reputation and an immortal name.

Goethe's character was in many respects diametrically opposed to Schiller's, and for many years it seemed impossible that there should ever be a community of thought and feeling between the two. Attempts to bring together these great rivals were repeatedly made by their mutual friends. Schiller had long felt himself drawn by the powerful genius of Goethe, and Goethe had long felt that Schiller was the only poet who could claim to be his peer. After an early interview with Goethe, Schiller writes, 'On the whole, this meeting has not at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt if we shall ever come into close communication with each other. Much that interests me has already had its epoch with him; his world is not my world.' Goethe had expressed the same feeling. He saw Schiller occupying the very positions which he himself had given up as untenable; he saw his powerful genius carrying out triumphantly 'those very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which he was struggling to get liberated.' 'No union,' as Goethe writes, 'was to be dreamt of. Between two spiritual antipodes there was more intervening than a simple diameter of the spheres. Antipodes of that sort act as a kind of poles, which can never coalesce.' How the first approach between these two opposite poles took place Goethe has himself described, in a paper entitled 'Happy Incidents.' But no happy incident could have led to that glorious friendship, which stands alone in the literary history

of the whole world, if there had not been on the part of Schiller his warm sympathy for all that is great and noble, and on the part of Goethe a deep interest in every manifestation of natural genius. Their differences on almost every point of art, philosophy, and religion, which at first seemed to separate them for ever, only drew them more closely together, when they discovered in each other those completing elements which produce true harmony of souls. Nor is it right to say that Schiller owes more to Goethe than Goethe to Schiller. If Schiller received from Goethe the higher rules of art and a deeper insight into human nature, Goethe drank from the soul of his friend the youth and vigour, the purity and simplicity which we never find in any of Goethe's works before his 'Hermann and Dorothea.' And, as in most friendships, it was not so much Goethe as he was, but Goethe as reflected in his friend's soul, who henceforth became Schiller's guide and guardian. Schiller possessed the art of admiring, an art so much more rare than the art of criticizing. His eye was so absorbed in all that was great, and noble, and pure, and high in Goethe's mind, that he could not, or would not, see the defects in his character. And Goethe was to Schiller what he was to no one else. He was what Schiller believed him to be; afraid to fall below his friend's ideal, he rose beyond himself until that high ideal was reached, which only a Schiller could have formed. Without this regenerating friendship it is doubtful whether some of the most perfect creations of Goethe and Schiller would ever have been called into existence.

We saw Schiller gradually sinking into a German professor, the sphere of his sympathies narrowed, the

aim of his ambition lowered. His energies were absorbed in collecting materials and elaborating his 'History of the Thirty Years' War,' which was published in 1792. The conception of his great dramatic Trilogy, the 'Wallenstein,' which dates from 1791, was allowed to languish until it was taken up again for Goethe, and finished for Goethe in 1799. Goethe knew how to admire and encourage, but he also knew how to criticize and advise. Schiller, by nature meditative rather than observant, had been most powerfully attracted by Kant's ideal philosophy. Next to his historical researches, most of his time at Jena was given to metaphysical studies. Not only his mind, but his language suffered from the attenuating influences of that rarified atmosphere which pervades the higher regions of metaphysical thought. His mind was attracted by the general and the ideal, and lost all interest in the individual and the real. This was not a right frame of mind, either for an historian or a dramatic poet. In Goethe, too, the philosophical element was strong, but it was kept under by the practical tendencies of his mind. Schiller looked for his ideal beyond the real world, and like the pictures of a Raphael, his conceptions seemed to surpass in purity and harmony all that human eye had ever seen. Goethe had discovered that the truest ideal lies hidden in real life, and like the masterworks of a Michael Angelo, his poetry reflected that highest beauty which is revealed in the endless variety of creation, and must there be discovered by the artist and the poet. In Schiller's early works every character was the personification of an idea. In his 'Wallenstein' we meet for the first time with real men and real life. In his 'Don

Carlos,' Schiller, under various disguises more or less transparent, acts every part himself. In 'Wallenstein' the heroes of the 'Thirty Years' War' maintain their own individuality, and are not forced to discuss the social problems of Rousseau, or the metaphysical theories of Kant. Schiller was himself aware of this change, though he was hardly conscious of its full bearing. While engaged in composing his 'Wallenstein,' he writes to a friend :—

'I do my business very differently from what I used to do. The subject seems to be so much outside me that I can hardly get up any feeling for it. The subject I treat leaves me cold and indifferent, and yet I am full of enthusiasm for my work. With the exception of two characters to which I feel attached, Max Piccolomini and Thekla, I treat all the rest, and particularly the principal character of the play, only with the pure love* of the artist. But I can promise you that they will not suffer from this. I look to history for limitation, in order to give, through surrounding circumstances, a stricter form and reality to my ideals. I feel sure that the historical will not draw me down or cripple me. I only desire through it to impart life to my characters and their actions. The life and soul must come from another source, through that power which I have already perhaps shown elsewhere, and without which even the first conception of this work would, of course, have been impossible.'

How different is this from what Schiller felt in former years! In writing 'Don Carlos' he laid down as a principle, that the poet must not be the painter but the lover of his heroes, and in his early days he found it intolerable in Shakspeare's dramas that he could nowhere lay his hand on the poet himself. He was then, as he himself expresses it, unable to understand nature, except at second-hand.

Goethe was Schiller's friend, but he was also Schiller's rival. There is a perilous period in the lives of great men—namely, the time when they

begin to feel that their position is made, that they have no more rivals to fear. Goethe was feeling this at the time when he met Schiller. He was satiated with applause, and his bearing towards the public at large became careless and offensive. In order to find men with whom he might measure himself, he began to write on the history of Art, and to devote himself to natural philosophy. Schiller, too, had gained his laurels, chiefly as a dramatic poet, and though he still valued the applause of the public, yet his ambition as a poet was satisfied; he was prouder of his 'Thirty Years' War' than of his 'Robbers' and 'Don Carlos.' When Goethe became intimate with Schiller, and discovered in him those powers which as yet were hidden to others, he felt that there was a man with whom even he might run a race. Goethe was never jealous of Schiller. He felt conscious of his own great powers, and he was glad to have those powers again called out by one who would be more difficult to conquer than all his former rivals. Schiller, on the other hand, perceived in Goethe the true dignity of a poet. At Jena his ambition was to have the title of Professor of History; at Weimar he saw that it was a greater honour to be called a poet, and the friend of Goethe. When he saw that Goethe treated him as his friend, and that the Duke and his brilliant Court looked upon him as his equal, Schiller, too modest to suppose he had earned such favours, was filled with a new zeal, and his poetical genius displayed for a time an almost inexhaustible energy. Scarcely had his 'Wallenstein' been finished, in 1799, when he began his 'Mary Stuart.' This play was finished in the summer of 1800, and a new one was

taken in hand in the same year—the ‘Maid of Orleans.’ In the spring of 1801 the ‘Maid of Orleans’ appeared on the stage, to be followed in 1803 by the ‘Bride of Messina,’ and in 1804 by his last great work, his ‘William Tell.’ During the same time Schiller composed his best ballads, his ‘Song of the Bell,’ his epigrams, and his beautiful Elegy, not to mention his translations and adaptations of English and French plays for the theatre at Weimar. After his ‘William Tell’ Schiller could feel that he no longer owed his place by the side of Goethe to favour and friendship, but to his own work and worth. His race was run, his laurels gained. His health, however, was broken, and his bodily frame too weak to support the strain of his mighty spirit. Death came to his relief, giving rest to his mind, and immortality to his name.

Let us look back once more on the life of Schiller. The lives of great men are the lives of martyrs; we cannot regard them as examples to follow, but rather as types of human excellence to study and to admire. The life of Schiller was not one which many of us would envy; it was a life of toil and suffering, of aspiration rather than of fulfilment, a long battle with scarcely a moment of rest for the conqueror to enjoy his hard-won triumphs. To an ambitious man the last ten years of the poet’s life might seem an ample reward for the thirty years’ war of life which he had to fight single-handed. But Schiller was too great a man to be ambitious. Fame with him was a means, never an object. There was a higher, a nobler aim in his life, which upheld him in all his struggles. From the very beginning of

his career Schiller seems to have felt that his life was not his. He never lived for himself; he lived and worked for mankind. He discovered within himself how much there was of the good, the noble, and the beautiful in human nature; he had never been deceived in his friends. And such was his sympathy with the world at large that he could not bear to see in any rank of life the image of man, created in the likeness of God, distorted by cunning, pride, and selfishness. His whole poetry may be said to be written on the simple text—‘Be true, be good, be noble!’ It may seem a short text, but truth is very short, and the work of the greatest teachers of mankind has always consisted in the unflinching inculcation of these short truths. There is in Schiller’s works a kernel full of immortal growth, which will endure long after the brilliant colours of his poetry have faded away. That kernel is the man, and without it Schiller’s poetry, like all other poetry, is but the song of sirens. Schiller’s character has been subjected to that painful scrutiny to which, in modern times, the characters of great men are subjected; everything he ever did, or said, or thought has been published, and yet it would be difficult, in the whole course of his life, to point out one act, one word, one thought that could be called mean, untrue, or selfish. From the beginning to the end Schiller remained true to himself; he never acted a part, he never bargained with the world. We may differ from him on many points of politics, ethics, and religion; but, though we differ, we must always respect and admire. His life is the best commentary on his poetry; there is never a discrepancy between the two. As mere

critics, we may be able to admire a poet without admiring the man ; but poetry, it should be remembered, was not meant for critics only, and its highest purpose is never fulfilled, except where, as with Schiller, we can listen to the poet and look up to the man.

1859.

V.

WILHELM MÜLLER¹.

1794—1827.

SELDOM has a poet in a short life of thirty years engraven his name so deeply on the memorial tablets of the history of German poetry as Wilhelm Müller. Although the youthful efforts of a poet may be appreciated by those few who are able to admire what is good and beautiful, even though it has never before been admired by others, yet in order permanently to win the ear and heart of his people a poet must live with the people and take part in the movements and struggles of his age. Thus only can he hope to stir and mould the thoughts of his contemporaries, and to remain a permanent living power in the recollections of his countrymen. Wilhelm Müller died at the very moment when the rich blossoms of his poetic genius were forming fruit; and after he had warmed and quickened the hearts of the youth of Germany with the lyric songs of his own youth, only a short span of time was granted him to show the world, as he did more especially in his 'Greek Songs' and 'Epigrams,' the higher goal towards which he aspired. In these his last works one readily perceives that his poetry would not have reflected the

¹ Preface to a new edition of Wilhelm Müller's poems, published in 1868, in the 'Bibliothek der Deutschen National-literatur des achtzehnten und neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.' Leipzig, Brockhaus. Translated from the German by G. A. M.

happy dreams of youth only, but that he could perceive the poetry of life in its sorrows as clearly as in its joys, and depict it in true and vivid colours.

One may, I think, divide the friends and admirers of Wilhelm Müller into two classes; those who rejoice and delight in his fresh and joyous songs, and those who admire the nobleness and force of his character as shown in the poems celebrating the war of Greek independence, and in his epigrams. All poetry is not for every one, nor for every one at all times. There are critics and historians of literature who cannot tolerate songs of youth, of love, and of wine; they always ask why? and wherefore? and they demand in all poetry, before anything else, high or deep thoughts. No doubt there can be no poetry without thought, but there are thoughts which are poetical without being drawn from the deepest depths of the heart and brain, nay, which are poetical just because they are as simple and true and natural as the flowers of the field or the stars of heaven. There is a poetry for the old, but there is also a poetry for the young. The young demand in poetry an interpretation of their own youthful feelings, and first learn truly to understand themselves through those poets who speak for them as they would speak for themselves, had nature endowed them with melody of thought and harmony of diction. Youth is and will remain the majority of the world, and will let no gloomy brow rob it of its poetic enthusiasm for young love and old wine. True, youth is not over-critical; true, it does not know how to speak or write in learned phrases of the merits of its favourite poets. But for all that, where is the poet who would not rather live in the warm

recollection of the never-dying youth of his nation, than in voluminous encyclopædias, or even in the marble Walhallas of Germany? The story and the songs of a miller's man, who loves his master's daughter, and of a miller's daughter, who loves a huntsman better, may seem very trivial, commonplace, and unpoetical to many a man of forty or fifty. But there are men of forty and fifty who have never lost sight of the bright but now far off days of their own youth, who can still rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, and love with those that love—aye, who can still fill their glasses with old and young, and in whose eyes every-day life has not destroyed the poetic bloom that rests everywhere on life so long as it is lived with warm and natural feelings. Songs which like the 'Beautiful Miller's daughter,' and the 'Winter Journey,' could so penetrate and again spring forth from the soul of Franz Schubert, may well stir the very depths of our own hearts, without the need of fearing the wise looks of those who possess the art of saying nothing in many words. Why should poetry be less free than painting, to seek for what is beautiful wherever a human eye can discover, wherever human art can imitate it? No one blames the painter if, instead of giddy peaks or towering waves, he delineates on his canvass a quiet narrow valley, filled with a green mist, and enlivened only by a gray mill and a dark brown mill wheel, from which the spray rises like silver dust, and then floats away, and vanishes in the rays of the sun. Is what is not too common for the painter, too common for the poet? Is an Idyll in the truest, warmest, softest colours of the soul, like the beautiful miller's daughter, less a work of art than a

landscape by Ruysdael? . And observe in these songs how the execution suits the subject; their tone is thoroughly popular and reminds many of us, perhaps too much, of the popular songs collected by Arnim and Brentano in 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn.' But this could not be helped. Theocritus could not write his Idylls in grand Attic Greek; he needed the homeliness of the Bœotian dialect. It was the same with Wilhelm Müller, who must not be blamed for expressions which now perhaps, more than formerly, may sound, to fastidious ears, too homely or commonplace.

His simple and natural conception of nature is shown most beautifully in the 'Wanderer's Songs,' and in the 'Spring Wreath from the Plauen Valley.' Nowhere do we find a laboured thought or a laboured word. The lovely spring world is depicted exactly as it is, but over all is thrown the life and inspiration of a poet's eye and a poet's mind, which perceives and gives utterance to what others fail to see and silent nature cannot utter. It is this recognition of the beautiful in what is insignificant, of greatness in what is small, of the marvellous in ordinary life; yes, this perception of the divine in every earthly enjoyment, which gives its own charm to each of Wilhelm Müller's smallest poems, and endears them so truly to those who, amidst the hurry of life, have not forgotten the delight of absorption in nature, who have never lost their faith in the mystery of the divine presence in all that is beautiful, good, and true on earth. We need only read the 'Frühlingsmahl,' or 'Pfingsten' to see how a whole world, aye, a whole heaven, may be mirrored in the tiniest drop of dew. . . .

And as enjoyment of nature finds so clear an echo in the poetry of Wilhelm Müller, so also does the delight which man should have in man. Drinking songs and table songs do not belong to the highest flights of poetry; but if the delights of friendly meetings and greetings belong to some of the brightest moments of human happiness, why should a poet hold them to be beneath his muse? There is something especially German in all drinking songs, and no other nation has held its wine in such honour. Can one imagine English poems on port and sherry? or has a Frenchman much to tell us of his Bordeaux, or even of his Burgundy? The reason that the poetry of wine is unknown in England and France is, that in these countries people know nothing of what lends its poetry to wine, namely, the joyous consciousness of mutual pleasure, the outpouring of hearts, the feeling of common brotherhood, which makes learned professors and divines, generals and ministers, men once more at the sound of the ringing glasses. This purely human delight in the enjoyment of life, in the flavour of the German wine, and in the yet higher flavour of the German Symposium, finds its happiest expression in the drinking songs of Wilhelm Müller. They have often been set to music by the best masters, and have long been sung by the happy and joyous. The name of the poet is often forgotten, whilst many of his songs have become popular songs, just because they were sung from the heart and soul of the German people, as the people were fifty years ago, and as the best of them still are, in spite of many changes in the Fatherland.

It is easy to see that a serious tone is not wanting even in the drinking songs. The wine was good, but

the times were bad. Those who, like Wilhelm Müller, had shared in the great sufferings and the great hopes of the German people, and who then saw that after all the sacrifices that had been made, all was in vain, all was again as bad or even worse than before, could with difficulty conceal their disaffection, however helpless they felt themselves against the brutalities of those in power. Many, who like Wilhelm Müller, had laboured to reanimate German popular feeling, who, like him, had left the University to *sacrifice as common soldiers their life and life's happiness to the freedom of the Fatherland*, and who then saw how the terror felt by the scarcely rescued princes of their deliverers, and the fear of foreign nations of an united and strong Germany, joined hand in hand to destroy the precious seed sown in blood and tears, — could not always suppress their gloomy anger at such faint-hearted, weak-minded policy. On the first of January, 1820, Wilhelm Müller wrote thus in the dedication of the second part of his 'Letters from Rome' to his friend Atterbom, the Swedish poet, with whom he had but a short time before passed the Carnival time in Italy joyously and carelessly. 'And thus I greet you in your old sacred Fatherland, not jokingly and merrily, like the book, whose writer seems to have become a stranger to me, but earnestly and briefly ; for the great fast of the European world, expecting the passion, and waiting for deliverance, can endure no indifferent shrug of the shoulders and no hollow compromises and excuses. He who cannot act at this time, can yet rest and mourn.' For such words, veiled as they were, resigned as they were, the fortress of Mayence, was at that time the usual answer.

'Deutsch und frei und stark und lauter
 In dem deutschen Land
 Ist der Wein allein geblieben
 An der Rheines Strand.
 Ist *der* nicht ein Demagoge,
 Wer soll einer sein?
 Mainz, du stolze Bundesfeste,
 Sperr ihn nur nicht ein!¹

That Wilhelm Müller escaped the petty and annoying persecutions of the then police system, he owed partly to the retired life he led in his little native country, partly to his own good spirits, which prevented him from entirely sinking the man in the politician. He had some enemies in the little court, whose Duke and Duchess were personally so attached to him. A prosperous life such as his could not fail to attract envy, and his frank guileless character gave plenty of occasion for suspicion. But the only answer which he vouchsafed to his detractors was:—

'Und lasst mir doch mein volles Glass,
 Und lasst mir meinen guten Spass,
 Mit unsrer schlechten Zeit!
 Wer bei dem Weine singt und lacht,
 Den thut, ihr Herrn, nicht in die Acht!
 Ein Kind ist Fröhlichkeit!²

¹ 'Free, and strong, and pure, and German,
 On the German Rhine,
 Nothing can be now discovered
 Save alone our wine,
 If the wine is not a rebel,
 Then no more are we;
 Mainz, thou proud and frowning fortress,
 Let him wander free!'

² 'And let me have my full glass, and let me have my hearty laugh at these wretched times! He who can sing and laugh with his wine, you need not put under the ban, my lords: mirth is a harmless child.'

Wilhelm Müller evidently felt that when words are not deeds, or do not lead to deeds, silence is more worthy of a man than speech. He never became a political poet, at least never in his own country. But when the rising of the Greeks appealed to those human sympathies of Christian nations, which can never be quite extinguished, and when herë, too, the faint-hearted policy of the great powers played and bargained over the great events in the east of Europe instead of trusting to those principles which alone can secure the true and lasting well-being of states, as well as of individuals, then the long accumulated wrath of the poet and of the man burst forth and found utterance in the songs on the Greek war of Independence. Human, Christian, political and classical sympathies stirred his heart, and breathed that life into his poems, which most of them still possess. It is astonishing how a young man in a small isolated town like Dessau, almost shut out from intercourse with the great world, could have followed step by step the events of the Greek revolution, seizing on all the right, the beauty, the grandeur of the struggle, making himself intimately acquainted with the dominant characters, whilst he at the same time mastered the peculiar local colouring of the passing events. Wilhelm Müller was not only a poet, but he was intimately acquainted with classic antiquity. He *knew* the Greeks and the Romans. And just as during his stay in Rome he recognized at all points the old in what was new, and everywhere sought to find what was eternal in the eternal city, so now with him the modern Greeks were inseparably joined with the ancient. A knowledge of the modern

Greek language appeared to him the natural completion of the study of old Greek ; and it was his acquaintance with the popular songs of modern as well as of ancient Hellas that gave the colour which imparted such a vivid expression of truth and naturalness to his own Greek songs. It was thus that the 'Griechen Lieder' arose, which appeared in separate but rapid numbers, and found great favour with the people. But even these 'Griechen Lieder' caused anxiety to the paternal governments of those days :—

'Ruh und Friede will Europa—warum hast du sie gestört?
Warum mit dem Wahn der Freiheit eigenmächtig dich bethört?
Hoff' auf keines Herren Hülfe gegen eines Herren Frohn :
Auch des Türkenkaisers Polster nennt Europa einen Thron¹.'

His last poems were suppressed by the Censor, as well as his 'Hymn on the death of Raphael Riego.' Some of these were first published long after his death, others must have been lost whilst in the Censor's hands.

Two of the Greek Songs, 'Mark Bozzari,' and 'Song before Battle,' may help the English reader to form his own opinion both of the poetical genius and of the character of Wilhelm Müller :—

MARK BOZZARI².

Öffne deine hohen Thore, Missolunghi, Stadt der Ehren,
Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen, die uns fröhlich sterben lehren,

¹ 'Europe wants but peace and quiet: why hast thou disturbed her rest?

How with silly dreams of freedom dost thou dare to fill thy breast?

If thou rise against thy rulers, Hellas, thou must fight alone,
Ev'n the bolster of a Sultan-loyal Europe calls a throne.'

² I am enabled through the kindness of Mr. Theodore Martin to

Öffne deine hohen Thore, öffne deine tiefen Gräfte,
 Auf, und streue Lorberreiser auf den Pfad und in die Lüfte;
 Mark Bozzari's edlen Leib bringen wir zu dir getragen.
 Mark Bozzari's! Wer darf's wagen, solchen Helden zu beklagen?
 Willst zuerst du seine Wunden oder seine Siege zählen?
 Keinem Sieg wird eine Wunde, keiner Wund' ein Sieg hier
 fehlen.

Sieh auf unsern Lanzenspitzen sich die Turbanhäupter drehen,
 Sieh, wie über seiner Bahre die Osmanenfahnen wehen,
 Sieh, o sieh die letzten Werke, die vollbracht des Helden Rechte
 In dem Feld von Karpinissi, wo sein Stahl im Blute zechte!
 In der schwarzen Geisterstunde rief er unsre Schar zusammen.
 Funken sprühten unsre Augen durch die Nacht wie Wetter-
 flammen,

Uebers Knie zerbrachen wir jauchzend unsrer Schwerter Scheiden,
 Um mit Sänsen einzunähen in die feisten Türkenweiden;
 Und wir drückten uns die Hände, und wir strichen uns die
 Bärte,

Und der stampfte mit dem Fusze, und der rief an seinem
 Schwerte.

Da erscholl Bozzari's Stimme: 'Auf, ins Lager der Barbaren!
 Auf, mir nach! Verirrt euch nicht, Brüder, in der Feinde
 Scharen!

Sucht ihr mich, im Zelt des Paschas werdet ihr mich sicher
 finden.

Auf, mit Gott! Er hilft die Feinde, hilft den Tod auch über-
 winden!'

Auf! Und die Trompete ritz er hastig aus des Bläfers Händen
 Und stiesz selbst hinein so hell, dasz es von den Felsenwänden
 Heller stets und heller muszte sich verdoppelnd widerhallen;
 Aber heller widerhallt' es doch in unsern Herzen allen.

Wie des Herren Blitz und Donner aus der Wolkenburg der
 Nächte,

Also traf das Schwert der Freien die Tyrannen und die Knechte;
 Wie die Tuba des Gerichtes wird dereinst die Sünder wecken,
 Also scholl durchs Türkenlager brausend dieser Ruf der Schrecken:

supply an excellent translation of these two poems, printed by him
 in 1863, in a volume intended for private circulation only.

‘Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Sulioten! Sulioten!’
 Solch ein guter Morgengruss ward den Schläfern da entboten.
 Und sie rüttelten sich auf, und gleich hirtlosen Schafen
 Raunten sie durch alle Gassen, bis sie aneinander trafen
 Und, bethört von Todesengeln, die durch ihre Schwärme gingen,
 Brüder sich in blinder Wuth stürzten in der Brüder Klingen.
 Frag’ die Nacht nach unsern Thaten; sie hat uns im Kampf
 gesehen—

Aber wird der Tag es glauben, was in dieser Nacht geschehen?
 Hundert Griechen, tausend Türken: also war die Saat zu schauen
 Auf dem Feld von Karpinissi, als das Licht begann zu grauen.
 Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, und dich haben wir gefunden—
 Kenntlich nur an deinem Schwerte, kenntlich nur an deinen
 Wunden,
 An den Wunden, die du schlugest, und an denen, die dich
 trafen—
 Wie du es verheissen hattest, in dem Zelt des Paschas schlafen.

Oeffne deine hohen Thore, Missolonghi, Stadt der Ehren,
 Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen, die uns fröhlich sterben lehren,
 Oeffne deine tiefen Gräfte, dasz wir in den heil’gen Stätten
 Neben Helden unsern Helden zu dem langen Schlafe betten!—
 Schlafe bei dem deutschen Grafen, Grafen Normann, Fels der
 Ehren,
 Bis die Stimmen des Gerichtes alle Gräber werden leeren.

MARK BOZZARI.

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
 Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
 Open wide thy lofty portals, open wide thy vaults profound;
 Up, and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on the
 ground!

Mark Bozzari’s noble body is the freight to thee we bear,
 Mark Bozzari’s! Who for hero great as he to weep will dare?
 Tell his wounds, his victories over! Which in number greatest
 be?

Every victory hath its wound, and every wound its victory!
 See, a turban’d head is grimly set on all our lances here!
 See, how the Osmanli’s banner swathes in purple folds his bier!

See, oh, see, the latest trophies, which our hero's glory seal'd,
When his glaive with gore was drunken on great Karpinissi's field!
In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his call arise,
Through the gloom like lightning-flashes flash'd the fury from
our eyes;
With a shout, across our knees we snapp'd the scabbards of
our swords,
Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow-Turkish hordes;
And we clasp'd our hands together, and each warrior stroked
his beard,
And one stamp'd the sward, another rubb'd his blade, and
vow'd its weird.
Then Bozzari's voice resounded: 'On, to the barbarian's lair!
On, and follow me, my brothers, see you keep together there!
Should you miss me, you will find me surely in the Pasha's
tent!
On, with God! Through Him our foemen, death itself through
Him is shent!
On!' And swift he snatch'd the bugle from the hands of him
that blew,
And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale and mountain
flew,
Till each rock and cliff made answer clear and clearer to the
call,
But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us all!
As from midnight's battlemented keep the lightnings of the
Lord
Sweep, so swept our swords, and smote the tyrants and their
slavish horde;
As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in their graves that
lie,
So through all the Turkish leaguer thunder'd his appalling cry:
'Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Suliotes, smite them in their
lair!'
Such the goodly morning greeting that we gave the sleepers
there.
And they stagger'd from their slumber, and they ran from street
to street,
Ran like sheep without a shepherd, striking wild at all they
meet;

Ran, and frenzied by Death's angels, who amidst their myriads
stray'd,

Brother, in bewilder'd fury, dash'd and fell on brother's blade.

Ask the night of our achievements! It beheld us in the fight,

But the day will never credit what we did in yonder night.

Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there like scatter'd
seed they lay,

On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning broke in grey.

Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, and we found thee gash'd and
mown;

By thy sword alone we knew thee, knew thee by thy wounds
alone;

By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the wounds that
seam'd thy breast,

Lying, as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's tent at rest!

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,

Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!

Open wide thy vaults! Within their holy bounds a couch we'd
make,

Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his last long slumber take!

Rest beside that Rock of Honour, brave Count Normann, rest
thy head,

Till, at the archangel's trumpet, all the graves give up their
dead!

LIED VOR DER SCHLACHT.

Wer für die Freiheit kämpft und fällt, desz Ruhm wird blühend
stehn,

Solange frei die Winde noch durch freie Lüfte wehn,

Solange frei der Bäume Laub noch rauscht im grünen Wald,

Solang' des Stromes Woge noch frei nach dem Meere wallt,

Solang' des Adlers Fittich frei noch durch die Wolken fliegt,

Solang' ein freier Odem noch aus freiem Herzen steigt.

Wer für die Freiheit kämpft und fällt, desz Ruhm wird blühend
stehn,

Solange freie Geister noch durch Erd' und Himmel gehn.

Durch Erd' und Himmel schwebt er noch, der Helden Schat-
tenreihn,

Und rauscht um uns in stiller Nacht, in hellem Sonnenschein,

Im Sturm, der stolze Tannen bricht, und in dem Lüftchen
auch,

Das durch das Gras auf Gräbern spielt mit seinem leisen Hauch,
In ferner Enkel Hause noch um alle Wiegen kreist

Auf Hellas' heldenreicher Flur der freien Ahnen Geist ;

Der haucht in Wunderträumen schon den zarten Säugling an

Und weiht in seinem ersten Schlaf das Kind zu einem Mann ;

Den Jüngling lockt sein Ruf hinaus mit nie gefühlter Lust

Zur Stätte, wo ein Freier fiel ; da greift er in die Brust

Dem Zitternden, und Schauer ziehn ihm durch das tiefe Herz,

Er weisz nicht, ob es Wonne sei, ob es der erste Schmerz.

Heraß, du heil'ge Geisterschar, schwell' unsre Fahnen auf,

Beflügle unsrer Herzen Schlag und unsrer Füße Lauf ;

Wir ziehen nach der Freiheit aus, die Waffen in der Hand,

Wir ziehen aus auf Kampf und Tod für Gott, fürs Vaterland !

Ihr seid mit uns, ihr rauscht um uns, eu'r Geisterodem zieht

Mit zauberischen Tönen hin durch unser Jubellied ;

Ihr seid mit uns, ihr schwebt daher, ihr aus Thermopylä,

Ihr aus dem grünen Marathon, ihr von der blauen See,

Am Wolkenfelsen Mykale, am Salaminerstrand,

Ihr all' aus Wald, Feld, Berg und Thal im weiten Griechenland !

Wer für die Freiheit kampf und fällt, desz Ruhm wird blühend
stehn,

Solange frei die Winde noch durch freie Lüfte wehn,

Solange frei der Bäume Laub noch rauscht im grünen Wald,

Solang' des Stromes Woge noch frei nach dem Meere wallt,

Solang' des Adlers Fittich frei noch durch die Wolken flugt,

Solang' ein freier Odem noch aus freiem Herzen steigt.

SONG BEFORE BATTLE.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall
know,

As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes freely
blow,

As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,

As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,

As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the skies,

As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath doth rise.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall
know,

As long as spirits of the free through earth and air shall go;
Through earth and air a spirit-band of heroes moves always,
'Tis near us at the dead of night, and in the noontide's blaze,
In the storm that levels towering pines, and in the breeze that
waves

With low and gentle breath the grass upon our fathers' graves.
There's not a cradle in the bounds of Hellas broad and fair,
But the spirit of our free-born sires is surely hovering there.
It breathes in dreams of fairyland upon the infant's brain,
And in his first sleep dedicates the child to manhood's pain;
Its summons lures the youth to stand, with new-born joy
possess'd,

Where once a freeman fell, and there it fires his thrilling breast,
And a shudder runs through all his frame; he knows not if
it be

A throb of rapture, or the first sharp pang of agony.

Come, swell our banners on the breeze, thou sacred spirit-band,
Give wings to every warrior's foot, and nerve to every hand.

We go to strike for freedom, to break the oppressor's rod,

We go to battle and to death for our country and our God.

Ye are with us, we hear your wings, we hear in magic tone

Your spirit-voice the Pæan swell, and mingle with our own.

Ye are with us, ye throng around,—you from Thermopylæ,

You from the verdant Marathon, you from the azure sea,

By the cloud-capp'd rocks of Mykale, at Salamis,—all you

From field and forest, mount and glen, the land of Hellas
through!

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls his fame no blight shall
know,

As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes freely
blow,

As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,

As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,

As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the skies,

As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath doth rise.

When we remember all that was compressed into
this short life, we might well believe that this ceaseless

acquiring and creating must have tired and weakened and injured both body and mind. Such, however, was not the case. All who knew the poet agree in stating that he never overworked himself, and that he accomplished all he did with the most perfect ease and enjoyment. Let us only remember how his life as a student was broken into by his service during the war, how his journey to Italy occupied several years of his life, how later in Dessau he had to follow his profession as Teacher and Librarian, and then let us turn our thoughts to all the work of his hands and the creations of his mind, and we are astonished not only at the amount of work done, but still more at the finished form which distinguishes all his works. He was one of the first who with Zeune, von der Hagen, and the brothers Grimm, laboured to reawaken an interest in ancient and mediæval German literature. He was a favourite pupil of Wolf, and his 'Homerische Vorschule' did more than any other work at that time, to propagate the ideas of Wolf. He had explored the modern languages of Europe,—French, Italian, English, and Spanish, and his critiques in all these fields of literature show how intimately acquainted he was with the best authors of these nations. Besides all this he worked regularly for Journals and Encyclopædias, and was engaged as co-editor of the great Encyclopædia of Arts and Sciences by Ersch and Gruber. He also undertook the publication of a 'Library of the German Poets of the seventeenth century,' and all this, without mentioning his poems and novels, in the short space of a life of thirty-three years.

I almost forget that I am speaking of my father,

for indeed I hardly knew him, and when his scientific and poetic activity reached its end, he was far younger than I am now. I do not believe, however, that a natural affection and veneration for the poet deprives us of the right of judging. It is well said that love is blind, but love also strengthens and sharpens the dull eye, so that it sees beauty where thousands pass by unmoved. If one reads most of our critical writings, it would almost appear as if the chief duty of the reviewer were to find out the weak points and faults of every work of art. Nothing has so injured the art of criticism as this prejudice. A critic is a judge, but a judge, though he is no advocate, should also be no prosecutor. The weak points of any work of art betray themselves only too soon, but in order to discover its beauties, not only a sharp but an experienced eye is needed; and love and sympathy are necessary above anything else. It is the heart that makes the critic, not the nose. It is well known how many of the most beautiful spots in Scotland, and Wales, and Cornwall, were not many years ago described as wastes and wildernesses. Richmond and Hampton Court were admired, people travelled also to Versailles and admired the often admired blue sky of Italy. But poets such as Walter Scott and Wordsworth discovered the beauties of their native land. Where others had only lamented over bare and wearisome hills, they saw the battle fields and burial places of the primæval Titan struggles of nature. Where others saw nothing but barren moors full of heather and broom, the land in their eyes was covered as with a carpet softer and more variegated than the most precious loom of Turkey. Where others lost their temper at the grey cold fog, they

marvelled at the silver veil of the bride of the morning, and the gold illumination of the departing sun. Now every cockney can admire the smallest lake in Westmoreland or the barest moor in the Highlands. Why is this? Because few eyes are so dull that they cannot see what is beautiful after it has been pointed out to them, and when they know that they need not feel ashamed of admiring it. It is the same with the beauties of poetry, as with the beauties of nature. We must first discover what is beautiful in poetry, and when it is discovered communicate it, otherwise the authors of Scotch ballads are but strolling singers, and the Niebelungen songs are, as Frederick the Great said, not worth powder and shot. The trade of fault-finding is quickly learnt, the art of admiration is a difficult art, at least for little minds, narrow hearts, and timid souls, who prefer treading broad and safe paths. Thus many critics and literary historians have rushed by the poems of Wilhelm Müller, just like travellers, who go on in the beaten track, passing by on the right hand and on the left the most beautiful scenes of nature, and who only stand still and open both eyes and mouth when their Murray tells them there is something they ought to admire. Should an old man who is at home here, meet them on their way and counsel the travellers to turn for a moment from the high road in order to accompany him through a shady path to a mill, many may feel at first full of uneasiness and distrust. But when they have refreshed themselves in the dark green valley with its lively mill stream and delicious wood fragrance, they no longer blame their guide for having called somewhat loudly to them to pause

in their journey. It is such a pause that I have tried in these few introductory lines to enforce on the reader, and I believe that I too may reckon on pardon, if not on thanks, from those who have followed my sudden call.

1858.

VI.

ON THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY
OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

AFTER all that has been written about the Schleswig-Holstein question, how little is known about those whom that question chiefly concerns—the Schleswig-Holsteiners. There may be a vague recollection that, during the general turmoil of 1848, the German inhabitants of the Duchies rose against the Danes; that they fought bravely, and at last succumbed, not to the valour, but to the diplomacy of Denmark. But, after the Treaty of London in 1852 had disposed of them, as the Treaty of Vienna had disposed of other brave people, they sank below the horizon of European interests, never to rise again, it was fondly hoped, till the present generation had passed away.

Yet these Schleswig-Holsteiners have an interest of their own, quite apart from the political clouds that have lately gathered round their country. Ever since we know anything of the history of Northern Europe, we find Saxon races established as the inhabitants of that northern peninsula which was then called the *Cimbric Chersonese*. The first writer who

ever mentions the name of Saxons is Ptolemy¹, and he speaks of them as settled in what is now called Schleswig-Holstein². At the time of Charlemagne the Saxon race is described to us as consisting of three tribes; the *Ostfalai*, *Westfalai*, and *Angrarii*. The *Westphalians* were settled near the Rhine, the *Eastphalians* near the Elbe, and the intermediate country, washed by the Weser, was held by the *Angrarii*³. The name of Westphalia is still in existence; that of Eastphalia has disappeared, but its memory survives in the English *sterling*. Eastphalian traders, the ancestors of the merchant princes of Hamburg, were known in England by the name of *Easterlings*, and, their money being of the purest quality, *easterling*, in Latin *esterlingus*, shortened to *sterling*, became the general name of pure or sterling money. The name of the third tribe, the *Angrarii*, continued through the Middle Ages as the name of a people, and to the present day, my own sovereign, the Duke of Anhalt, calls himself Duke of '*Sachsen, Engern, und Westphalen*.' But the name of the *Angrarii* was meant to fulfil another and more glorious destiny. The name *Angrarii* or *Angarii*⁴ is a corruption of the older name, *Angriarii*, the famous German race mentioned by Tacitus as the neighbours of the *Cherusci*. These *Angrivarii* are in later documents called *Anglevarii*. The

¹ Ptol. ii. 11, ἐπὶ τὸν αὐχένα τῆς Κυμβρικῆς Χερσονήσου Σάξονες.

² Grimm, 'Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache,' p. 609. Strabo, Pliny, and Tacitus, do not mention the name of Saxons.

³ Grimm, l. c. p. 629.

⁴ See 'Poeta Saxo,' anno 772, in Pertz, Monum. I. 228, line 36; Grimm, l. c. p. 629.

termination *varii*¹ represents the same word which exists in A. S. as *ware*; for instance; in *Cant-ware*, inhabitants of Kent, or *Cant-ware-burh*, Canterbury; *burh-ware*, inhabitants of a town, 'burghers.' It is derived from *werian*, to defend, to hold, and may be connected with *wer*, a man. The same termination is found in *Ansivarii* or *Ampsivarii*; probably also in *Teutonoarii* instead of *Teutoni*, *Chattuari* instead of *Chatti*.

The principal seats of these *Angrarii* were, as we saw, between the Rhine and Elbe, but Tacitus² knows of *Anglii*, i. e. *Angrii*, east of the Elbe, and an offshoot of the same Saxon tribe is found very early in possession of that famous peninsula between the Schlei and the Bay of Flensburg on the eastern coast of Schleswig³, which by Latin writers was called *Anglia*, i. e. *Angria*. To derive the name of *Anglia* from the Latin *angulus*⁴, corner, is about as good an etymology as the kind-hearted remark of St. Gregory, who interpreted the name of *Angli* by *angeli*. From that *Anglia*, the *Angli*, together with the *Saxons* and *Juts*, migrated to the British isles in the fifth century, and the name of the *Angli*, as that of the most numerous tribe, became in time the name of *Englaland*⁵. In the Latin laws ascribed

¹ See Grimm, 'Deutsche Sprache,' p. 781.

² 'Germania,' c. 40. Grimm, l. c. p. 604.

³ Grimm, p. 641.

⁴ Beda, 'Hist. Eccl.' I. 15. 'Porro de Anglis, hoc est, de illa patria quæ Angulus dicitur,' &c. Ethelwert, Chron. I, 'Porro Anglia vetus sita est inter Saxones et Giotos, habens oppidum capitale, quod sermone Saxonico *Sleswic* nuncupatur, secundum vero Danos, *Haiithaby*.'

⁵ Grimm, l. c. p. 630.

to King Edward the Confessor a curious supplement is found, which states 'that the *Juts* (*Guti*) came formerly from the noble blood of the *Angli*, namely, from the state of *Engra*, and that the English came from the same blood. The *Juts*, therefore, like the *Angli* of Germany, should always be received in England as brothers, and as citizens of the realm, because the *Angli* of England and Germany had always intermarried, and had fought together against the Danes¹.'

Like the *Angli* of Anglia, the principal tribes clustering round the base of the Cimbric peninsula, and known by the general name of *Northalbingi* or *Transalbiani*, also *Nordleudi*, were all offshoots of the Saxon stem. Adam of Bremen (2,15) divides them into *Tedmarsgoi*, *Holcetae*, and *Sturmarii*. In these it is easy to recognize the modern names of *Dithmarschen*, *Holtseten* or *Holsten*, and *Stormarn*.

¹ 'Guti vero similiter cum veniunt (in regnum Britanniae) suscipi debent, et protegi in regno isto sicut conjurati fratres, sicut propinqui et proprii cives regni hujus. Exierunt enim quondam de nobili sanguine Anglorum, scilicet de Engra civitate, et Anglici de sanguine illorum, et semper efficiuntur populus unus et gens una. Ita constituit optimus Ina Rex Anglorum. . . . Multi vero Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Anglorum Germaniae, et quidam Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Scotorum; proceres vero Scotorum, et Scoti fere omnes ceperunt uxores suas de optimo genere et sanguine Anglorum Germaniae, et ita fuerunt tunc temporis per universum regnum Britanniae duo in carne una. . . . Universi praedicti semper postea pro communi utilitate coronae regni in simul et in unum viriliter contra Danos et Norwegienses semper steterunt; et atrocissime unanimi voluntate contra inimicos pugnaverunt, et bella atrocissima in regno gesserunt.' ('Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen,' ed. Schmid, p. 296.)

It would require more space than we can afford, were we to enter into the arguments by which Grimm has endeavoured to identify the *Dithmarschen* with the *Teutoni*, the *Stormarn* with the *Cimbri*, and the *Holsten* with the *Harudes*. His arguments, if not convincing, are at least highly ingenious, and may be examined by those interested in these matters, in his 'History of the German Language,' pp. 633-640.

For many centuries the Saxon inhabitants of those regions have had to bear the brunt of the battle between the Scandinavian and the German races. From the days when the German Emperór Otho I (died 973) hurled his swift spear from the northernmost promontory of Jutland into the German Ocean to mark the true frontier of his empire, to the day when Christian IX put his unwilling pen to that Danish constitution which was to incorporate all the country north of the Eider with Denmark, they have had to share in all the triumphs and all the humiliations of the German race to which they are linked by the strong ties of a common blood and a common language.

Such constant trials and vicissitudes have told on the character of these German borderers, and have made them what they are, a hardy and determined, yet careful and cautious race. Their constant watchings and struggles against the slow encroachments or sudden inroads of an enemy more inveterate even than the Danes, viz. the sea, had imparted to them from the earliest times somewhat of that wariness and perseverance which we perceive in the national character of the Dutch and the Venetians. But the fresh breezes of the German Ocean and the Baltic

kept their nerves well braced and their hearts buoyant, and for muscular development the arms of these sturdy ploughers of the sea and the land can vie with those of any of their neighbours on the isles or on the continent. *Holsten-treue*, i. e. Holstein-truth, is proverbial throughout Germany, and it has stood the test of long and fearful trials.

There is but one way of gaining an insight into the real character of a people, unless we can actually live among them for years; and that is to examine their language and literature. Now it is true that the language spoken in Schleswig-Holstein is not German—at least not in the ordinary sense of the word—and one may well understand how travellers and correspondents of newspapers, who have picked up their German phrases from Ollendorf, and who, on the strength of this, try to enter into a conversation with Holstein peasants, should arrive at the conclusion that these peasants speak Danish, or at all events, that they do not speak German.

The Germans of Schleswig-Holstein are Saxons, and all true Saxons speak Low German, and Low German is more different from High German than English is from Lowland Scotch. Low German, however, is not to be mistaken for vulgar German. It is the German which from time immemorial was spoken in the low countries, and along the northern sea-coast of Germany, as opposed to the German of the high country, of Swabia, Thuringia, Bavaria, and Austria. These two dialects differ from each other like Doric and Ionic; neither can be considered as a corruption of the other; and, however far back we trace these two branches of living speech, we never arrive at a point when they diverge from one

common source. The Gothic of the fourth century, preserved in the translation of the Bible by Ulfilas, is not, as has been so often said, the mother both of High and Low German. It is to all intents and purposes Low German, only Low German in its most primitive form, and more primitive therefore in its grammatical framework than the earliest specimens of High German also, which date only from the seventh or eighth century. This Gothic, which was spoken in the east of Germany, has become extinct. The Saxon, spoken in the north of Germany, continues its manifold existence to the present day in the Low German dialects, in Frisian, in Dutch, and in English. The rest of Germany was and is occupied by High German. In the West the ancient High German dialect of the Franks has been absorbed in French, while the German spoken from the earliest times in the centre and south of Germany has supplied the basis of what is now called the literary and classical language of Germany.

Although the literature of Germany is chiefly High German, there are a few literary compositions, both ancient and modern, in the different spoken dialects of the country, sufficient to enable scholars to distinguish at least nine distinct grammatical settlements; in the Low German branch, *Gothic*, *Saxon*, *Anglo-Saxon*, *Frisian*, and *Dutch*; in the High German branch, *Thuringian*, *Frankish*, *Bavarian*, and *Alemannish*. Professor Weinhold is engaged at present in publishing separate grammars of six of these dialects, viz. of *Alemannish*, *Bavarian*, *Frankish*, *Thuringian*, *Saxon*, and *Frisian*: and, in his great German grammar Jacob Grimm has been able to treat these, together with the Scandinavian tongues,

as so many varieties of one common, primitive type of Teutonic speech.

But, although, in the early days of German life, the Low and High German dialects were on terms of perfect equality, Low German has fallen back in the race, while High German has pressed forward with double speed. High German has become the language of literature and good society. It is taught in schools, preached in church, pleaded at the bar; and, even in places where ordinary conversation is still carried on in Low German, High German is clearly intended to be the language of the future. At the time of Charlemagne this was not so, and one of the earliest literary monuments of the German language, the *Heliand*, i. e. the Saviour, is written in Saxon or Low German. The Saxon emperors, however, did little for German literature, while the Swabian emperors were proud of being the patrons of art and poetry. The language spoken at their court being High German, the ascendancy of that dialect may be said to date from their days, though it was not secured till the time of the Reformation, when the translation of the Bible by Luther put a firm and lasting stamp on what has since become the literary speech of Germany.

But language, even though deprived of literary cultivation, does not easily die. Though at present people write the same language all over Germany, the towns and villages teem everywhere with dialects; both High and Low. In Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, the Free Towns, and in Schleswig-Holstein, the lower orders speak their own German, generally called *Platt Deutsch*, and in many parts of Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, Ostfriesland, and

Holstein, the higher ranks too cling in their everyday conversation to this more homely dialect¹. Children frequently speak two languages: High German at school, Low German at their games. The clergyman speaks High German when he stands in the pulpit, but when he visits the poor he must address them in

¹ Klaus Groth writes: 'The island of Friesian speech on the continent of Schleswig between Husum and Tondern is a very riddle and miracle in the history of language, which has not been sufficiently noticed and considered. Why should the two extreme ends only of the whole Friesian coast between Belgium and Jutland have retained their mother-speech? For the Ost-Friesians in Oldenburg speak simply Platt-Deutsch like the Westphalians and ourselves. Cirk Hinrich Stürenburg's so-called Ost-Friesian Dictionary has no more right to call itself Friesian than the Bremen Dictionary. Unless the whole coast has sunk into the sea, who can explain that close behind Husum, in a flat country as monotonous as a Hungarian Pussta, without any natural frontier or division, the traveller on entering the next inn, may indeed be understood if he speaks High or Low German, nay, may receive to either an answer in pure German, but hears the host and his servants speak in words that sound quite strange to him? Equally strange is the frontier north of the Wiedo-au, where Danish takes the place of Friesian. Who can explain by what process the language has maintained itself so far and no farther, a language with which one cannot travel beyond eight or ten square miles? Why should these few thousand people not have surrendered long ago this "useless remnant of an unschooled dialect," considering they learn at the same time Low and High German, or Low German and Danish! In the far-stretching, straggling villages a Low German house stands sometimes alone among Friesian houses, and *vice versa*, and that has been going on for generations. In the Saxon families they do not find it necessary to learn Friesian, for all the neighbours can speak Low German; but in the Friesian families one does not hear German spoken except when there are German visitors. Since the seventeenth century German has hardly conquered a single house, certainly not a village.' —('Illustrirte Deutsche Monatshefte,' 1869, p. 330.)

their own peculiar *Platt*. The lawyer pleads in the language of Schiller and Goethe; but, when he examines his witnesses, he has frequently to condescend to the vulgar tongue. That vulgar tongue is constantly receding from the towns; it is frightened away by railways, it is ashamed to show itself in parliament. But it is loved all the more by the people; it appeals to their hearts, and it comes back naturally to all who have ever talked it together in their youth. It is the same with the local patois of High German. Even where at school the correct High German is taught and spoken, as in Bavaria and Austria, each town still keeps its own patois, and the people fall back on it as soon as they are among themselves. When Maria Theresa went to the Burgtheater to announce to the people of Vienna the birth of a son and heir, she did not address them in high-flown literary German. She bent forward from her box, and called out: *Hörts, der Leopold hot án Buebá*, ‘Hear, Leopold has a boy.’ In German comedies, characters from Berlin, Leipzig, and Vienna, are constantly introduced speaking their own local dialects. In Bavaria, Styria, and the Tyrol, much of the poetry of the people is written in their patois, and in some parts of Germany sermons even, and other religious tracts, continue to be published in the local vernaculars. •

There are here and there a few enthusiastic champions of dialects, particularly of Low German, who still cherish a hope that High German may be thrown back, and Low German restored to its rights and former dominion. Yet, whatever may be thought of the relative excellencies of High and Low German—and in several points, no doubt, Low German has

the advantage of High German, yet, practically, the battle between the two is decided, and cannot now be renewed. The national language of Germany, whether in the South or the North, will always be the German of Luther, Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. This, however, is no reason why the dialects, whether of Low or High German, should be despised or banished. Dialects are everywhere the natural feeders of literary languages, and an attempt to destroy them, if it could succeed, would be like shutting up the tributaries of great rivers.

After these remarks it will be clear that, if people say that the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein do not speak German, there is some truth in such a statement, at least just enough of truth to conceal the truth. It might be said, with equal correctness, that the people of Lancashire do not speak English. But, if from this a conclusion is to be drawn that the Schleswig-Holsteiners, speaking this dialect, which is neither German nor Danish, might as well be taught in Danish as in German, this is not quite correct, and would deceive few if it were adduced as an argument for introducing French instead of English in the national schools of Lancashire.

The Schleswig-Holsteiners have their own dialect, and cling to it as they cling to many things which, in other parts of Germany, have been discarded as old-fashioned and useless. *Oll Knust hölt Hus*, 'stale bread lasts longest,' is one of their proverbs. But they read their Bible in High German; they write their newspapers in High German, and it is in High German that their children are taught, and their sermons preached in every town and in every village. It is but lately that Low German has been

taken up again by Schleswig-Holstein poets, and some of their poems, though intended originally for their own people only, have been read with delight, even by those who had to spell them out with the help of a dictionary and a grammar. This kind of home-spun poetry is a sign of healthy national life. Like the songs of Burns, in Scotland, the poems of Klaus Groth and others, reveal to us, more than anything else, the real thoughts and feelings, the everyday cares and occupations of the people whom they represent, and to whose approval alone they appeal. But as Scotland, proud though she well may be of her Burns, has produced some of the best writers of English, Schleswig-Holstein, too, small as it is in comparison with Scotland, counts among its sons some illustrious names in German literature. Niebuhr, the great traveller, and Niebuhr, the great historian, were both Schleswig-Holsteiners, though during their lifetime that name had not yet assumed the political meaning in which it is now used. Karsten Niebuhr, the traveller, was a Hanoverian by birth; but, having early entered the Danish service, he was attached to a scientific mission sent by King Frederick V to Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, in 1760. All the other members of that mission having died, it was left to Niebuhr, after his return in 1767, to publish the results of his own observations and of those of his companions. His 'Description of Arabia,' and his 'Travels in Arabia and the adjoining Countries,' though published nearly a hundred years ago, are still quoted with respect, and their accuracy has hardly ever been challenged. Niebuhr spent the rest of his life as a kind of collector and magistrate at Meldorf, a small town of between two and three

thousand inhabitants, in Dithmarschen. . He is described as a square and powerful man, who lived to a good old age, and who, even when he had lost his eyesight, used to delight his family and a large circle of friends, by telling them of the adventures in his oriental travels, of the starry nights of the • desert, and of the bright moonlight of Egypt, where, riding on his camel, he could, from his saddle, recognise every plant that was growing on the ground. Nor were the listeners that gathered round him unworthy of the old traveller. Like many a small German town, Meldorf, the home of Niebuhr, had a society consisting of a few government officials, clergymen, and masters at the public school ; most of them men of cultivated mind, and quite capable of appreciating a man of Niebuhr's powers. Even the peasants there were not the mere clods of other parts of Germany. They were a well-to-do race, and by no means illiterate. Their sons received at the Gymnasium of Meldorf a classical education, and they were able to mix with ease and freedom in the society of their betters. The most hospitable house at Meldorf was that of Boie, the High Sheriff of Dithmarschen. He had formerly, at Göttingen, been the life and soul of a circle of friends who have become famous in the history of German literature, under the name of 'Hainbund.' That 'Hainbund' or Grove-Club, included Bürger, the author of 'Lenore;' Voss, the translator of Homer ; the Counts Stolberg, Hölty, and others. With Goethe, too, Boie had been on terms of intimacy, and when, in after life, he settled down at Meldorf, many of his old friends, his brother-in-law Voss, Count Stolberg, Claudius, and others, came to see him and his illustrious townsman,

Niebuhr. Many a seed was sown there, many small germs began to ripen in that remote town of Meldorf, which are yielding fruit at the present day, not in Germany only, but here in England. The sons of Boie, fired by the descriptions of the old, blind traveller, followed his example, and became distinguished as explorers and discoverers in natural history. Niebuhr's son, young Barthold, soon attracted the attention of all who came to see his father, particularly of Voss; and he was enabled, by their help and advice, to lay, in early youth, that foundation of solid learning which fitted him, in the intervals of his chequered life, to become the founder of a new era in the study of Ancient History. And how curious the threads which bind together the destinies of men! how marvellous the rays of light which, emanating from the most distant centres, cross each other in their onward course, and give their own peculiar colouring to characters apparently original and independent! We have read, of late, in the Confessions of a modern St. Augustine, how the last stroke that severed his connection with the Church of England, was the establishment of the Jerusalem Bishopric. But for that event, Dr. Newman might now be a bishop, and his friends a strong party in the Church of England. Well, that Jerusalem Bishopric owes something to Meldorf. The young schoolboy of Meldorf was afterwards the private tutor and personal friend of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and he thus exercised an influence both on the political and the religious views of King Frederick William IV. He was likewise Prussian Ambassador at Rome, when Bunsen was there as a young scholar, full of schemes, and planning his own

journey to the East. Niebuhr became the friend and patron of Bunsen, and Bunsen became his successor in the Prussian Embassy at Rome. It is well known that the Jerusalem Bishopric was a long-cherished plan of the King of Prussia, Niebuhr's pupil, and that the Bill for the establishment of a Protestant Bishopric at Jerusalem was carried chiefly through the personal influence of Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr. Thus we see how all things are working together for good or for evil, though we little know of the grains of dust that are carried along from all quarters of the globe, to tell like infinitesimal weights in the scales that decide hereafter the judgment of individuals and the fate of nations.

If Holstein, and more particularly Dithmarschen, of which Meldorf had in former days been the capital, may claim some share in Niebuhr the historian—if he himself, as the readers of his history are well aware, is fond of explaining the social and political institutions of Rome by references to what he had seen or heard of the little republic of Dithmarschen—it is certainly a curious coincidence that the only worthy successor of Niebuhr, in the field of Roman history, Theodore Mommsen, is likewise a native of Schleswig. His history of Rome, though it did not produce so complete a revolution as the work of Niebuhr, stands higher as a work of art. It contains the results of Niebuhr's critical researches, sifted and carried on by a most careful and thoughtful disciple. It is, in many respects, a most remarkable work, particularly in Germany. The fact that it is readable, and has become a popular book, has excited the wrath of many critics, who evidently consider it

beneath the dignity of a learned professor that he should digest his knowledge, and give to the world, not all and everything he has accumulated in his note-books, but only what he considers really important and worth knowing. The fact, again, that he does not load his pages with references and learned notes, has been treated like a *crimen læsæ majestatis*; and yet, with all the clamour and clatter that has been raised, few authors have had so little to alter or rectify in their later editions as Mommsen. To have produced two such scholars, historians, and statesmen, as Niebuhr and Mommsen, would be an honour to any kingdom in Germany: how much more to the small duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, in which we have been told so often that nothing is spoken but Danish and some vulgar dialects of Low German.

Well, even those vulgar dialects of Low German, and the poems and novels that have been written in them by true Schleswig-Holsteiners, are well worth a moment's consideration. In looking at their language, an Englishman at once discovers a number of old acquaintances: words which he would look for in vain in Schiller or Goethe. We shall mention a few.

• *Black* means black; in High German it would be *schwarz*. *De black* is the black horse; *black up wit* is black on white; *gif mek kil un blak*, give me quill and ink. *Blid* is *blithe*, instead of the High German *mild*. *Bottervogel*, or *botterhahn*, or *botterhex*, is *butterfly*, instead of *Schmetterling*. It is a common superstition in the North of Germany, that one ought to mark the first butterfly one sees in spring. A white one betokens mourning, a yellow one a

christening, a variegated one a wedding. *Bregen* or *brehm* is used instead of the High German *Gehirn*; it is the English *brain*. People say of a very foolish person, that his brain is frozen, *de brehm is em verfrorn*. The peculiar English *but*, which has given so much trouble to grammarians and etymologists, exists in the Holstein *buten*, literally outside, the Dutch *buiten*, the Old Saxon *bi-ûtan*. *Buten* in German is a regular contraction, just as *binnen*, which means inside, within, during. *Heben* is the English heaven, while the common German name is *Himmel*. *Hückup* is a sigh, and no doubt the English *hiccough*. *Düsig* is dizzy; *talkig* is talkative.

There are some curious words which, though they have a Low German look, are not to be found in English or Anglo-Saxon. Thus *plitsch*, which is used in Holstein in the sense of clever, turns out to be a corruption of *politisch*, i. e. political. *Krüdsch* means particular or over nice; it is a corruption of *kritisch*, critical. *Katolsch* means angry, mad, and is a corruption of *catholic*, i. e. Roman Catholic. *kränsch* means plucky, and stands for *courageux*. *Fränksch*, i. e. frankish, means strange; *flämsch*, i. e. flemish, means sulky, and is used to form superlatives; *polsch*, i. e. polish, means wild. *Forsch* means strong and strength, and comes from the French *force*. *Klür* is a corruption of *couleur*, and *Kunkelfusen* stands for confusion or fibs.

Some idiomatic and proverbial expressions, too, deserve to be noted. Instead of saying the sun has set, the Holsteiners, fond as they are of their beer, particularly in the evening after a hard day's work, say *de Sünn geiht to Beer*, 'the sun goes to beer.' If

you ask in the country how far it is to some town or village, a peasant will answer, '*n Hunnblaff*, a dog's bark, if it is quite close ; or '*n Pip Toback*, a pipe of tobacco, meaning about half an hour. Of a conceited fellow they say, *IIê hört de Flégn hosten*, 'he hears the flies coughing.' If a man is full of great schemes, he is told, *In Gedanken fört de Bur ôk in't Kutsch*, 'in thought the peasant, too, drives in a coach.' A man who boasts is asked, *Pracher! häst ôk Lüs oder schuppst di man so?* 'Braggart! have you really lice, or do you only scratch yourself as if you had?'

Holstein singt nicht, 'Holstein does not sing,' is a curious proverb, and, if it is meant to express the absence of popular poetry in that country, it would be easy to convict it of falsehood by a list of poets whose works, though unknown to fame beyond the limits of their own country, are cherished, and deservedly cherished, by their own countrymen. The best known among the Holstein poets is Klaus Groth, whose poems, published under the title of *Quickborn*, i. e. quick bourn, or living spring, show that there is a well of true poetical feeling in that country, and that its strains are all the more delicious and refreshing if they bubble up in the native accent of the country. Klaus Groth was born in 1819. He was the son of a miller, and, though he was sent to school, he had frequently to work in the field in summer, and make himself generally useful. Like many Schleswig-Holsteiners, he showed a decided talent for mathematics ; but, before he was sixteen, he had to earn his bread, and work as a clerk in the office of a local magistrate. His leisure hours were devoted to various studies ; German, Danish, music,

psychology, successively engaged his attention. In his nineteenth year he went to the seminary at Tondern to prepare himself to become a schoolmaster. There he studied Latin, French, Swedish ; and, after three years, was appointed teacher at a girls' school. Though he had to give forty-three lessons a week, he found time to continue his own reading, and he acquired a knowledge of English, Dutch, Icelandic, and Italian. At last, however, his health gave way, and in 1847 he was obliged to resign his place. During his illness his poetical talent, which he himself had never trusted, became a source of comfort to himself and to his friends, and the warm reception which greeted the first edition of his 'Quickborn' made him what he was meant to be, the poet of Schleswig-Holstein.

His political poems are few ; and, though a true Schleswig-Holsteiner at heart, he has always declined to fight with his pen when he could not fight with his sword. In the beginning of this year, however, he published 'Five Songs for Singing and Praying,' which, though they fail to give an adequate idea of his power as a poet, may be of interest as showing the deep feelings of the people in their struggle for independence. The text will be easily intelligible with the help of a literal English translation.

DUTSCHE EHR AND DUTSCHE EER.

I.

Frühling, 1848.

Dar keemn Soldaten æwer de Elf,
 Hurah, hurah, na't Norn !
 Se keemn so dicht 'as Wagg an Wagg,
 Un as en Koppel vull Korn.

Gundag, Soldaten! wo kamt jü her?
 Vun alle Barga de Krüz un Quer,
 Ut dütschen Landen na't dütsche Meer—
 • So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

Wat liggt so eben as weert de See?
 Wat schint so gel as Gold?
 Dat is de Marschen er Saat un Staat,
 Dat is de Holsten er Stoet.

Gundag jü Holsten op dütsche Eer!
 Gundag jü Friesen ant dütsche Meer!
 To leben un starben vær dütsche Ehr
 So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

GERMAN HONOUR AND GERMAN EARTH.

• Spring, 1848. •

There came soldiers across the Elbe,
 Hurrah, hurrah, to the North!
 They came as thick as wave on wave,
 And like a field full of corn.

Good day, soldiers! whence do you come?
 From all the hills on the right and left,
 From German lands to the German sea—
 Thus wanders and marches the host.

What lies so still as it were the sea?
 What shines so yellow as gold?
 The splendid fields of the Marshes they are,
 The pride of the Holsten race.

Good day, ye Holsten, on German soil!
 Good day, ye Friesians, on the German sea
 To live, and to die for German honour—
 Thus wanders and marches the host.

II.

Sommer, 1851.

Dat treckt so trurig æwer de Elf,
 In Tritt un Schritt so swar—
 De Swalw de wannert, de Hatðar treckt—
 Se kamt weddær to tokum Jahr.

Ade, ade, du dütsches Heer!
 'Ade, ade, du Holsten meer!
 Ade op Hoffen un Wiederkehr!
 Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

De Storch kumt wedder, de Swalw de singt
 Sô fröhlich as all tovær—
 Wann kumt de dütsche Adler un bringt
 Di wedder, du dütsche Ehr?

Wak op du Floth, wak op du Meer!
 Wak op du Dunner, un weck de Eer!
 Wi sitt op Hæpen un Wedderkehr—
 Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

Summer, 1851.

They march so sad across the Elbe,
 So heavy, step by step—
 The swallow wanders, the stork departs—
 They come back in the year to come.

Adieu, adieu, thou German host!
 'Adieu, adieu, thou Holsten sea!
 Adieu, in hope, and to meet again!
 We mourn alone by the sea.

The stork comes back, the swallow sings
 As blithe as ever before—
 When will the German eagle return,
 And bring thee back, thou German honour!

Wake up thou flood, wake up thou sea!
 Wake up thou thunder, and rouse the land!
 We are sitting in hope to meet again—
 We mourn alone by the sea.

III.

Winter, 1863.

Dar kumt en Brusen as Værjahswind,
 Dat dræhnt as wær dat de Floth.—
 Will't Fröhjahr kamen to Wihnachtstid?
 Hölpt Gott uns sülb'n inne Noth?

Vun alle Barga de Krüz un Quer
 Dar is dat wedder dat dütsche Heer!
 Dat gelt op Nu oder Nimmermehr!
 So rett se, de dütsche Ehr!

Wi hört den Adler, he kumt, he kumt!
 Noch eenmal hæpt wi un harrt!
 Is't Friheit endlich, de he uns bringt?
 Is't Wahrheit, wat der ut ward?

Sunst hölp uns Himmel, nu geit't ni mehr!
 Hölp du, un bring uns den Herzog her!
 Denn wüllt wi starben vær dütsche Ehr!
 Denn begravt uns in dütsche Eer!

30 Dec. 1863.

Winter, 1863.

There comes a blast like winter storm;
 It roars as it were the flood.—
 Is the spring coming at Christmas-tide?
 Does God himself help us in our need?

From all the hills on the right and left,
 There again comes the German host!
 It is to be new or never!
 Oh, save the German honour!

We hear the eagle, he comes, he comes!
 Once more we hope and wait!
 Is it freedom at last he brings to us?
 Is it truth what comes from thence?

Else Heaven help us, now it goes no more!
 Help thou, and bring us our Duke!
 Then will we die for German honour!
 Then bury us in German earth!

Dec. 30, 1863.

It is not, however, in war songs or political invective that the poetical genius of Klaus Groth shows to advantage. His proper sphere is the quiet idyll, a truthful and thoughtful description of nature, a reproduction of the simplest and deepest feelings of

the human heart, and all this in the homely, honest, and heartfelt language of his own 'Platt Deutsch.' That the example of Burns has told on Groth, that the poetry of the Scotch poet has inspired and inspirited the poet of Schleswig-Holstein, is not to be denied. But to imitate Burns and to imitate him successfully, is no mean achievement, and Groth would be the last man to disown his master. The poem 'Min Jehann' might have been written by Burns. I shall give a free metrical translation of it, but should advise the reader to try to spell out the original, for much of its charm lies in its native form, and to turn Groth even into High German destroys his beauty as much as when Burns is translated into English.

MIN JEHANN.

Ik wull, wi weern noch kleen, Jehann,
 Do weer de Welt so grot!
 We seten op den Steen, Jehann,
 Weest noch? by Nawers Sot.
 An Heben seil de stille Maan,
 Wi segen, wa he leep,
 Un snacken, wa de Himmel hoch,
 Un wa de Sot wul deep.

Weest noch, wa still dat weer, Jehann?
 Dar röhr keen Blatt an Bom.
 So is dat nu ni mehr, Jehann,
 As höchstens noch in Drom.
 Och ne, wenn do de Scheper sung—
 Alleen in't wide Feld:
 Ni wahr, Jehann? dat weer en Ton—
 De eenzige op de Welt.

Mitünner inne Schummerntid
 Denn ward mi so to Mod,

Denn löppt mi't langs den Rügg so hitt,
 As dōmals bi den Sot.
 Den dreih ik mi so hasti um,
 As wēer ik nich alleen :
 Doch Allens, wat ik finn, Jehann,
 Dat is—ik stah un ween.

MY JOHN.

I wish we still were little, John,
 The world was then so wide !
 When on the stone by neighbour's bourn
 We rested side by side.
 We saw the moon in silver veiled
 Sail silent through the sky,
 Our thoughts were deeper than the bourn,
 And as the heavens high.
 You know how still it was then, John ;
 All nature seemed at rest ;
 So is it now no longer, John,
 Or in our dreams at best !
 Think when the shepherd boy then sang
 Alone, o'er all the plain,
 Aye, John, you know, that was a sound
 We ne'er shall hear again.
 Sometimes now, John, the eventides
 The self-same feelings bring,
 My pulses beat as loud and strong
 As then beside the spring.
 And then I turn affrighted round,
 Some stranger to descry—
 But nothing can I see, my John—
 I am alone and cry.

The next poem is a little popular ballad, relating to a tradition, very common on the northern coast of Germany, both east and west of the peninsula, of islands swallowed by the sea, their spires, pinnacles, and roofs being on certain days still visible, and their bells audible, below the waves. One of these islands was called *Büsen*, or *Old Büsum*, and is sup-

posed to have been situated opposite the village now called Büsen, on the 'west coast of Dithmarschen. Strange to say, the inhabitants of that island, in spite of their tragic fate, are represented rather in a comical light, as the Bœotians of Holstein.

WAT SIK DAT VOLK VERTELLT.

Ol Büsum.

Ol Büsen liggt int wille Haff,
 De Floth de keem un wöhl en Graff.
 De Floth de keem un spöl un spöl,
 Bet se de Insel ünner wöhl.
 Dar blev keen Steen, dar blev keen Pahl,
 Dat Water schæl dat all hendal.
 'Dar weer keen Beest, dar weer keen Hund,
 De ligt nu all in depen Grund.
 Un Allens, wat der lev un lach,
 Dat deck de See mit depe Nach.
 Mitünner in de holle Ebb
 So süht man vunne Hüs' de Köpp.
 Denn dukt de Thorn herut ut Sand,
 As weert en Finger vun en Hand.
 Deun hört man sach de Klocken klingn,
 Denn hört man sach de Kanter singn ;
 Denn geit dat lisen dær de Luft :
 'Begrabt den Leib in seine Gruft.'

WHAT THE PEOPLE TELL.

Old Büsum.

Old Büsen sank into the waves ;
 The sea has made full many graves ;
 The flood came near and washed around,
 Until the rock to dust was ground.
 No stone remained, no belfry steep ;
 All sank into the waters deep.
 There was no beast, there was no hound ;
 They all were carried to the ground.
 And all that lived and laughed around
 The sea now holds in gloom profound.

At times, when low the water falls,
 The sailor sees the broken walls;
 The church tow'r peeps from out the sand,
 Like to the finger of a hand.
 Then hears one low the church bells ringing,
 Then hears one low the sexton singing;
 A chant is carried by the gust:—
 'Give earth to earth, and dust to dust.'

In the Baltic, too, similar traditions are current of sunken islands and towns buried in the sea, which are believed to be visible at certain times. The most famous tradition is that of the ancient town of Vineta—once, it is said, the greatest emporium in the north of Europe—several times destroyed and built up again, till, in 1183, it was upheaved by an earthquake and swallowed by a flood. The ruins of Vineta are believed to be visible between the coast of Pomerania and the island of Rügen. This tradition has suggested one of Wilhelm Müller's—my father's—lyrical songs, published in his 'Stones and Shells from the Island of Rügen,' 1825, of which I am able to give a translation by Mr. J. A. Froude.

VINETA.

I.

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde
 Klingen Abendglocken dumpf und matt,
 Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde
 Von der schönen alten Wunderstadt.

II.

In der Fluthen Schooss hinabgesunken
 Blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn,
 Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken
 Widerscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

III.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer
Einmal sah im hellen Abendroth,
Nach derselben Stelle schiffte er immer,
Ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

IV.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde
Klingt es mir, wie Glocken, dumpf und matt :
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde
Von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

V.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,
Ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn,
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

VI.

Und dann möcht' ich tauchen in die Tiefen,
Mich versenken in den Widerschein,
Und mir ist als ob mich Engel riefen
In die alte Wunderstadt herein.

VINETA.

I.

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far off evening-bells come sad and slow ;
Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

II.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

III.

And the Boatman who at twilight hour
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lour,
Evermore will haunt the charmed scene.

IV.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
 Far I hear them, bell-notes sad and slow,
 Ah, a wild and wondrous tale revealing
 Of the drownèd wreck of love below.

V.

There a world in loveliness decaying
 Lingers yet in beauty ere it die ;
 Phantom forms across my senses playing,
 Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.

VI.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
 And I long to plunge and wander free,
 Where I hear the angel-voices singing
 In those ancient towers below the sea.

I give a few more specimens of Klaus Groth's poetry which I have ventured to turn into English verse, in the hope that my translations, though very imperfect, may, perhaps on account of their very imperfection, excite among some of my readers a desire to become acquainted with the originals.

HE SÄ MI SO VEL.

I.

He sä mi so vel, un ik sä em keen Wort,
 Un all wat ik sä, weer : Jehann, ik mutt fort !

II.

He sä mi vun Lev un vun Himmel un Eer,
 He sä mi vun allens—ik weet ni mal mehr !

III.

He sä mi so vel, un ik sä em keen Wort,
 Un all wat ik sä, weer : Jehann, ik mutt fort !

IV.

He heeld mi de Hann, un he be mi so dull,
 Ik schull em doch gut wen, un ob ik ni wull ?

V.

Ik weer je ni bös, awèr sä doch keen Wort,
Un all wat ik sä, weer : Jehann, ik mutt fort !

VI.

Nu sitt ik un denk, un denk jümmer deran,
Mi düch, ik muss seggt hebbn : Wa geern, min Jehann !

VII.

Un doch, kumt dat wedder, so segg ik keen Wort,
Un hollet he mi, segg ik : Jehann, ik mutt fort !

HE TOLD ME SO MUCH.

I.

Though he told me so much, I had nothing to say,
And all that I said was, John, I must away !

II.

He spoke of his true love, and spoke of all that,
Of honour and heaven—I hardly know what.

III.

Though he told me so much, I had nothing to say,
And all that I said was, John, I must away !

IV.

He held me, and asked me, as hard as he could,
That I too should love him, and whether I would ?

V.

I never was wrath, but had nothing to say,
And all that I said was, John, I must away !

VI.

I sit now alone, and I think on and on,
Why did I not say then, How gladly, my John !

VII.

Yet even the next time, oh what shall I say,
If he holds me and asks me?—John, I must away !

TÖF MAL !

Se is doch de stillste vun alle to Kark !
 Se is doch de schönste vun alle to Mark !
 • So weekli, so bleekli, un de Ogen so grot,
 So blau as en Heben un deep as en Sot.
 Wer kikt wul int Water, un denkt ni sin Deel ?
 Wer kikt wul nan Himmel, un wünscht sik ne vel ?
 Wer süht er in Ogen, so blau un so fram, •
 Un denkt ni an Engeln, un allerhand Kram ? •

I.

In Church she is surely the stillest of all,
 She steps through the market so fair and so tall,

II.

So softly, so lightly, with wondering eyes, •
 As deep as the sea, and as blue as the skies.

III.

Who thinks not a deal when he looks on the main ?
 Who looks to the skies, and sighs not again ?

IV.

Who looks in her eyes, so blue and so true, '
 And thinks not of angels and other things too ?

KEEN GRAFF IS SO BRUT.

I.

Keen Graff is so brut un keen Müer so hoch,
 Wenn Twe sik man güt sünd, so drapt se sik doch.

II.

Keen Wedder so gruli, so düster keen Nacht,
 Wenn Twe sik man schn wüllt, so seht se sik sacht.

III.

• Dat gif wul en Maanschin, dar schint wul en Steern,
 Dat gift noch en Licht oder Lücht un Lantern. •

IV.

Dar fiunt sik en Ledder, en Stegelsch un Steg :
 Wenn Twe sik man leef hebbt—keen Sorg vacr den Weg.

I.

No ditch is so deep, and no wall is so high,
If two love each other, they'll meet by and bye.

II.

No storm is so wild, and no night is so black,
If two wish to meet, they will soon find a track.

III.

There is surely the moon, or the stars shining bright,
Or a torch, or a lantern, or some sort of light ;

IV.

There is surely a ladder, a step or a stile,
If two love each other, they'll meet ere long while.

• JEHANN, NU SPANN DE SCHIMMELS AN ! •

I.

Jehann, nu spann de Schimmels an !
Nu fahr wi na de Brut !
Un hebbt wi nix as brune Per,
Jehann, so is't ok gut !

II.

Un hebbt wi nix as swarte Per,
Jehann, so is't ok recht !
Un bün ik nich uns Weerth sin Soen,
So bün'k sin jüngste Knecht !

III.

Un hebbt wi gar keen Per un Wag',
So hebbt wi junge Been !
Un de so glückli is as ik,
Jehann, dat wüll wi sehn !

MAKE HASTE, MY JOHN, PUT TO THE GREYS.

I.

• Make haste, my John, put to the greys,
• We'll go and fetch the bride,
• And if we have but two brown hacks,
• They'll do as well to ride.

II.

And if we've but a pair of blacks,
 We still can bear our doom,
 And if I'm not my master's son,
 I'm still his youngest groom.

III.

And have we neither horse nor cart,
 Still strong young legs have we,—
 And any happier man than I,
 John, I should like to see.

DE JUNGE WETFRU.

Wenn Abends roth de Wolken treckt,
 So denk ik och! an di!
 So trock verbi dat ganze Heer,
 Un du weerst mit derbi.

Wenn ut de Böm de Blaeder fallt,
 So denk ik glik an di:
 So full so menni brawe Jung,
 Un du weerst mit derbi.

Denn sett ik mi so truri hin,
 Un denk so vel an di,
 Ik et alleen min Abendbrot—
 Un du büst nich derbi.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

When ruddy clouds are driving past,
 'Tis more than I can bear;
 Thus did the soldiers all march by,
 And thou, too, thou wert there.

When leaves are falling on the ground,
 'Tis more than I can bear;
 Thus fell full many a valiant lad,
 And thou, too, thou wert there.

And now I sit, so still and sad,
 'Tis more than I can bear;
 My evening meal I eat alone,
 For thou, thou art not there.

I wish I could add one of Klaus Groth's tales (*Vertellen*, as he calls them), which give the most truthful description of all the minute details of life in Dithmarschen, and bring the peculiar character of the country and of its inhabitants vividly before the eyes of the reader. But, short as they are, even the shortest of them would fill more pages than could here be spared for Schleswig-Holstein. I shall, therefore, conclude this sketch with a tale which has no author—a simple tale from one of the local Holstein newspapers. It came to me in a heap of other papers, flysheets, pamphlets, and books, but it shone like a diamond in a heap of rubbish; and, as the tale of 'The Old Woman of Schleswig-Holstein,' it may help to give to many who have been unjust to the inhabitants of the Duchies some truer idea of the stuff there is in that strong and staunch and sterling race to which England owes its language, its best blood, and its honoured name.

'When the war against Denmark began again in the winter of 1863, offices were opened in the principal towns of Germany for collecting charitable contributions. At Hamburg, Messrs L. and K. had set apart a large room for receiving lint, linen, and warm clothing, or small sums of money. One day, about Christmas, a poorly clad woman from the country stepped in and inquired, in the pure Holstein dialect, whether contributions were received here for Schleswig-Holstein. The clerk showed her to a table covered with linen rags and such like articles. But she turned away and pulled out an old leather purse, and, taking out pieces of money, began to count aloud on the counter: "One mark, two marks, three marks," till she had finished her ten marks. "That makes

ten marks," she said, and shoved the little pile away. The clerk, who had watched the poor old woman while she was arranging her small copper and silver coins, asked her: "From whom does the money come?"

"From me," she said, and began counting again, "One mark, two marks, three marks." Thus she went on emptying her purse, till she had counted out ten small heaps of coin, of ten marks each. Then, counting each heap once over again, she said: "These are my hundred marks for Schleswig-Holstein; be so good as to send them to the soldiers."

While the old peasant woman was doing her sums, several persons had gathered round her; and, as she was leaving the shop, she was asked again in a tone of surprise from whom the money came.

"From me," she said; and, observing that she was closely scanned, she turned back, and, looking the man full in the face, she added, smiling: "It is all honest money; it won't hurt the good cause."

The clerk assured her that no one had doubted her honesty, but that she herself had, no doubt, often known want, and that it was hardly right to let her contribute so large a sum, probably the whole of her savings.

The old woman remained silent for a time, but, after she had quietly scanned the faces of all present, she said: "Surely it concerns no one how I got the money. Many a thought passed through my heart while I was counting that money. You would not ask me to tell you all? But you are kind gentlemen, and you take much trouble for us poor people. So I'll tell you whence the money came. Yes, I have known want; food has been scarce with me many a day, and it will be so again, as I grow older. But

our gracious Lord watches over us. He has helped me to bear the troubles which He sent. He will never forsake me. My husband has been dead this many and many a year. I had one only son; and my John was a fine stout fellow, and he worked hard, and he would not leave his old mother. He made my home snug and comfortable. Then came the war with the Danes. All his friends joined the army; but the only son of a widow, you know, is free. So he remained at home, and no one said to him "Come along with us," for they knew that he was a brave boy, and that it broke his very heart to stay behind. I knew it all. I watched him when the people talked of the war, or when the schoolmaster brought the newspaper. Ah, how he turned pale and red, and how he looked away, and thought his old mother did not see it. But he said nothing to me, and I said nothing to him. Gracious God, who could have thought that it was so hard to drive our oppressors out of the land? Then came the news from Fredericia! That was a dreadful night. We sat in silence opposite each other. We knew what was in our hearts, and we hardly dared to look at each other. Suddenly he rose and took my hand, and said, "Mother!"—God be praised, I had strength in that moment—"John," I said, "our time has come; go in God's name. I know how thou lovest me, and what thou hast suffered. God knows what will become of me if I am left quite alone, but our Lord Jesus Christ will forsake neither thee nor me." John enlisted as a volunteer. The day of parting came. Ah, I am making a long story of it all! John stood before me in his new uniform. "Mother," he said, "one request before we part—if it is to be"

—“John,” I said to him, “I know what thou meanest—Oh, I shall weep, I shall weep very much when I am alone; but my time will come, and we shall meet again in the day of our Lord, John! and the land shall be free, John! the land shall be free!”

• ‘Heavy tears stood in the poor old woman’s eyes as she repeated her sad tale; but she soon collected herself, and continued: “I did not think then it would be so hard. The heart always hopes even against hope. But for all that”—and here the old woman drew herself up, and looked at us like a queen—“I have never regretted that I bade him go. Then came dreadful days; but the most dreadful of all was when we read that the Germans had betrayed the land, and that they had given up our land with all our dead to the Danes! Then I called on the Lord and said, “Oh Lord, my God, how is that possible? Why lettest thou the wicked triumph and allowest the just to perish?” And I was told, that the Germans were sorry for what they had done, but that they could not help it. But that, gentlemen, I could never understand. We should never do wrong, nor allow wrong to be done. And, therefore, I thought, it cannot always remain so; our good Lord knows His own good time, and in His own good time He will come and deliver us. And I prayed every evening that our gracious Lord would permit me to see that day when the land should be free, and our dear dead should sleep no more in Danish soil. And, as I had no other son against that day, I saved every year what I could save, and on every Christmas Eve I placed it before me on a table, where, in former years, I had always placed a small

present for my John, and I said in my heart, The war will come again, and the land will be free, and thou shalt sleep in a free grave, my only son, my John! And now, gentlemen, the poor old woman has been told that the day has come, and that her prayer has been heard, and that the war will begin again; and that is why she has brought her money, the money she saved for her son. Good morning, gentlemen," she said, and was going quickly away.

'But, before she had left the room, an old gentleman said, loud enough for her to hear, "Poor body! I hope she may not be deceived."

"Ah," said the old woman, turning back, "I know what you mean; I have been told all is not right yet. But have faith, men! the wicked cannot prevail against the just; man cannot prevail against the Lord. Hold to that, gentlemen; hold fast together, gentlemen! This very day I—begin to save up again."

'Bless her, good old soul! And, if Odin were still looking out of his window in the sky as of yore, when he granted victory to the women of the Lombards, might he not say even now :—

"When women are heroes,
What must the men be like?
Theirs is the victory;
No need of me."

VII.

JOINVILLE¹.

OUR attention was attracted a few months ago by a review published in the 'Journal des Débats,' in which a new translation of Joinville's 'Histoire de Saint Louis,' by M. Natalis de Wailly, a distinguished member of the French Institute, was warmly recommended to the French public. After pointing out the merits of M. de Wailly's new rendering of Joinville's text, and the usefulness of such a book for enabling boys at school to gain an insight into the hearts and minds of the Crusaders, and to form to themselves a living conception of the manners and customs of the people of the thirteenth century, the

¹ 'Histoire de St. Louis, par Joinville.' Texte rapproché du Français Moderne par M. Natalis de Wailly, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1865. •

'Œuvres de Jean Sire de Joinville, avec un texte rapproché du Français Moderne, par M. Natalis de Wailly.' Paris, 1867. M. Natalis de Wailly has since published a new edition of Joinville, 'Histoire de Saint Louis, par Jean Sire de Joinville, suivie du Credo et de la lettre à Louis X ; texte ramené à l'orthographe des Chartes du Sire de Joinville.' Paris, 1868. He has more fully explained the principles according to which the text of Joinville has been restored by him in his 'Mémoire sur la Langue de Joinville.' Paris, 1868. •

reviewer, whose name is well known in this country as well as in France by his valuable contributions to the history of medicine, dwelt chiefly on the fact that through the whole of Joinville's '*Mémoires*' there is no mention whatever of surgeons or physicians. Nearly the whole French army is annihilated, the King and his companions lie prostrate from wounds and disease, Joinville himself is several times on the point of death, yet nowhere, according to the French reviewer, does the chronicler refer to a medical staff attached to the army or to the person of the King. Being somewhat startled at this remark, we resolved to peruse once more the charming pages of Joinville's history, nor had we to read far before we found that one passage at least had been overlooked, a passage which establishes beyond the possibility of doubt, the presence of surgeons and physicians in the camp of the French crusaders. On page 78 of M. de Wailly's spirited translation, in the account of the death of Gautier d'Autrèche, we read that when that brave knight was carried back to his tent nearly dying, 'several of the surgeons and physicians of the camp came to see him, and not perceiving that he was dangerously injured, they bled him on both his arms.' The result was what might be expected: Gautier d'Autrèche soon breathed his last.

Having once opened the '*Mémoires* of Joinville,' we could not but go on to the end, for there are few books that carry on the reader more pleasantly, whether we read them in the quaint French of the fourteenth century, or in the more modern French in which they have just been clothed by M. Natalis de Wailly. So vividly does the easy gossip of the old soldier bring before our eyes the days of St. Louis

and Henry III, that we forget that we are reading an old chronicle, and holding converse with the heroes of the thirteenth century. The fates both of Joinville's 'Mémoires' and of Joinville himself suggest in fact many reflections apart from mere mediæval history, and a few of them may here be given in the hope of reviving the impressions left on the minds of many by their first acquaintance with the old crusader, or of inviting others to the perusal of a work which no one who takes an interest in man, whether past or present, can read without real pleasure and real benefit.

It is interesting to watch the history of books, and to gain some kind of insight into the various circumstances which contribute to form the reputation of poets, philosophers, or historians. Joinville, whose name is now familiar to the student of French history, as well as to the lover of French literature, might fairly have expected that his memory would live by his acts of prowess, and by his loyal devotion and sufferings when following the King of France, St. Louis, on his unfortunate crusade. When, previous to his departure for the Holy Land, the young Sénéchal de Champagne, then about twenty-four years of age, had made his confession to the Abbot of Cheminon, when, barefoot and in a white sheet, he was performing his pilgrimages to Blehecourt (Blechicourt), St. Urbain, and other sacred shrines in his neighbourhood, and when on passing his own domain 'he would not once turn his eyes back on the castle of Joinville, *pour ce que li cuers ne me attendrisist dou biau chastel que je lessioie et de mes dous enfans* ('that the heart might not make me pine after the beautiful castle which I left behind,

and after my two children'), he must have felt that, happen what might to himself, the name of his family would live, and his descendants would reside from century to century in those strong towers where he left his young wife, Alix de Grandpré, and his son and heir Jean, then but a few months old. After five years he returned from his crusade, full of 'honours' and full of wounds. He held one of the highest positions that a French nobleman could hold. He was Sénéchal de Champagne, as his ancestors had been before him. Several members of his family had distinguished themselves in former crusades, and the services of his uncle Geoffroi had been so highly appreciated by Richard Cœur de Lion that he was allowed by that King to quarter the arms of England with his own. Both at the court of the Comtes de Champagne, who were Kings of Navarre, and at the court of Louis IX, King of France, Joinville was a welcome guest. He witnessed the reigns of six kings—of Louis VIII, 1223–26; Louis IX, or St. Louis, 1226–70; Philip III, le Hardi, 1270–85; Philip IV, le Bel, 1285–1314; Louis X, le Hutin, 1314–16; and Philip V, le Long, 1316–22. Though later in life Joinville declined to follow his beloved King on his last and fatal crusade in 1270, he tells us himself how, on the day on which he took leave of him, he carried his royal friend, then really on the brink of death, in his arms from the residence of the Comte d'Auxerre to the house of the Cordeliers. In 1282 he was one of the principal witnesses when, previous to the canonization of the King, an inquest was held to establish the purity of his life, the sincerity of his religious professions, and the genuineness of his self-sacrificing devotion in the cause of

Christendom. When the daughter of his own liege lord, the Comte de Champagne, Jeanne de Navarre, married Philip le Bel, and became Queen of France, she made Joinville Governor of Champagne, which she had brought as her dowry to the grandson of St. Louis. Surely, then, when the old Crusader, the friend and counsellor of many kings, closed his earthly career, at the good age of ninety-five, he might have looked forward to an honoured grave in the church of St. Laurent, and to an eminent place in the annals of his country, which were then being written in more or less elegant Latin by the monks of St. Denis.

But what has happened? The monkish chroniclers, no doubt, have assigned him his proper place in their tedious volumes, and there his memory would have lived with that kind of life which belongs to the memory of Geoffroi, his illustrious uncle, the friend of Philip Augustus, the companion of Richard Cœur de Lion, whose arms were to be seen in the church of St. Laurent, at Joinville, quartered with the royal arms of England. Such parchment or hatchment glory might have been his, and many a knight, as good as he, has received no better, no more lasting reward for his loyalty and bravery. His family became extinct in his grandson. Henri de Joinville, his grandson, had no sons, and his daughter, being a wealthy heiress, was married to one of the Dukes of Lorraine. The Dukes of Lorraine were buried for centuries in the same church of St. Laurent where Joinville reposed, and where he had founded a chapel dedicated to his companion in arms, Louis IX, the Royal Saint of France; and when, at the time of the French Revolution, the

tombs of St. Denis were broken open by an infuriated people, and their ashes scattered abroad, the vaults of the church at Joinville, too, shared the same fate, and the remains of the brave Crusader suffered the same indignity as the remains of his sainted King. It is true that there were some sparks of loyalty and self-respect left in the hearts of the citizens of Joinville. They had the bones of the old warrior and of the Dukes of Lorraine re-interred in the public cemetery, and there they now rest, mingled with the dust of their faithful lieges and subjects. But the church of St. Laurent, with its tombs and tombstones, is gone. The property of the Joinvilles descended from the Dukes of Lorraine to the Dukes of Guise, and, lastly, to the family of Orleans. The famous Duke of Orleans, Egalité, sold Joinville in 1790, and stipulated that the old castle should be demolished. Poplars and fir trees now cover the ground of the ancient castle, and the name of Joinville is borne by a royal prince, the son of a dethroned king, the grandson of Louis Egalité, who died on the guillotine.

Neither his noble birth, nor his noble deeds, nor the friendship of Kings and Princes would have saved Joinville from that inevitable oblivion which has blotted from the memory of living men the names of his more eminent companions, Robert, Count of Artois, Alphonse, Count of Poitiers, Charles, Count of Anjou, Hugue, Duke of Burgundy, William, Count of Flanders, and many more. A little book which the old warrior wrote or dictated—for it is very doubtful whether he could have written it himself—a book which for many years attracted nobody's attention, and which even now we do not possess in

the original language of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth centuries—has secured to the name of Jean de Joinville a living immortality, and a fame that will last long after the bronze statue which was erected in his native place in 1853 shall have shared the fate of his castle, of his church, and of his tomb. Nothing could have been further from the mind of the old nobleman when, at the age of eighty-five, he began the history of his Royal comrade, St. Louis, than the hope of literary fame. He would have scouted it. That kind of fame might have been good enough for monks and abbots, but it would never at that time have roused the ambition of a man of Joinville's stamp. How the book came to be written he tells us himself in his dedication, dated in the year 1309, and addressed to Louis le Hutin, then only King of Navarre and Count of Champagne, but afterwards King of France. His mother, Jeanne of Navarre, the daughter of Joinville's former liege lord, the last of the Counts of Champagne, who was married to Philip le Bel, the grandson of St. Louis, had asked him 'to have a book made for her, containing the sacred words and good actions of our King, St. Loos.' She died before the book was finished, and Joinville, therefore, sent it to her son. How it was received by him we do not know; nor is there any reason to suppose that there were more than a few copies made of a work which was intended chiefly for members of the Royal family of France and of his own family. It is never quoted by historical writers of that time, and the first historian who refers to it is said to be Pierre le Baud, who, towards the end of the fifteenth century, wrote his '*Histoire de Bretagne*.' It has been

proved that for a long time no mention of the dedication copy occurs in the inventories of the private libraries of the Kings of France. At the death of Louis le Hutin his library consisted of twenty-nine volumes, and among them the history of St. Louis does not occur. There is, indeed, one entry, 'Quatre caiers de Saint Loos,' but this could not be meant for the work of Joinville, which was in one volume. These four *cahiers* or quires of paper were more likely manuscript notes of St. Louis himself. His confessor, Geoffroy de Beaulieu, relates that the King, before his last illness, wrote down with his own hand some salutary counsels in French, of which he, the confessor, procured a copy before the King's death, and which he translated from French into Latin.

Again, the widow of Louis X left at her death a collection of forty-one volumes, and the widow of Charles le Bel a collection of twenty volumes, but in neither of them is there any mention of Joinville's history.

It is not till we come to the reign of Charles V (1364-80) that Joinville's book occurs in the inventory of the Royal library, drawn up in 1373 by the King's valet de chambre, Gilles Mallet. It is entered as 'La vie de Saint Loys, et les fais de son voyage d'outre mer;' and in the margin of the catalogue there is a note, 'le Roy l'a par devers soy,'—'the King has it by him.' At the time of his death the volume had not yet been returned to its proper place in the first hall of the Louvre; but in the inventory drawn up in 1411 it appears again, with the following description¹:—

¹ See *Paulin Paris*, p. 175.

‘ Une grant partie de la vie et des fais de Monseigneur Saint Loys que fist faire le Seigneur de Joinville ; très-bien escript et historié. Couvert de cuir rouge à empreintes, à deux fermoirs d’argent. Escript de lettres de forme en françois à deux coulombes ; commençant au deuxième folio “ et porceque,” et au derrenier “ en tele maniere.” ’

This means, ‘ A great portion of the life and actions of St. Louis which the Seigneur de Joinville had made, very well written and illuminated.’ Bound in red leather, tooled, with two silver clasps. Written in formal letters in French, in two columns, beginning on the second folio with the words “ *et porceque*,” and on the last with “ *en tele maniere*.” ’

During the Middle Ages and before the discovery of printing, the task of having a literary work published, or rather of having it copied, rested chiefly with the author, and as Joinville himself, at his time of life, and in the position which he occupied, had no interest in what we should call ‘ pushing ’ his book, this alone is quite sufficient to explain its almost total neglect. But other causes too have been assigned by M. Paulin Paris and others for what seems at first sight so very strange—the entire neglect of Joinville’s work. From the beginning of the twelfth century the monks of St. Denis were the recognized historians of France. They at first collected the most important historical works of former centuries, such as Gregory of Tours, Eginhard, the so-called Archbishop Turpin, Nithard, and William of Jumièges. But beginning with the first year of Philip I, 1060-1108, the monks became themselves the chroniclers of passing events. The famous Abbot Suger, the contemporary of Abelard and St. Bernard, wrote the life of Louis le Gros ; Rigord and Guillaume de Nangis followed with the

history of his successors. Thus the official history of St. Louis had been written by Guillaume de Nangis long before Joinville thought of dictating his personal recollections of the King. Besides the work of Guillaume de Nangis, there was the 'History of the Crusades,' including that of St. Louis, written by Guillaume, Archbishop of Tyre, and translated into French, so that even the ground which Joinville had more especially selected as his own was pre-occupied by a popular and authoritative writer. Lastly, when Joinville's history appeared, the chivalrous King, whose sayings and doings his old brother in arms undertook to describe in his homely and truthful style, had ceased to be an ordinary mortal. He had become a Saint, and what people were anxious to know of him were legends rather than history. With all the sincere admiration which Joinville entertained for his King, he could not compete with such writers as Geoffroy de Beaulieu (Gaufridus de Belloloco), the confessor of St. Louis, Guillaume de Chartres (Guillelmus Carnotensis), his chaplain, or the Confessor of his daughter Blanche, each of whom had written a life of the Royal Saint. Their works were copied over and over again, and numerous MSS. have been preserved of them in public and private libraries. Of Joinville one early MS. only was saved, and even that not altogether a faithful copy of the original.

The first edition of Joinville was printed at Poitiers in 1547, and dedicated to François I. The editor, Pierre Antoine de Rieux, tells us that when, in 1542, he examined some old documents at Beaufort en Vallée, in Anjou, he found among the MSS. the chronicle of King Louis, written by a Seigneur de Joinville, Sénéchal de Champagne, who lived at

that time, and had accompanied the said St. Louis in all his wars. But because it was badly arranged or written in a very rude language, he had it polished and put in better order, a proceeding of which he is evidently very proud, as we may gather from a remark of his friend Guillaume de Perrière, that 'it is no smaller praise to polish a diamond than to find it quite raw, (*toute brute.*)'

This text, which could hardly be called Joinville's, remained for a time the received text. It was reproduced in 1595, in 1596, and in 1609.

In 1617 a new edition was published by Claude Menard. He states that he found at Laval a heap of old papers, which had escaped the ravages committed by the Protestants in some of the monasteries at Anjou. When he compared the MS. of Joinville with the edition of Pierre Antoine de Rieux, he found that the ancient style of Joinville had been greatly changed. He therefore undertook a new edition, more faithful to the original. Unfortunately, however, his original MS. was but a modern copy, and his edition, though an improvement on that of 1547, was still very far from the style and language of the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The learned Du Cange searched in vain for more trustworthy materials for restoring the text of Joinville. Invaluable as are the dissertations which he wrote on Joinville, his own text of the history, published in 1668, could only be based on the two editions that had preceded his own.

It was not till 1761 that real progress was made in restoring the text of Joinville. An ancient MS. had been brought from Brussels by the Maréchal Maurice de Saxe. It was carefully edited by M. Gapperonnier, and it has served, with few exceptions,

as the foundation of all later editions. It is now in the Imperial Library. The editors of the 'Recueil des Historiens de France' express their belief that the MS. might actually be the original. At the end of it are the words 'Ce fu escript en l'an de grâce mil CCC et IX, on moys d'octovre.' This, however, is no real proof of the date of the MS. Transcribers of MSS, it is well known, were in the habit of mechanically copying all they saw in the original, and hence we find very commonly the date of an old MS. repeated over and over again in modern copies.

The arguments by which in 1839 M. Paulin Paris proved that this, the oldest MS. of Joinville, belongs not to the beginning, but to the end of the fourteenth century, seem unanswerable, though they failed to convince M. Daunou who, in the twentieth volume of the 'Historiens de France' published in 1840, still looks upon this MS. as written in 1309, or at least during Joinville's lifetime. M. Paulin Paris establishes, first of all, that this MS. cannot be the same as that which was so carefully described in the catalogue of Charles V. What became of that MS, once belonging to the private library of the Kings of France, no one knows, but there is no reason, even now, why it should not still be recovered. The MS. of Joinville, which now belongs to the Imperial Library, is written by the same scribe who wrote another MS. of 'La Vie et les Miracles de Saint Louis.' Now, this MS. of 'La Vie et les Miracles' is a copy of an older MS, which likewise exists at Paris. This more ancient MS, probably the original, and written, therefore, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, had been carefully revised before it served as the model for the later copy, executed by the same scribe who, as we saw, wrote the old MS. of Joinville. A number

of letters were scratched out, words erased, and sometimes whole sentences altered or suppressed, a red line being drawn across the words which had to be omitted. It looks, in fact, like a manuscript prepared for the printer. Now, if the same copyist who copied this MS. copied likewise the MS. of Joinville, it follows that he was separated from the original of Joinville by the same interval which separates the corrected MSS. of 'La Vie et les Miracles' from their original, or from the beginning of the fourteenth century. This line of argument seems to establish satisfactorily the approximate date of the oldest MS. of Joinville as belonging to the end of the fourteenth century.

Another MS. was discovered at Lucca. As it had belonged to the Dukes of Guise, great expectations were at one time entertained of its value. It was bought by the Royal Library at Paris in 1741 for 360 livres, but it was soon proved not to be older than about 1500, representing the language of the time of François I rather than of St. Louis, but nevertheless preserving occasionally a more ancient spelling than the other manuscript which was copied 200 years before. This MS. bears the arms of the princess Antoinette de Bourbon and of her husband Claude de Lorraine, who was 'Duc de Guise, Comte d'Aumale, Marquis de Mayence et d'Elbeuf, and Baron de Joinville.' Their marriage took place in 1513; he died in 1550, she in 1583.

There is a third MS. which has lately been discovered. It belonged to M. Brissart-Binet of Rheims, became known to M. Paulin Paris, and was lent to M. de Wailly for his new edition of Joinville. It seems to be a copy of the so-called MS. of Lucca, the MS. belonging to the Princess Antoinette de Bourbon,

and it is most likely the very copy which that princess ordered to be made for Louis Lasséré, canon of St. Martin of Tours, who published an abridgement of it in 1541. By a most fortunate accident it supplies the passages from page 88 to 112, and from page 126 to 139, which are wanting in the MS. of Lucca.

It must be admitted, therefore, that for an accurate study of the historical growth of the French language, the work of Joinville is of less importance than it would have been if it had been preserved in its original orthography, and with all the grammatical peculiarities which mark the French of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century. There may be no more than a distance of not quite a hundred years between the original of Joinville and the earliest MS. which we possess. But in those hundred years the French language did not remain stationary. Even as late as the time of Montaigne, when French had assumed a far greater literary steadiness, that writer complains of its constant change. 'I wrote my book,' he says in a memorable passage ('Essais,' liv. 3, c. 9)—

'For few people and for a few years. If it had been a subject that ought to last, it should have been committed to a more stable language (Latin). After the continual variation which has followed our speech to the present day, who can hope that its present form will be used fifty years hence? It glides from our hands every day, and since I have lived it has been half changed. We say that at present it is perfect, but every century says the same of its own. I do not wish to hold it back, if it will fly away and go on deteriorating as it does. It belongs to good and useful writers to nail the language to themselves (*de le clouer à eux*).'

On the other hand, we must guard against forming an exaggerated notion of the changes that could have taken place in the French language within the space of less than a century. They refer chiefly to

the spelling of words, to the use of some antiquated words and expressions, and to the less careful observation of the rules by which in ancient French the nominative is distinguished from the oblique cases, both in the singular and the plural. That the changes do not amount to more than this can be proved by a comparison of other documents which clearly preserve the actual language of Joinville. There is a letter of his which is preserved at the Imperial Library at Paris, addressed to Louis X in 1315. It was first published by Du Cange, afterwards by M. Daunou, in the twentieth volume of the 'Historiens de France,' and again by M. de Wailly. There are, likewise, some charters of Joinville, written in his *chancellerie*, and in some cases with additions from his own hand. Lastly, there is Joinville's 'Credo,' containing his notes on the Apostolic Creed, preserved in a manuscript of the thirteenth century. This was published in the 'Collection des Bibliophiles Français,' unfortunately printed in twenty-five copies only. The MS. of the 'Credo,' which formerly belonged to the public library of Paris, disappeared from it about twenty years ago, and it now forms No. 75 of a collection of MSS. bought in 1849 by Lord Ashburnham from M. Barrois. By comparing the language of these thirteenth century documents with that of the earliest MS. of Joinville's history, it is easy to see that although we have lost something, we have not lost very much, and that, at all events, we need not suspect in the earliest MS. any changes that could in any way affect the historical authenticity of Joinville's work¹.

In his last edition of the text of Joinville, which was published

To the historian of the French language, the language of Joinville, even though it gives us only a picture of the French spoken at the time of Charles V, or contemporaneously with Froissart, is still full

in 1868, M. de Wailly has restored the spelling of Joinville on all these points according to the rules which are observed in Joinville's charters, and in the best MSS. of the beginning of the fourteenth century. The facsimiles of nine of these charters are published at the end of M. de Wailly's '*Mémoire sur la Langue de Joinville*,' of others an accurate transcript is given. The authentic texts thus collected, in which we can study the French language as it was written at the time of Joinville, amount to nearly one-fifth of the text of Joinville's History. To correct, according to these charters, the text of Joinville so systematically as has been done by M. de Wailly in his last edition may seem a bold undertaking, but few who have read attentively his '*Mémoire*' would deny that the new editor has fully justified his critical principles. Thus with regard to the terminations of the nominative and the oblique cases, where other MSS. of Joinville's History follow no principle whatever, M. de Wailly remarks: '*Pour plus de simplicité j'appellerai règle du sujet singulier et règle du sujet pluriel l'usage qui consistait à distinguer, dans beaucoup de mots, le sujet du régime par une modification analogue à celle de la déclinaison latine. Or, j'ai constaté que, dans les chartes de Joinville, la règle du sujet singulier est observée huit cent trente-cinq fois, et violée sept fois seulement; encore dois-je dire que cinq de ces violations se rencontrent dans une même charte, celle du mois de mai 1278, qui n'est connue que par une copie faite au siècle dernier. Si l'on fait abstraction de ce texte, il reste deux violations contre huit cent trente-cinq observations de la règle. La règle du sujet pluriel est observée cinq cent quatre-vingt-huit fois, et violée six fois: ce qui donne au total quatorze cent vingt-trois contre treize, en tenant compte même de six fautes commises dans le texte copié au siècle dernier. De ce résultat numérique, il faut évidemment conclure, d'abord, que l'une et l'autre règle étaient parfaitement connues et pratiquées à la chancellerie de Joinville, ensuite qu'on est autorisé à modifier le texte de l'Histoire, partout où ces règles y sont violées. (D'après un calcul approximatif, on peut croire que le copiste du quatorzième siècle a violé ces règles plus de quatre mille fois et qu'il les respectait peut-être une fois sur dix.)*'

of interest. That language is separated from the French of the present day by nearly five centuries, and we may be allowed to give a few instances to show the curious changes both of form and meaning which many words have undergone during that interval.

Instead of *sœur*, sister, Joinville still uses *sereur*, which was the right form of the oblique case, but was afterwards replaced by the nominative *suer* or *sœur*. Thus, p. 424 E, we read, *quant nous menames la serour le roy*, i. e. *quand nous menâmes la sœur du roi*; but p. 466 A, *l'abbaië que sa suer fonda*, i. e. *l'abbaië que sa sœur fonda*. Instead of *ange*, angel, he has both *angle* and *angre*, where the *r* stands for the final *l* of *angele*, the more ancient French form of *angelus*. The same transition of final *l* into *r* may be observed in *apôtre* for *apostolus*, *chapitre* for *capitulum*, *chartre* for *cartula*, *esclandre* for *scandalum*. Instead of *vieux*, old, Joinville uses *veil* or *veel* (p. 132 C, *le veil le fil au veil*, i. e. *le vieux fils du vieux*); but in the nom. sing., *viex*, which is the Latin *vetulus* (p. 302 A, *li Viex de la Montaigne*, i. e. *le Vieux de la Montagne*; but p. 304 A, *li messaige le Vieil*, i. e. *les messagers du Vieux*. Instead of *coude*, m., elbow, we find *coute*, which is nearer to the Latin *cubitus*, cubit. The Latin *t* in words like *cubitus* was generally softened in old French, and was afterwards dropt altogether. As in *coude*, the *d* is preserved in *aider* for *adjutare*, in *fade* for *fatuus*. In other words, such as *chaîne* for *catena*, *roue* for *rota*, *épée* for *spatha*, *aimée* for *amata*, it has disappeared altogether. True is *voir*, the regular modification of *verum*, like *soir* of *serum*, instead of the modern French *vrai*; e. g. p. 524 B, *et sachiez que voirs estait*, i. e. *et sachez que c'était*

vrai. We still find *ester*, to stand (*et ne pooit ester sur ses pieds*, 'he could not stand on his legs'). At present the French have no single word for 'standing,' which has often been pointed out as a real defect of the language. 'To stand' is *ester*, in Joinville; 'to be' is *estre*.

In the grammatical system of the language of Joinville we find the connecting link between the case terminations of the classical Latin and the prepositions and articles of modern French. It is generally supposed that the terminations of the Latin declension were lost in French, and that the relations of the cases were expressed by prepositions, while the *s* as the sign of the plural was explained by the *s* in the nom. plur. of nouns of the third declension. But languages do not thus advance *per saltum*. They change slowly and gradually, and we can generally discover in what is, some traces of what has been.

Now the fact is that in ancient French, and likewise in Provençal, there is still a system of declension more or less independent of prepositions. There are, so to say, three declensions in Old French, of which the second is the most important and the most interesting. If we take a Latin word like *annus*, we find in Old French two forms in the singular, and two in the plural. We find sing. *an-s*, *an*, plur. *an*, *ans*. If *an* occurs in the nom. sing. or as the subject, it is always *ans*; if it occur as a gen., dat., or acc., it is always *an*. In the plural, on the contrary, we find in the nom. *an*, and in all the oblique cases *ans*. The origin of this system is clear enough, and it is extraordinary that attempts should have been made to derive it from German or even from Celtic, when

the explanation could be found so much nearer home. The nom. sing. has the *s*, because it was there in Latin; the nom. plur. has no *s*, because there was no *s* there in Latin. The oblique cases in the singular have no *s*, because the accusative in Latin, and likewise the gen., dat., and abl., ended either in vowels, which became mute, or in *m*, which was dropt. The oblique cases in the plural had the *s*, because it was there in the acc. plur., which became the general oblique case, and likewise in the dat. and abl. By means of these fragments of the Latin declension, it was possible to express many things without prepositions which in modern French can no longer be thus expressed. *Le fils Roi* was clearly the son of the King; *il fil Roi*, the sons of the King. Again we find *li roys*, the King, but *au roy*, to the King. Pierre Sarrasin begins his letter on the crusade of St. Louis by *A seigneur Nicolas Arode, Jehan-s Sarrasin, chambrelen-s le roy de France, salut et bonne amour*.

• But if we apply the same principle to nouns of the first declension, we shall see at once that they could not have lent themselves to the same contrivance. Words like *corona* have no *s* in the nom. sing., nor in any of the oblique cases; it would therefore be in French *corone* throughout. In the plural indeed there might have been a distinction between the nom. and the acc. The nom. ought to have been without an *s*, and the acc. with an *s*. But with the exception of some doubtful passages, where a nom. plur. is supposed to occur in old French documents without an *s*, we find throughout, both in the nom. and the other cases, the *s* of the accusative as the sign of the plural.

Nearly the same applies to certain words of the

third declension. Here we find indeed a distinction between the nom. and the oblique cases of the singular, such as *flor-s*, the flower, with *flor*, of the flower; but the plural is *flor-s* throughout.* This form is chiefly confined to feminine nouns of the third declension.

There is another very curious contrivance by which the ancient French distinguished the nom. from the acc. sing., and which shows us again how the consciousness of the Latin grammar was by no means entirely lost in the formation of modern French. There are many words in Latin which change their accent in the oblique cases from what it was in the nominative. For instance, *cantátor*, a singer, becomes *cantatórem*, in the accusative. Now in ancient French the nom., corresponding to *cantator*, is *chán-tere*, but the gen. *chanteór*, and thus again a distinction is established of great importance for grammatical purposes. Most of these words followed the analogy of the second declension, and added an *s* in the nom. sing., dropt it in the nom. plur., and added it again in the oblique cases of the plural. Thus we get—

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
Nom.	Oblique Cases.	Nom.	Oblique Cases.
<i>chántere</i>	<i>chanteór</i>	<i>chanteór</i>	<i>chanteórs</i>
From <i>baro, baronis</i> (O. Fr. <i>ber</i>)	<i>baron</i>	<i>baron</i>	<i>barons</i>
<i>latro, latronis</i> (O. Fr. <i>lierre</i>)	<i>larron</i>	<i>larroh</i>	<i>larrons</i>
<i>senior, senioris</i> (O. Fr. <i>sendre</i>)	<i>seignor</i> (sire)	<i>seignor</i>	<i>seignors</i>

Thus we read in the beginning of Joinville's history :—

A son bon signour Looyz, Jehans sires de Joinville salut et amour;

and immediately afterwards, *Chiers sire*, not *Chiers seigneur*.

If we compare this Old French declension with the grammar of Modern French, we find that the accusative or the oblique form has become the only recognized form, both in the singular and plural. Hence—

[Corone]	[Ans]	[Flors]	[Chántere]	le chantre.
Corone	An	Flor	Chanteór	le chanteur.
[Corones]	[An]	[Flors]	[Chanteór]	.
Corones	Ans	Flors	Chanteórs.	

A few traces only of the old system remain in such words as *fil*, *bras*, *Charles*, *Jacques*, &c.

Not less curious than the changes of form are the changes of meaning which have taken place in the French language since the days of Joinville. Thus, *la viande*, which now only means meat, is used by Joinville in its original and more general sense of *victuals*, the Latin *vivenda*. For instance (p. 248 D), *et nous requiesmes que en nous donnast la viande*, ‘and we asked that one might give us something to eat.’ And soon after, *les viandes que il nous donnèrent, ce furent begniet de fourmaiges qui estoient roti au soleil, pour ce que li ver n’i venissent, et oef dur cuit de quatre jours ou de cinc*—‘and the viands which they gave us were cheese-cakes roasted in the sun, that the worms might not get at them, and hard eggs boiled four or five days ago.’

Payer, to pay, is still used in its original sense of pacifying or satisfying, the Latin *pacare*. Thus a priest who has received from his bishop an explanation of some difficulty and other ghostly comfort *se tint bin pour paié* (p. 34 C),—he ‘considered himself well satisfied.’ When the King objected to certain words in the oath which he had to take,

Joinville says that he does not know how the oath was finally arranged, but he adds, *li amiral se tindrent bien apaié*—‘the admirals considered themselves satisfied’ (p. 242 C). The same word, however, is likewise used in the usual sense of paying.

Noise, a word which has almost disappeared from modern French, occurs several times in Joinville; and we can watch in different passages the growth of its various meanings. In one passage Joinville relates (p. 198) that one of his knights had been killed and was lying on a bier in his chapel. While the priest was performing his office six other knights were talking very loud, and *faisoient noise au prestre*—‘they annoyed or disturbed the priest; they caused him annoyance.’ Here *noise* has still the same sense as the Latin *nausea*, from which it is derived. In another passage, however, Joinville uses *noise* as synonymous with *bruit* (p. 152 A), *vint li roys à toute sa bataille, à grant noyse et à grant bruit de trompes et nacaires*, i.e. *vint le roi avec tout son corps de bataille, à grand cris et à grand bruit de trompettes et de timbales*. Here *noise* may still mean an annoying noise, but we can see the easy transition from that to noise in general.

Another English word, ‘to purchase,’ finds its explanation in Joinville. Originally *pourchasser* meant to hunt after a thing, to pursue it. Joinville frequently uses the expression *par son pourchas* (p. 458 E) in the sense of ‘by his endeavours.’ When the King had reconciled two adversaries, peace is said to have been made *par son pourchas*. *Pourchasser* afterwards took the sense of ‘procuring,’ ‘catering,’ and lastly, in English, of ‘buying.’

To return to Joinville’s history, the scarcity of MSS. is very instructive from an historical point of view.

As far as we know at present, his great work existed for centuries in two copies only, one preserved in his own castle, the other in the library of the Kings of France. We can hardly say that it was published, even in the restricted sense which that word had during the fourteenth century, and there certainly is no evidence that it was read by any one except by members of the Royal family of France, and possibly by descendants of Joinville. It exercised no influence, and if two or three copies had not luckily escaped (one of them, it must be confessed, clearly showing the traces of mice's teeth), we should have known very little indeed either of the military or of the literary achievements of one who is now ranked among the chief historians of France, or even of Europe. After Joinville's history had once emerged from its obscurity it soon became the fashion to praise it, and to praise it somewhat indiscriminately. Joinville became a general favourite both in and out of France, and after all had been said in his praise that might be truly and properly said, each successive admirer tried to add a little more, till at last, as a matter of course, he was compared to Thucydides, and lauded for the graces of his style, the vigour of his language, the subtlety of his mind, and his worship of the harmonious and the beautiful, in such a manner that the old bluff soldier would have been highly perplexed and disgusted, could he have listened to the praises of his admirers. Well might M. Paulin Paris say—'I shall not stop to praise what everybody has praised before me; to recall the graceful *naïveté* of the good Sénéchal, would it not be, as the English poet said, "to gild the gold and paint the lily white?"'

It is surprising to find in the large crowd of indis-

criminate admirers a man so accurate in his thoughts and in his words as the late Sir James Stephen. Considering how little Joinville's history was noticed by his contemporaries, how little it was read by the people before it was printed during the reign of François I, it must seem more than doubtful whether Joinville really deserved a place in a series of lectures, 'On the power of the pen in France.' But, waiving that point, is it quite exact to say, as Sir James Stephen does, 'that three writers only retain, and probably they alone deserve, at this day the admiration which greeted them in their own—I refer to Joinville, Froissart, and to Philippe de Comines'? And is the following a sober and correct description of Joinville's style?—

'Over the whole picture the genial spirit of France glows with all the natural warmth which we seek in vain among the dry bones of earlier chroniclers. Without the use of any didactic forms of speech, Joinville teaches the highest of all wisdom—the wisdom of love. Without the pedantry of the schools, he occasionally exhibits an eager thirst of knowledge, and a graceful facility of imparting it, which attest that he is of the lineage of the great father of history, and of those modern historians who have taken Herodotus for their model.' (Vol. ii. pp. 209, 219.)

Now, all this sounds to our ears just an octave too high. There is some truth in it, but the truth is spoilt by being exaggerated. Joinville's book is very pleasant to read, because he gives himself no airs, and tells us as well as he can what he recollects of his excellent King, and of the fearful time which they spent together during the Crusade. He writes very much as an old soldier would speak. He seems to know that people will listen to him with respect, and that they will believe what he tells them. He does not weary them with arguments. He rather

likes now and then to evoke a smile, and he maintains the glow of attention by thinking more of his hearers than of himself. He had evidently told his stories many times before he finally dictated them in the form in which we read them, and this is what gives to some of them a certain finish and the appearance of art. Yet, if we speak of style at all—not of the style of thought, but of the style of language—the blemishes in Joinville's history are so apparent that one feels reluctant to point them out. He repeats his words, he repeats his remarks, he drops the thread of his story, begins a new subject, leaves it because, as he says himself, it would carry him too far, and then, after a time, returns to it again. His descriptions of the scenery where the camp was pitched and the battles fought are neither sufficiently broad nor sufficiently distinct to give the reader that view of the whole which he receives from such writers as Cæsar, Thiers, Carlyle, or Russell. Nor is there any attempt at describing or analyzing the character of the principal actors in the Crusade of St. Louis, beyond relating some of their remarks or occasional conversations. It is an ungrateful task to draw up these indictments against a man whom one probably admires much more sincerely than those who bespatter him with undeserved praise. Joinville's book is readable, and it is readable even in spite of the antiquated and sometimes difficult language in which it is written. There are few books of which we could say the same. What makes his book readable is partly the interest attaching to the subject of which it treats, but far more the simple, natural, straightforward way in which Joinville tells what he has to tell. From one point of view it may be truly said

that no higher praise could be bestowed on any style than to say that it is simple, natural, straightforward, and charming. But if his indiscriminate admirers had appreciated this artless art, they would not have applied to the pleasant gossip of an old General epithets that are appropriate only to the masterpieces of classical literature. •

It is important to bear in mind what suggested to Joinville the first idea of writing his book. He was asked to do so by the Queen of Philip le Bel. After the death of the Queen, however, Joinville did not dedicate his work to the King, but to his son, who was then the heir-apparent. This may be explained by the fact that he himself was Sénéchal de Champagne, and Louis, the son of Philip le Bel, Comte de Champagne. But it admits of another and more probable explanation. Joinville was dissatisfied with the proceedings of Philip le Bel, and from the very beginning of his reign he opposed his encroachments on the privileges of the nobility and the liberties of the people. He was punished for his opposition, and excluded from the assemblies in Champagne in 1287, and though his name appeared again on the roll in 1291, Joinville then occupied only the sixth instead of the first place. In 1314 matters came to a crisis in Champagne, and Joinville called together the nobility in order to declare openly against the King. The opportune death of Philip alone prevented the breaking out of a rebellion. It is true that there are no direct allusions to these matters in the body of Joinville's book, yet an impression is left on the reader that he wrote some portion of the life of St. Louis as a lesson to the young prince to whom it is dedicated. Once or

twice, indeed, he uses language which sounds ominous, and which would hardly be tolerated in France, even after the lapse of five centuries. When speaking of the great honour which St. Louis conferred on his family, he says 'that it was, indeed, a great honour to those of his descendants who would follow his example by good works; but a great dishonour to those who would do evil. For people would point at them with their fingers, and would say that the sainted King from whom they descended would have despised such wickedness.' There is another passage even stronger than this. After relating how St. Louis escaped from many dangers by the grace of God, he suddenly exclaims, 'Let the King who now reigns (Philip le Bel) take care, for he has escaped from as great dangers—nay, from greater ones—than we; let him see whether he cannot amend his evil ways, so that God may not strike him and his affairs cruelly.'

• This surely is strong language, considering that it was used in a book dedicated to the son of the then reigning King. To the father of Philip le Bel Joinville seems to have spoken with the same frankness as to his son, and he tells us himself how he reproved the King, Philip le Hardi, for his extravagant dress, and admonished him to follow the example of his father. Similar remarks occur again and again, and though the life of St. Louis was certainly not written merely for didactic purposes, yet one cannot help seeing that it was written with a practical object. In the introduction Joinville says, 'I send the book to you, that you and your brother and others who hear it may take an example, and that they may carry it out in their life, for which

God will bless them.' And again (p. 268), 'These things shall I cause to be written, that those who hear them may have faith in God in their persecutions and tribulations, and God will help them, as He did me.' Again (p. 380), 'These things I have told you, that you may guard against taking an oath without reason, for, as the wise say, "He who swears readily forswears himself readily."' "

It seems, therefore, that when Joinville took to dictating his recollections of St. Louis he did so partly to redeem a promise given to the Queen, who, he says, loved him much, and whom he could not refuse, partly to place in the hands of the young Princes a book full of historical lessons which they might read, mark, and inwardly digest.

And well might he do so, and well might his book be read by all young Princes, and by all who are able to learn a lesson from the pages of history; for few Kings, if any, did ever wear their crowns so worthily as Louis IX of France; and few saints, if any, did deserve their halo better than St. Louis. Here lies the deep and lasting interest of Joinville's work. It allows us an insight into a life which we could hardly realize, nay, which we should hardly believe in, unless we had the testimony of that trusty witness, Joinville, the King's friend and comrade. The legendary lives of St. Louis would have destroyed in the eyes of posterity the real greatness and the real sanctity of the King's character. We should never have known the man, but only his saintly caricature. After reading Joinville we must make up our mind that such a life as he there describes was really lived, and was lived in those very palaces which we are accustomed to consider as the sinks of wickedness.

and vice. From other descriptions we might have imagined Louis IX as a bigoted, priest-ridden, credulous King. From Joinville we learn that, though unwavering in his faith, and most strict in the observance of his religious duties, the King was by no means narrow in his sympathies, or partial to the encroachments of priestcraft. We find Joinville speaking to the King on subjects of religion with the greatest freedom, and as no courtier would have dared to speak during the later years of Louis XIV's reign. When the King asked him whether in the holy week he ever washed the feet of the poor, Joinville replied that he would never wash the feet of such villains. For this remark he was, no doubt, reproved by the King, who, as we are told by Beaulieu, with the most unpleasant details, washed the feet of the poor every Saturday. But the reply though somewhat irreverent, is, nevertheless, highly creditable to the courtier's frankness. Another time he shocked his Royal friend still more by telling him, in the presence of several priests, that he would rather have committed thirty mortal sins than be a leper. The King said nothing at the time, but he sent for him the next day, and reproved him in the most gentle manner for his thoughtless speech.

Joinville, too, with all the respect which he entertained for his King, would never hesitate to speak his mind when he thought that the King was in the wrong. On one occasion the Abbot of Cluny presented the King with two horses, worth five hundred *livres*. The next day the abbot came again to the King to discuss some matters of business. Joinville observed that the King listened to him with marked attention. After the abbot was gone, he went to the

King, and said, ‘“Sire, may I ask you whether you listened to the abbot more cheerfully because he presented you yesterday with two horses?” The King meditated for a time, and then said to me, “Truly, yes.” “Sire,” said I, “do you know why I asked you this question?” “Why?” said he. “Because, Sire,” I said, “I advise you, when you return to France, to prohibit all sworn counsellors from accepting anything from those who have to bring their affairs before them. For you may be certain, if they accept anything, they will listen more cheerfully and attentively to those who give, as you did yourself with the Abbot of Cluny.”’

Surely a King who could listen to such language is not likely to have had his Court filled with hypocrites, whether lay or clerical. The bishops, though they might count on the King for any help he could give them in the great work of teaching, raising, and comforting the people, tried in vain to make him commit an injustice in defence of what they considered religion. One day a numerous deputation of prelates asked for an interview. It was readily granted. When they appeared before the King their spokesman said, ‘“Sire, these lords who are here, archbishops and bishops, have asked me to tell you that Christianity is perishing at your hands.” The King signed himself with the cross, and said, “Tell me how can that be?” “Sire,” he said, “it is because people care so little now-a-days for excommunication that they would rather die excommunicated than have themselves absolved and give satisfaction to the Church. Now, we pray you, Sire, for the sake of God, and because it is your duty, that you command your provosts and bailiffs that by seizing the goods of

those who allow themselves to be excommunicated for the space of one year, they may force them to come and be absolved." Then the King replied that he would do this willingly with all those of whom it could be *proved* that they were in the wrong (which would, in fact, have given the King jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters). The bishops said that they could not do this at any price; they would never bring their causes before his Court. Then the King said he could not do it otherwise, for it would be against God and against reason. He reminded them of the case of the Comte de Bretagne, who had been excommunicated by the prelates of Brittany for the space of seven years, and who, when he appealed to the Pope, gained his cause, while the prelates were condemned. "Now, then," the King said, "if I had forced the Comte de Bretagne to get absolution from the prelates after the first year, should I not have sinned against God and against him?"

This is not the language of a bigoted man; and if we find in the life of St. Louis traces of what in our age we might feel inclined to call bigotry or credulity, we must consider that the religious and intellectual atmosphere of the reign of St. Louis was very different from our own. There are, no doubt, some of the sayings and doings recorded by Joinville of his beloved King which at present would be unanimously condemned even by the most orthodox and narrow-minded. Think of an assembly of theologians in the monastery of Cluny who had invited a distinguished rabbi to discuss certain points of Christian doctrine with them. A knight, who happened to be staying with the abbot, asked for leave to open the discussion, and he addressed the Jew in the following words:

‘Do you believe that the Virgin Mary was a virgin and Mother of God?’ When the Jew replied, ‘No!’ the knight took his crutch and felled the poor Jew to the ground. The King, who relates this to Joinville, draws one very wise lesson from it—namely, that no one who is not a very good theologian should enter upon a controversy with Jews on such subjects. But when he goes on to say that a layman who hears the Christian religion evil spoken of should take to the sword as the right weapon of defence and run it into the miscreant’s body as far as it would go, we perceive at once that we are in the thirteenth and not in the nineteenth century. The punishments which the King inflicted for swearing were most cruel. At Cesarea, Joinville tells us that he saw a goldsmith fastened to a ladder, with the entrails of a pig twisted round his neck right up to his nose, because he had used irreverent language. Nay, after his return from the Holy Land, he heard that the King ordered a man’s nose and lower lip to be burnt for the same offence. The Pope himself had to interfere to prevent St. Louis from inflicting on blasphemers mutilation and death. ‘I would myself be branded with a hot iron,’ the King said, ‘if thus I could drive away all swearing from my kingdom.’ He himself, as Joinville assures us, never used an oath, nor did he pronounce the name of the Devil except when reading the lives of the saints. His soul, we cannot doubt, was grieved when he heard the names which to him were the most sacred employed for profane purposes, and this feeling of indignation was shared by his honest chronicler. ‘In my castle,’ says Joinville, ‘whosoever uses bad language receives a good pom-melling, and this has nearly put down that bad

habit.' Here again we see the upright character of Joinville. He does not, like most courtiers, try to outbid his Sovereign in pious indignation; on the contrary, while sharing his feelings, he gently reproves the King for his excessive zeal and cruelty, and this after the King had been raised to the exalted position of a saint.

To doubt of any points of the Christian doctrine was considered at Joinville's time, as it is even now, as a temptation of the Devil. But here again we see at the Court of St. Louis a wonderful mixture of tolerance and intolerance. Joinville, who evidently spoke his mind freely on all things, received frequent reproofs and lessons from the King, and we hardly know which to wonder at most, the weakness of the arguments, or the gentle and truly Christian spirit in which the King used them. The King once asked Joinville how he knew that his father's name was Symon. Joinville replied he knew it because his mother had told him so. 'Then,' the King said, 'you ought likewise firmly to believe all the articles of faith which the Apostles attest, as you hear them sung every Sunday in the Creed.' The use of such an argument by such a man leaves an impression on the mind that the King himself was not free from religious doubts and difficulties, and that his faith was built upon ground which was apt to shake. And this impression is confirmed by a conversation which immediately follows after this argument. It is long, but it is far too important to be here omitted. The Bishop of Paris had told the King, probably in order to comfort him after receiving from him the confession of some of his own religious difficulties, that one day he received a visit from a great master in Divinity. The

master threw himself at the bishop's feet and cried bitterly. The bishop said to him,—

“Master, do not despair ; no one can sin so much that God could not forgive him.”

‘The master said, “I cannot help crying, for I believe I am a miscreant, for I cannot bring my heart to believe the sacrament of the altar, as the holy Church teaches it, and I know full well that it is the temptation of the enemy.”

“Master,” replied the bishop, “tell me, when the enemy sends you this temptation, does it please you ?”

‘And the master said, “Sir, it pains me as much as anything can pain.”

“Then I ask you,” the bishop continued, “would you take gold or silver in order to avow with your mouth anything that is against the sacrament of the altar, or against the other sacred sacraments of the Church ?”

‘And the master said, “Know, Sir, that there is nothing in the world that I should take ; I would rather that all my limbs were torn from my body than openly avow this.”

“Then,” said the bishop, “I shall tell you something else. You know that the King of France made war against the King of England, and you know that the castle which is nearest to the frontier is La Rochelle, in Poitou. Now, I shall ask you, if the King had trusted you to defend La Rochelle, and he had trusted me to defend the Castle of Laon, which is in the heart of France, where the country is at peace, to whom ought the King to be more beholden at the end of the war—to you, who had defended La Rochelle without losing it, or to me who kept the Castle of Laon ?”

“In the name of God,” said the master, “to me who had kept La Rochelle without losing it.”

“Master,” said the bishop, “I tell you that my heart is like the Castle of Laon (Montleheri), for I feel no temptation and no doubt as to the sacrament of the altar; therefore, I tell you, if God gives me one reward because I believe firmly and in peace, He will give you four, because you keep your heart for Him in this fight of tribulation, and have such goodwill towards Him that for no earthly good, nor for any pain inflicted on your body, you would forsake Him. Therefore, I say to you, be at ease; your state is more pleasing to our Lord than my own.”

When the master had heard this he fell on his knees before the bishop, and felt again at peace.

Surely, if the cruel punishment inflicted by St. Louis on blasphemers is behind our age, is not the love, the humility, the truthfulness of this bishop, is not the spirit in which he acted towards the priest, and the spirit in which he related this conversation to the King, somewhat in advance of the century in which we live?

If we only dwell on certain passages of Joinville's memoirs it is easy to say that he and his King and the whole age in which they moved were credulous, engrossed by the mere formalities of religion, and fanatical in their enterprise to recover Jerusalem and the Holy Land. But let us candidly enter into their view of life, and many things which at first seem strange and startling will become intelligible. Joinville does not relate many miracles, and such is his good faith that we may implicitly believe the facts, such as he states them, however we may differ as to the interpretation by which, to Joinville's mind,

these facts assumed a miraculous character. On their way to the Holy Land it seems that their ship was windbound for several days, and that they were in danger of being taken prisoners by the pirates of Barbary. Joinville recollected the saying of a priest who had told him that, whatever had happened in his parish, whether too much rain or too little rain, or anything else, if he made three processions for three successive Saturdays, his prayer was always heard. Joinville, therefore, recommended the same remedy. Sea-sick as he was, he was carried on deck, and the procession was formed round the two masts of the ship. As soon as this was done the wind rose, and the ship arrived at Cyprus the third Saturday. The same remedy was resorted to a second time, and with equal effect. The King was waiting at Damiette for his brother, the Comte de Poitiers and his army, and was very uneasy about the delay in his arrival. Joinville told the legate of the miracle that had happened on their voyage to Cyprus. The legate consented to have three processions on three successive Saturdays, and on the third Saturday the Comte de Poitiers and his fleet arrived before Damiette. One more instance may suffice. On their return to France a sailor fell overboard, and was left in the water. Joinville, whose ship was close by, saw something in the water, but, as he observed no struggle, he imagined it was a cask. The man, however, was picked up, and when asked why he did not exert himself, he replied that he saw no necessity for it. As soon as he fell into the water he commended himself to *Nostre Dame*, and she supported him by his shoulders till he was picked up by the King's galley. Joinville had a window

painted in his chapel to commemorate this miracle, and there, no doubt, the Virgin would be represented as supporting the sailor exactly as he described it.

Now, it must be admitted that before the tribunal of the ordinary philosophy of the nineteenth century these miracles would be put down either as inventions or as exaggerations. But let us examine the thoughts and the language of that age, and we shall take a more charitable and, we believe, a more correct view. Men like Joinville did not distinguish between a general and a special Providence, and few who have carefully examined the true import of words would blame him for that. Whatever happened to him and his friends, the smallest as well as the greatest events were taken alike as so many communications from God to man. Nothing could happen to any one of them unless God willed it. 'God wills it,' they exclaimed, and put the cross on their breasts, and left house and home, and wife and children, to fight the infidels in the Holy Land. The King was ill and on the point of death when he made a vow that if he recovered he would undertake a crusade. In spite of the dangers which threatened him and his country, where every vassal was a fival, in spite of the despair of his excellent mother, the King fulfilled his vow, and risked not only his crown, but his life, without a complaint and without a regret. It may be that the prospect of Eastern booty, or even of an Eastern throne, had some part in exciting the pious zeal of the French chivalry. Yet, if we read of Joinville, who was then a young and gay nobleman of twenty-four, with a young wife and a beautiful castle in Champagne, giving up everything, confessing his sins, making repara-

tion, performing pilgrimages, and then starting for the East, there to endure for five years the most horrible hardships ; when we read of his sailors singing a *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, before they hoisted their sails ; when we see how every day, in the midst of pestilence and battle, the King and his Sénéchal and his knights say their prayers and perform their other religious duties ; how in every danger they commend themselves to God or to their saints ; how for every blessing, for every escape from danger, they return thanks to Heaven, we easily learn to understand how natural it was that such men should see miracles in every blessing vouchsafed to them, whether great or small, just as the Jews of old, in that sense the true people of God, saw miracles, saw the finger of God, in every plague that visited their camp, and in every spring of water that saved them from destruction. When the Egyptians were throwing the Greek fire into the camp of the Crusaders, St. Louis raised himself in his bed at the report of every discharge of those murderous missiles, and, stretching forth his hands towards heaven, he said, crying, ‘ Good Lord God, protect my people.’ Joinville, after relating this, remarks, ‘ And I believe truly that his prayers served us well in our need.’ And was he not right in this belief, as right as the Israelites were when they saw Moses lifting up his heavy arms, and they prevailed against Amalek ? Surely this belief was put to a hard test when a fearful plague broke out in the camp, when nearly the whole French army was massacred, when the King was taken prisoner, when the Queen, in child-bed, had to make her old Chamberlain swear that he would kill her at the

first approach of the enemy, when the small remnant of that mighty French army had to purchase its return to France by a heavy ransom. Yet nothing could shake Joinville's faith in the ever-ready help of our Lord, of the Virgin, and of the saints. 'Be certain,' he writes, 'that the Virgin helped us, and she would have helped us more if we had not offended her, her and her Son, as I said before.' Surely, with such faith, credulity ceases to be credulity. Where there is credulity without that living faith which sees the hand of God in everything, man's indignation is rightly roused. That credulity leads to self-conceit, hypocrisy, and unbelief. But such was not the credulity of Joinville or of his King, or of the bishop who comforted the great master in theology. A modern historian would not call the rescue of the drowning sailor, nor the favourable wind which brought the Crusaders to Cyprus, nor the opportune arrival of the Comte de Poitiers miracles, because the word 'miracle' has a different sense with us from what it had during the Middle Ages, from what it had at the time of the Apostles, and from what it had at the time of Moses. Yet to the drowning sailor his rescue was miraculous, to the despairing King the arrival of his brother was a godsend, and to Joinville and his crew, who were in imminent danger of being carried off as slaves by Moorish pirates, the wind that brought them safe to Cyprus was more than a fortunate accident. Our language differs from the language of Joinville, yet in our heart of hearts we mean the same thing.

And nothing shows better the reality and healthiness of the religion of those brave knights than their

cheerful and open countenance, their thorough enjoyment of all the good things of this life, their freedom in thought and speech. You never catch Joinville canting, or with an expression of blank solemnity. When his ship was surrounded by the galleys of the Sultan, and when they held a council as to whether they should surrender themselves to the Sultan's fleet or to his army on shore, one of his servants objected to all surrender. 'Let us all be killed,' he said to Joinville, 'and then we shall all go straight to Paradise.' His advice, however, was not followed, because, as Joinville says, 'we did not believe it.'

If we bear in mind that Joinville's history was written after Louis had been raised to the rank of a saint, his way of speaking of the King, though always respectful, strikes us, nevertheless, as it must have struck his contemporaries, as sometimes very plain and familiar. It is well known that an attempt was actually made by the notorious Jesuit, le Père Hardouin, to prove Joinville's work as spurious, or, at all events, as full of interpolations, inserted by the enemies of the Church. It was an attempt which thoroughly failed, and which was too dangerous to be repeated; but, on reading Joinville after reading the life and miracles of St. Louis, one can easily understand that the soldier's account of the brave King was not quite palatable or welcome to the authors of the legends of the royal saint. At the time when the King's bones had begun to work wretched miracles, the following story could hardly have sounded respectful:—'When the King was at Acre,' Joinville writes, 'some pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem wished to see him. Joinville went

to the King, and said, "Sire, there is a crowd of people who have asked me to show them the Royal Saint, though *I* have no wish as yet to kiss your bones." * The King laughed loud, and asked me to bring the people.'

In the thick of the battle, in which Joinville received five wounds and his horse fifteen, and when death seemed almost certain, Joinville tells us that the good Count of Soissons rode up to him and chaffed him, saying, 'Let those dogs loose, for, *par la quoye Dieu*,'—as he always used to swear,—'we shall still talk of this day in the rooms of our ladies.'

The Crusades and the Crusaders, though they are only five or six centuries removed from us, have assumed a kind of romantic character, which makes it very difficult even for the historian to feel towards them the same human interest which we feel for Cæsar or Pericles. Works like that of Joinville are most useful in dispelling that mist which the chroniclers of old and the romances of Walter Scott and others have raised round the heroes of these holy wars. St. Louis and his companions, as described by Joinville, not only in their glistening armour, but in their every-day attire, are brought nearer to us, become intelligible to us, and teach us lessons of humanity which we can learn from men only, and not from saints and heroes. Here lies the real value of real history. It makes us familiar with the thoughts of men who differ from us in manners and language, in thought and religion, and yet with whom we are able to sympathize, and from whom we are able to learn. It widens our minds and our hearts, and gives us that true knowledge of the world and of human nature in all its

phases which but few can gain in the short span of their own life, and in the narrow sphere of their friends and enemies. We can hardly imagine a better book for boys to read or for men to ponder over; and we hope that M. de Wailly's laudable efforts may be crowned with complete success, and that, whether in France or in England, no student of history will in future imagine that he knows the true spirit of the Crusades and the Crusaders who has not read once, and more than once, the original Memoirs of Joinville, as edited, translated, and explained by the eminent Keeper of the Imperial Library at Paris, M. Natalis de Wailly.

1866.

VIII.

THE JOURNAL DES SAVANTS AND
THE JOURNAL DE TRÉVOUX¹.

FOR a hundred persons who, in this country, read the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' how many are there who read the 'Journal des Savants?' In France the authority of that journal is indeed supreme; but its very title frightens the general public, and its blue cover is but seldom seen on the tables of the *salles de lecture*. And yet there is no French periodical so well suited to the tastes of the better class of readers in England. Its contributors are all members of the Institut de France, and, if we may measure the value of a periodical by the honour which it reflects on those who form its staff, no journal in France can vie with the 'Journal des Savants.' At the present moment we find on its roll such names as Cousin, Flourens, Villemain, Mignet, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Naudet, Prosper Mérimé, Littré, Vitet—names which, if now and then seen on the covers of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' the 'Revue Contemporaine,' or the 'Revue

¹ 'Table Méthodique des Mémoires de Trévoux (1701-1775), précédée d'une Notice Historique.' Par le Père P. C. Sommevogel, de la Compagnie de Jésus. 3 vols. Paris 1864-5.

Moderne,' confer an exceptional lustre on these fortnightly or monthly issues. The articles which are admitted into this select periodical may be deficient now and then in those outward charms of diction by which French readers like to be dazzled; but what in France is called *trop savant, trop lourd*, is frequently far more palatable than the highly-spiced articles which are no doubt delightful to read, but which, like an excellent French dinner, make you almost doubt whether you have dined or not. If English journalists are bent on taking for their models the fortnightly or monthly contemporaries of France, the 'Journal des Savants' might offer a much better chance of success than the more popular *revues*. We should be sorry indeed to see any periodical published under the superintendence of the 'Ministre de l'Instruction Publique,' or of any other member of the Cabinet; but, apart from that, a literary tribunal like that formed by the members of the 'Bureau du Journal des Savants' would certainly be a great benefit to literary criticism. The general tone that runs through their articles is impartial and dignified. Each writer seems to feel the responsibility which attaches to the bench from which he addresses the public, and we can of late years recall hardly any case where the dictum of 'noblessé oblige' has been disregarded in this the most ancient among the purely literary journals of Europe.

The first number of the 'Journal des Savants' was published more than two hundred years ago, on the 5th of January, 1655. It was the first small beginning in a branch of literature which has since assumed immense proportions. Voltaire speaks of it as 'le père de tous les ouvrages de ce genre,

dont l'Europe est aujourd'hui remplie.' It was published at first once a week, every Monday; and the responsible editor was M. de Sallo, who, in order to avoid the retaliations of sensitive authors, adopted the name of Le Sieur de Hedouville, the name, it is said, of his *valet de chambre*. The articles were short, and in many cases they only gave a description of the books, without any critical remarks. The journal likewise gave an account of important discoveries in science and art, and of other events that might seem of interest to men of letters. Its success must have been considerable, if we may judge by the number of rival publications which soon sprang up in France and in other countries of Europe. In England, a philosophical journal on the same plan was started before the year was over. In Germany, the 'Journal des Savants' was translated into Latin by F. Nitzschius in 1668, and before the end of the seventeenth century the 'Giornale de' Letterati' (1668), the 'Bibliotheca Volante' (1677), the 'Acta Eruditorum' (1682), the 'Nouvelles de la République des Lettres' (1684), the 'Bibliothèque Universelle et Historique' (1686), the 'Histoire des Ouvrages des Savants' (1687), and the 'Monatliche Unterredungen' (1689), had been launched in the principal countries of Europe. In the next century it was remarked of the journals published in Germany 'plura dixeris pullulasse brevi tempore quam fungi nascuntur unâ nocte.'

Most of these journals were published by laymen, and represented the purely intellectual interests of society. It was but natural, therefore, that the clergy also should soon have endeavoured to possess a journal of their own. The Jesuits, who at that time were

the most active and influential order, were not slow to appreciate this new opportunity for directing public opinion, and they founded, in 1701 their famous journal, the '*Mémoires de Trévoux*.' Famous, indeed, it might once be called, and yet at present how little is known of that collection, how seldom are its volumes called for in our public libraries! It was for a long time the rival of the '*Journal des Savants*.' Under the editorship of Le Père Berthier it fought bravely against Diderot, Voltaire, and other heralds of the French Revolution. It weathered even the fatal year of 1762, but, after changing its name, and moderating its pretensions, it ceased to appear in 1782. The long rows of its volumes are now piled up in our libraries like rows of tombstones, which we pass by without even stopping to examine the names and titles of those who are buried in these vast catacombs of thought.

It was a happy idea that led the Père P. C. Sommervogel, himself a member of the order of the Jesuits, to examine the dusty volumes of the '*Journal de Trévoux*,' and to do for it the only thing that could be done to make it useful once more, at least to a certain degree—namely, to prepare a general index of the numerous subjects treated in its volumes, on the model of the great index, published in 1753, of the '*Journal des Savants*.' His work, published at Paris in 1865, consists of three volumes. The first gives an index of the original dissertations; the second and third of the works criticized in the '*Journal de Trévoux*.' It is a work of much smaller pretensions than the index to the '*Journal des Savants*;' yet, such as it is, it is useful, and will amply suffice for the

purposes of those few readers who have from time to time to consult the literary annals of the Jesuits in France.

The title of the 'Mémoires de Trévoux' was taken from the town of Trévoux, the capital of the principality of Dombes, which Louis XIV had conferred on the Duc de Maine, with all the privileges of a sovereign. Like Louis XIV, the young prince gloried in the title of a patron of art and science, but, as the pupil of Madame de Maintenon, he devoted himself even more zealously to the defence of religion. A printing-office was founded at Trévoux, and the Jesuits were invited to publish a new journal 'où l'on eût principalement en vûë la défense de la religion.' This was the 'Journal de Trévoux,' published for the first time in February, 1701, under the title of 'Mémoires pour l'Histoire des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, recueillis par l'ordre de Son Altesse Sérénissime, Monseigneur Prince Souverain de Dombes.' It was entirely and professedly in the hands of the Jesuits, and we find among its earliest contributors such names as Catrou, Tourne- mine, and Hardouin. The opportunities for collecting literary and other intelligence enjoyed by the members of that order were extraordinary. We doubt whether any paper, even in our days, has so many intelligent correspondents in every part of the world. If any astronomical observation was to be made in China or America, a Jesuit missionary was generally on the spot to make it. If geographical information was wanted, eye-witnesses could write from India or Africa to state what was the exact height of mountains or the real direction of rivers. The architectural monuments of the great nations of antiquity

could easily be explored and described, and the literary treasures of India or China or Persia could be ransacked by men ready for any work that required devotion and perseverance, and that promised to throw additional splendour on the order of Loyola. No missionary society has ever understood how to utilize its resources in the interest of science like the Jesuits, and if our own missionaries may on many points take warning from the history of the Jesuits, on that one point at least they might do well to imitate their example.

Scientific interests, however, were by no means the chief motive of the Jesuits in founding their journal, and the controversial character began soon to preponderate in their articles. Protestant writers received but little mercy in the pages of the 'Journal de Trévoux,' and the battle was soon raging in every country of Europe between the flying batteries of the Jesuits and the strongholds of Jansenism, of Protestantism, or of liberal thought in general. Le Clerc was attacked for his 'Harmonia Evangelica;' Boileau even was censured for his 'Epître sur l'Amour de Dieu.' But the old lion was too much for his reverend satirists. The following is a specimen of his reply :—

‘ Mes Révérends Pères en Dieu,
 Et mes Confrères en Satire,
 Dans vos Ecrits dans plus d'un lieu '
 Je voy qu'à mes dépens vous affectés de rire ;
 Mais ne craignés-vous point, que pour rire de Vous,
 Relisant Juvénal, refeuilletant Horace,
 Je ne ranime encor ma satirique audace ?
 Grands Aristarques de Trévoux,
 N'allés point de nouveau faire courir aux armes,
 Un athlète tout prest à prendre son congé,

Qui par vos traits malins au combat rengagé
 Peut encore aux Rieurs faire verser des larmes.
 Apprenés un mot de Régnier,
 Notre célèbre Devancier,
Corsaires attaquant Corsaires
Ne font pas, dit-il, leurs affaires.'

Even stronger language than this became soon the fashion in journalistic warfare. In reply to an attack on the Marquis Orsi, the 'Giornale de' Letterati d' Italia' accused the 'Journal de Trévoux' of *menzogna* and *impostura*, and in Germany the 'Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensium' poured out even more violent invectives against the Jesuitical critics. It is wonderful how well Latin seems to lend itself to the expression of angry abuse. Few modern writers have excelled the following tirade, either in Latin or in German :—

'Quæ mentis stupiditas ! At si qua est, Jesuitarum est. . . . Res est intoleranda, Trevoltianos Jesuitas, toties contusos, iniquissimum in suis diariis tribunal crexisse, in eoque non ratione duce, sed animi impotentia, non æquitatis legibus, sed præjudiciis, non veritatis lance, sed affectus aut odii pondere, optimis exquisitissimisque operibus detrahère, pessima ad cælum usque laudibus efferre : ignaris auctoribus, modo secum sentiant, aut sibi faveant, ubique blandiri, doctissimos sibi non plane pleneque deditos plus quam canino dente mordere.'

What has been said of other journals was said of the 'Journal de Trévoux :'

'Les auteurs de ce journal, qui a son mérite, sont constants à louer tous les ouvrages de ceux qu'ils affectionnent, et pour éviter une froide monotonie, ils exercent quelquefois la critique sur les écrivains à qui rien ne les oblige de faire grâce.'

It took some time before authors became at all reconciled to these new tribunals of literary justice. Even a writer like Voltaire, who braved public

opinion more than anybody, looked upon journals, and the influence which they soon gained in France and abroad, as a great evil. 'Rien n'a plus nui à la littérature,' he writes, 'plus répandu le mauvais goût, et plus confondu le vrai avec le faux.' Before the establishment of literary journals, a learned writer had indeed little to fear. For a few years, at all events, he was allowed to enjoy the reputation of having published a book; and this by itself was considered a great distinction by the world at large. Perhaps his book was never noticed at all, or, if it was, it was only criticised in one of those elaborate letters which the learned men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used to write to each other, which might be forwarded indeed to one or two other professors, but which never influenced public opinion. Only in extreme cases a book would be answered by another book, but this would necessarily require a long time; nor would it at all follow that those who had read and admired the original work would have an opportunity of consulting the volume that contained its refutation. This happy state of things came to an end after the year 1655. Since the invention of printing, no more important event had happened in the republic of letters than the introduction of a periodical literature. It was a complete revolution, differing from other revolutions only by the quickness with which the new power was recognised even by its fiercest opponents.

The power of journalism, however, soon found its proper level, and the history of its rise and progress, which has still to be written, teaches the same lesson as the history of political powers. Journals which defended private interests, or the interests of parties,

whether religious, political, or literary, never gained that influence which was freely conceded to those who were willing to serve the public at large in pointing out real merit wherever it could be found, and in unmasking pretenders, to whatever rank they might belong. The once all-powerful organ of the Jesuits, the 'Journal de Trévoux,' has long ceased to exist, and even to be remembered; the 'Journal des Savants' still holds, after more than two hundred years, that eminent position which was claimed for it by its founder, as the independent advocate of justice and truth.

1866.

IX.

CHASOT¹.

HISTORY is generally written *en face*. It reminds us occasionally of certain royal family pictures, where the centre is occupied by the king and queen, while their children are ranged on each side like organ-pipes, and the courtiers and ministers are grouped behind, according to their respective ranks. All the figures seem to stare at some imaginary spectator, who would require at least a hundred eyes to take in the whole of the assemblage. This place of the imaginary spectator falls generally to the lot of the historian, and of those who read great historical works ; and perhaps this is inevitable. But it is refreshing for once to change this unsatisfactory position, and, instead of always looking straight in the faces of kings, and queens, and generals, and ministers, to catch, by a side-glance, a view of the times, as they appeared to men occupying a less central and less abstract position than that of the general historian. If we look at the Palace of Versailles from the terrace in front of the edifice, we are impressed with its broad magnificence, but we are soon tired, and all that is left in our memory is a vast expanse of windows, columns, statues, and

¹ 'Chasot : ' a Contribution to the History of Frederic the Great and his Time. By Kurd von Schlözer. Berlin. 1856.

wall. But let us retire to some of the *bosquets* on each side of the main avenue, and take a diagonal view of the great mansion of Louis XIV, and though we lose part of the palace, the whole picture gains in colour and life, and it brings before our mind the figure of the great monarch himself, so fond of concealing part of his majestic stateliness under the shadow of those very groves where we are sitting.

It was a happy thought of M. Kurd von Schlözer to try a similar experiment with Frederic the Great, and to show him to us, not as the great king, looking history in the face, but as seen near and behind another person, for whom the author has felt so much sympathy as to make him the central figure of a very pretty historical picture. This person is Chasot. Frederic used to say of him *C'est le matador de ma jeunesse*—a saying which is not found in Frederic's works, but which is nevertheless authentic. One of the chief magistrates of the old Hanseatic town of Lübeck, Syndicus Curtius—the father, we believe, of the two distinguished scholars, Ernst and Georg Curtius—was at school with the two sons of Chasot, and he remembers these royal words, when they were repeated in all the drawing-rooms of the city where Chasot spent many years of his life. Frederic's friendship for Chasot is well known, for there are two poems of the king addressed to this young favourite. They do not give a very high idea either of the poetical power of the monarch, or of the moral character of his friend; but they contain some manly and straightforward remarks, which make up for a great deal of shallow declamation. This young Chasot was a French nobleman, a fresh, chivalrous, buoyant nature—adventurous, careless, extravagant, brave,

full of romance, happy with the happy, and galloping through life like a true cavalry officer. He met Frederic in 1734. Louis XV had taken up the cause of Stanislas Lesczynski, king of Poland, his father-in-law, and Chasot served in the French army which, under the Duke of Berwick, attacked Germany on the Rhine, in order to relieve Poland from the simultaneous pressure of Austria and Russia. He had the misfortune to kill a French officer in a duel, and was obliged to take refuge in the camp of the old Prince Eugène. Here the young Prince of Prussia soon discovered the brilliant parts of the French nobleman, and when his father, Frederic William I, no longer allowed him to serve under Eugène, he asked Chasot to follow him to Prussia. The years from 1735 to 1740 were happy years for the prince, though he, no doubt, would have preferred taking an active part in the campaign. He writes to his sister:—

‘J’aurais répondu plus tôt, si je n’avais été très-affligé de ce que le roi ne veut pas me permettre d’aller en campagne. Je le lui ai demandé quatre fois, et lui ai rappelé la promesse qu’il m’en avait faite ; mais point de nouvelle ; il m’a dit qu’il avait des raisons très-cachées qui l’en empêchaient. Je le crois, car je suis persuadé qu’il ne les sait pas lui-même.’

But, as he wished to be on good terms with his father, he stayed at home, and travelled about to inspect his future kingdom. ‘C’est un peu plus honnête qu’en Sibérie,’ he writes, ‘mais pas de beaucoup.’ Frederic, after his marriage, took up his abode in the Castle of Rheinsberg, near Neu-Ruppin, and it was here that he spent the happiest part of his existence. M. de Schlözer has described this period in the life of the king with great art ; and he has pointed out how

Frederic, while he seemed to live for nothing but pleasure, shooting, dancing, music, and poetry, was given at the same time to much more serious occupations, reading and composing works on history, strategy, and philosophy, and maturing plans which, when the time of their execution came, seemed to spring from his head full-grown and full-armed. He writes to his sister, the Markgravine of Baireuth, in 1737 :—

‘Nous nous divertissons de rien, et n’avons aucun soin des choses de la vie, qui la rendent désagréable et qui jettent du dégoût sur les plaisirs. Nous faisons la tragédie et la comédie, nous avons bal, mascarade, et musique à toute sauce. Voilà un abrégé de nos amusements.’

And again, he writes to his friend Suhm, at Petersburg :—

‘Nous allons représenter l’*Œdipe* de Voltaire, dans lequel je ferai le héros de théâtre ; j’ai choisi le rôle de Philoctète.’

A similar account of the royal household at Rheinsberg is given by Bielfeld :—

‘C’est ainsi que les jours s’écoulent ici dans une tranquillité assaisonnée de tous les plaisirs qui peuvent flatter une âme raisonnable. Chère de roi, vin des dieux, musique des anges, promenades délicieuses dans les jardins et dans les bois, parties sur l’eau, culture des lettres et des beaux-arts, conversation spirituelle, tout concourt à repandre dans ce palais enchanté des charmes sur la vie.’

Frederic, however, was not a man to waste his time in mere pleasure. He shared in the revelries of his friends, but he was perhaps the only person at Rheinsberg who spent his evenings in reading Wolff’s ‘*Metaphysics*.’ And here let us remark, that this German prince, in order to read that work, was obliged to have the German translated into French by his friend Suhm, the Saxon minister at Peters-

burg. Chasot, who had no very definite duties to perform at Rheinsberg, was commissioned to copy Suhm's manuscript—nay, he was nearly driven to despair when he had to copy it a second time, because Frederic's monkey, Mimi, had set fire to the first copy. We have Frederic's opinion on Wolff's 'Metaphysics,' in his 'Works,' vol. i. p. 263 :—

‘ Les universités prospéraient en même temps. Halle et Francfort étaient fournies de savants professeurs : Thomasius, Gundling, Ludewig, Wolff, et Stryke tenaient le premier rang pour la célébrité et faisaient nombre de disciples. Wolff commenta l'ingénieux système de Leibnitz sur les monades, et noya dans un déluge de paroles, d'arguments, de corollaires, et de citations, quelques problèmes que Leibnitz avait jetés peut-être comme une amorce aux métaphysiciens. Le professeur de Halle écrivait laborieusement nombre de volumes, qui, au lieu de pouvoir instruire des hommes faits, servirent tout au plus de catéchisme de didactique pour des enfants. Les monades ont mis aux prises les métaphysiciens et les géomètres d'Allemagne, et ils disputent encore sur la divisibilité de la matière.’

In another place, however, he speaks of Wolff with greater respect, and acknowledges his influence in the German universities. Speaking of the reign of his father, he writes :—

‘ Mais la faveur et les brigues remplissaient les chaires de professeurs dans les universités ; les dévots, qui se mêlent de tout, acquièrent une part à la direction des universités ; ils y persécutaient le bon sens, et surtout la classe des philosophes : Wolff fut exilé pour avoir déduit avec un ordre admirable les preuves sur l'existence de Dieu. La jeune noblesse qui se vouait aux armes, crût déroger en étudiant, et comme l'esprit humain donne toujours dans les excès, ils regardèrent l'ignorance comme un titre de mérite, et le savoir comme une pédanterie absurde.’

During the same time, Frederic composed his 'Refutation of Macchiavelli,' which was published in 1740, and read all over Europe ; and besides the gay

parties of the Court, he organized the somewhat mysterious society of the *Ordre de Bayard*, of which his brothers, the Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, the Duke Wilhelm of Brunswick-Bevern, Keyserling, Fouqué, and Chasot, were members. Their meetings had reference to serious political matters, though Frederic himself was never initiated by his father into the secrets of Prussian policy till almost on his death-bed. The King died in 1740, and Frederic was suddenly called away from his studies and pleasures at Rheinsberg, to govern a rising kingdom which was watched with jealousy by all its neighbours. He describes his state of mind, shortly before the death of his father, in the following words :—

‘Vous pouvez bien juger que je suis assez tracassé dans la situation où je me trouve. On me laisse peu de repos, mais l’intérieur est tranquille, et je puis vous assurer que je n’ai jamais été plus philosophe qu’en cette occasion-ci. Je regarde avec des yeux d’indifférence tout ce qui m’attend, sans désirer la fortune ni la craindre, plein de compassion pour ceux qui souffrent, d’estime pour les honnêtes gens, et de tendresse pour mes amis.’

As soon, however, as he had mastered his new position, the young king was again the patron of art, of science, of literature, and of social improvements of every kind. Voltaire had been invited to Berlin, to organize a French theatre, when suddenly the news of the death of Charles VI, the Emperor of Germany, arrived at Berlin. How well Frederic understood what was to follow, we learn from a letter to Voltaire :—

‘Mon cher Voltaire—L’événement le moins prévu du monde m’empêche, pour cette fois, d’ouvrir mon âme à la vôtre comme d’ordinaire, et de bavarder comme je le voudrais. L’empereur est

mort. Cette mort dérange toutes mes idées pacifiques, et je crois qu'il s'agira, au mois de juin, plutôt de poudre à canon, de soldats, de tranchées, que d'actrices, de ballets et de théâtre.'

He was suffering from fever, and he adds :—

'Je vais faire passer ma fièvre, car j'ai besoin de ma machine, et il en faut tirer à présent tout le parti possible.'

Again he writes to Algarotti :—

'Une bagatelle comme est la mort de l'empereur ne demande pas de grands mouvements. Tout était prévu, tout était arrangé. Ainsi il ne s'agit que d'exécuter des desseins que j'ai roulés depuis long temps dans ma tête.'

We need not enter into the history of the first Silesian war ; but we see clearly from these expressions, that the occupation of Silesia, which the house of Brandenburg claimed by right, had formed part of the policy of Prussia long before the death of the emperor ; and the peace of Breslau, in 1742, realized a plan which had probably been the subject of many debates at Rheinsberg. During this first war, Chasot obtained the most brilliant success. At Mollwitz, he saved the life of the king ; and the following account of this exploit was given to M. de Schlözer by members of Chasot's family :—An Austrian cavalry officer, with some of his men, rode up close to the king. Chasot was near. 'Where is the king ?' the officer shouted ; and Chasot, perceiving the imminent danger, sprang forward, declared himself to be the king, and sustained for some time single-handed the most violent combat with the Austrian soldiers. At last he was rescued by his men, but not without having received a severe wound across his forehead. The king thanked him, and Voltaire afterwards celebrated his bravery in the following lines :—

‘Il me souvient encore de ce jour mémorable
 Où l'illustre Chasot, ce guerrier formidable,
 Sauva par sa valeur le plus grand de nos rois.
 O Prusse ! élève un temple à ses fameux exploits.’

Chasot soon rose to the rank of major, and received large pecuniary rewards from the king. The brightest event, however, of his life was still to come ; and this was the battle of Hohenfriedberg, in 1745. In spite of Frederic's successes, his position before that engagement was extremely critical. Austria had concluded a treaty with England, Holland, and Saxony against Prussia. France declined to assist Frederic, Russia threatened to take part against him. On the 19th of April, the king wrote to his minister :—

‘La situation présente est aussi violente que désagréable. Mon parti est tout pris. S'il s'agit de se battre, nous le ferons en désespérés. Enfin, jamais crise n'a été plus grande que la mienne. Il faut laisser au temps de débrouiller cette fusée, et au destin, s'il y en a un, à décider de l'événement.’

And again :—

‘J'ai jeté le bonnet pardessus les moulins ; je me prépare à tous les événements qui peuvent m'arriver. • Que la fortune me soit contraire ou favorable, cela ne m'abaissera ni m'enorgueillira ; et s'il faut périr, ce sera avec gloire et l'épée à la main.’

• The decisive day arrived—‘le jour le plus décisif de ma fortune.’ The night before the battle, the king said to the French ambassador—‘Les ennemis sont où je les voulais, et je les attaque demain ;’ and on the following day the battle of Hohenfriedberg was won. How Chasot distinguished himself, we may learn from Frederic's own description :—

‘Muse dis-moi, comment en ces moments
 Chasot brilla, faisant voler des têtes,

De maints uhlands, faisant de vrais squelettes,
 Et des hussards, devant lui s'échappant,
 Fendant les uns, les autres transperçant,
 Et, maniant sa flamberge tranchante,
 Mettait en fuite, et donnait l'épouvante
 Aux ennemis effarés et tremblants.
 Tel Jupiter est peint armé du foudre,
 Et tel Chasot réduit l'uhlan en poudre.'

In his account of the battle, the king wrote :—

'Action inouïe dans l'histoire, et dont le succès est dû aux Généraux Gessler et Schmettau, au Colonel Schwerin *et au brave Major Chasot, dont la valeur et la conduite se sont fait connaître dans trois batailles également.*

And in his 'Histoire de mon Temps,' he wrote :—

'Un fait aussi rare, aussi glorieux, mérite d'être écrit en lettres d'or dans les fastes prussiens. Le Général Schwerin, *le Major Chasot* et beaucoup d'officiers s'y firent un nom immortel.'

How, then, is it that, in the later edition of Frederic's 'Histoire de mon Temps,' the name of Chasot is erased? How is it that, during the whole of the Seven Years' War, Chasot is never mentioned? M. de Schlözer gives us a complete answer to this question, and we must say that Frederic did not behave well to the *matador de sa jeunesse*. Chasot had a duel with a Major Bronickowsky, in which his opponent was killed. So far as we can judge from the documents which M. de Schlözer has obtained from Chasot's family, Chasot had been forced to fight; but the king believed that he had sought a quarrel with the Polish officer, and, though a court-martial found him not guilty, Frederic sent him to the fortress of Spandau. This was the first estrangement between Chasot and the king; and though after a time he was received again at court, the friendship between

the king and the young nobleman who had saved his life had received a rude shock.

Chasot spent the next few years in garrison at Treptow; and, though he was regularly invited by Frederic to be present at the great festivities at Berlin, he seems to have been a more constant visitor at the small court of the Duchess of Strelitz, not far from his garrison, than at Potsdam. The king employed him on a diplomatic mission, and in this also Chasot was successful. But notwithstanding the continuance of this friendly intercourse, both parties felt chilled, and the least misunderstanding was sure to lead to a rupture. The king, jealous perhaps of Chasot's frequent visits at Strelitz, and not satisfied with the drill of his regiment, expressed himself in strong terms about Chasot at a review in 1751. The latter asked for leave of absence, in order to return to his country and recruit his health. He had received fourteen wounds in the Prussian service, and his application could not be refused. There was another cause of complaint, on which Chasot seems to have expressed himself freely. He imagined that Frederic had not rewarded his services with sufficient liberality. He expressed himself in the following words :—

'Je ne sais quel malheureux guignon poursuit le roi : mais ce guignon se reproduit dans tout ce que sa majesté entreprend ou ordonne. Toujours ses vues sont bonnes, ses plans sont sages, réfléchis et justes ; et toujours le succès est nul ou très-imparfait, et pourquoi ? Toujours pour la même cause ! parce qu'il manque un louis à l'exécution ! un louis de plus, et tout irait à merveille. Son guignon veut que partout il retienne ce maudit louis ; et tout se fait mal.'

How far this is just, we are unable to say. Chasot was reckless about money, and whatever the king

might have allowed him, he would always have wanted one louis more. But, on the other hand, Chasot was not the only person who complained of Frederic's parsimony; and the French proverb, 'On ne peut pas travailler pour le roi de Prusse,' probably owes its origin to the complaints of Frenchmen who flocked to Berlin at that time in great numbers, and returned home disappointed. Chasot went to France, where he was well received, and he soon sent an intimation to the king that he did not mean to return to Berlin. In 1752 his name was struck off the Prussian army-list. Frederic was offended, and the simultaneous loss of many friends, who either died or left his court, made him *de mauvaise humeur*. It is about this time that he writes to his sister :—

'J'étudie beaucoup, et cela me soulage réellement; mais lorsque mon esprit fait des retours sur les temps passés, alors les plaies du cœur se rouvrent et je regrette inutilement les pertes que j'ai faites.'

Chasot, however, soon returned to Germany, and, probably in order to be near the court of Strelitz, took up his abode in the old free town of Lübeck. He became a citizen of Lübeck in 1754, and in 1759 was made commander of its Militia. Here his life seems to have been very agreeable, and he was treated with great consideration and liberality. Chasot was still young, as he was born in 1716, and he now thought of marriage. This he accomplished in the following manner. There was at that time an artist of some celebrity at Lübeck—Stefano Torelli. He had a daughter whom he had left at Dresden to be educated, and whose portrait he carried about on his snuffbox. Chasot met him at dinner, saw the snuffbox, fell in love with the picture, and proposed to the father to marry his daughter Camilla. Camilla

was sent for. She left Dresden, travelled through the country, which was then occupied by Prussian troops, met the king in his camp, received his protection, arrived safely at Lübeck, and in the same year was married to Chasot. Frederic was then in the thick of the Seven Years' War, but Chasot, though he was again on friendly terms with the king, did not offer him his sword. He was too happy at Lübeck with his Camilla, and he made himself useful to the king by sending him recruits. One of the recruits he offered was his son, and in a letter, April 8, 1760, we see the king accepting this young recruit in the most gracious terms :—

'J'accepte volontiers, cher de Chasot, la recrue qui vous doit son être, et je serai parrain de l'enfant qui vous naîtra, au cas que ce soit un fils. Nous tuons les hommes, tandis que vous en faites.'

It was a son, and Chasot writes—

'Si ce garçon me ressemble, Sire, il n'aura pas une goutte de sang dans ses veines qui ne soit à vous.'

M. de Schlözer, who is himself a native of Lübeck, has described the later years of Chasot's life in that city with great warmth and truthfulness. The diplomatic relations of the town with Russia and Denmark were not without interest at that time, because Pëter III, formerly Duke of Holstein, had declared war against Denmark in order to substantiate his claims to the Danish crown. Chasot had actually the pleasure of fortifying Lübeck, and carrying on preparations for war on a small scale, till Peter was dethroned by his wife, Katherine. All this is told in a very comprehensive and luminous style; and it is not without regret that we find ourselves in the last chapter, where M. de Schlözer describes the last

meetings of Chasot and Frederic in 1779, 1784, and 1785. Frederic had lost nearly all his friends, and he was delighted to see the *matador de sa jeunesse* once more. He writes :—

‘ Une chose qui n’est presque arrivée qu’à moi est que j’ai perdu tous mes amis de cœur et mes anciennes connaissances ; ce sont des plaies dont le cœur saigne long-temps, que la philosophie apaise, mais que sa main ne saurait guérir.’

How pleasant for the king to find at least one man with whom he could talk of the old days of Rheinsberg—of Fräulein von Schack and Fräulein von Walmoden, of Cæsarion and Jordan, of Mimi and le Tourbillon ! Chasot’s two sons entered the Prussian service, though, in the manner in which they are received, we find Frederic again acting more as king than as friend. Chasot in 1784 was still as lively as ever, whereas the king was in bad health. The latter writes to his old friend :—‘ Si nous ne nous revoyons bientôt, nous ne nous reverrons jamais ;’ and when Chasot had arrived, Frederic writes to Prince Heinrich—‘ Chasot est venu ici de Lübeck ; il ne parle que de mangeaille, de vins de Champagne, du Rhin, de Madère, de Hongrie, et du faste de messieurs les marchands de la bourse de Lübeck.’

Such was the last meeting of these two knights of the *Ordre de Bayard*. The king died in 1786, without seeing the approach of the revolutionary storm which was soon to upset the throne of the Bourbons. Chasot died in 1797. He began to write his memoirs in 1789, and it is to some of their fragments, which had been preserved by his family, and were handed over to M. Kurd de Schlözer, that we owe this delightful little book. Frédéric the Great used to complain that Germans could not write history :—

‘Ce siècle ne produisit aucun bon historien. On chargea Teissier d’écrire l’histoire de Brandebourg : il en fit le panégyrique. Pufendorf écrivit la vie de Frédéric-Guillaume, et, pour ne rien omettre, il n’oublia ni ses clercs de chancellerie, ni ses valets de chambre dont il put recueillir les noms. Nos auteurs ont, ce me semble, toujours péché, faute de discerner les choses essentielles des accessoires, d’éclaircir les faits, de resserrer leur prose traînante et excessivement sujette aux inversions, aux nombreuses épithètes, et d’écrire en pédants plutôt qu’en hommes de génie.’

We believe that Frederic would not have said this of a work like that of M. de Schlözer ; and as to Chasot, it is not too much to say that, after the days of Mollwitz and Hohenfriedberg, the day on which M. de Schlözer undertook to write his biography was perhaps the most fortunate for his fame.

1856.

X.

SHAKESPEARE¹.

THE city of Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe, sends her greeting to the city of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. The old free town of Frankfort, which, since the days of Frederick Barbarossa, has seen the Emperors of Germany crowned within her walls, might well at all times speak in the name of Germany. But to-day she sends her greeting, not as the proud mother of German Emperors, but as the prouder mother of the greatest among the poets of Germany, and it is from the very house in which Goethe lived, and which has since become the seat of 'the Free German Institute for Science and Art,' that this message of the German admirers and lovers of Shakespeare has been sent, which I am asked to present to you, the Mayor and Council of Stratford-on-Avon.

When honour was to be done to the memory of Shakespeare Germany could not be absent, for next to Goethe and Schiller there is no poet so truly loved by us, so thoroughly our own, as your Shakespeare. He is no stranger with us, no mere classic, like Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Corneille, whom we admire as we admire a marble statue. He has become one of ourselves, holding his own place in

¹ Speech delivered at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23rd of April, 1864, the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth.

the history of our literature, applauded in our theatres, read in our cottages, studied, known, loved, 'as far as sounds the German tongue.' There is many a student in Germany who has learned English solely in order to read Shakespeare in the original, and yet we possess a translation of Shakespeare with which few translations of any work can vie in any language. What we in Germany owe to Shakespeare must be read in the history of our literature. Goethe was proud to call himself a pupil of Shakespeare. I shall at this moment allude to one debt of gratitude only which Germany owes to the poet of Stratford-on-Avon. I do not speak of the poet only, and of his art, so perfect because so artless; I think of the man with his large, warm heart, with his sympathy for all that is genuine, unselfish, beautiful, and good; with his contempt for all that is petty, mean, vulgar, and false. It is from his plays that our young men in Germany form their first ideas of England and the English nation, and in admiring and loving him we have learnt to admire and to love you who may proudly call him your own. And it is right that this should be so. As the height of the Alps is measured by Mont Blanc, let the greatness of England be measured by the greatness of Shakespeare. Great nations make great poets, great poets make great nations. Happy the nation that possesses a poet like Shakespeare. Happy the youth of England whose first ideas of this world in which they are to live are taken from his pages. The silent influence of Shakespeare's poetry on millions of young hearts in England, in Germany, in all the world, shows the almost superhuman power of human genius. If we look at that small house, in a small

street of a small town of a small island, and then think of the world-embracing, world-quickenings, world-ennobling spirit that burst forth from that small garret, we have learnt a lesson and carried off a blessing for which no pilgrimage would have been too long. Though the great festivals which in former days brought together people from all parts of Europe to worship at the shrine of Canterbury exist no more, let us hope, for the sake of England, more even than for the sake of Shakespeare, that this will not be the last Shakespeare festival in the annals of Stratford-on-Avon. In this cold and critical age of ours the power of worshipping, the art of admiring, the passion of loving what is great and good are fast dying out. May England never be ashamed to show to the world that she can love, that she can admire, that she can worship the greatest of her poets. May Shakespeare live on in the love of each generation that grows up in England! May the youth of England long continue to be nursed, to be fed, to be reprov'd and judged by his spirit! With that nation—that truly English, because truly Shakespearian, nation—the German nation will always be united by the strongest sympathies; for, superadded to their common blood, their common religion, their common battles and victories, they will always have in Shakespeare a common teacher, a common benefactor, and a common friend.

April, 1864.

XI.

BACON IN GERMANY¹.

‘IF our German Philosophy is considered in England and in France as German dreaming, we ought not to render evil for evil, but rather to prove the groundlessness of such accusations by endeavouring ourselves to appreciate, without any prejudice, the philosophers of France and England, such as they are, and doing them that justice which they deserve; especially as, in scientific subjects, injustice means ignorance.’ With these words M. Kuno Fischer introduces his work on Bacon to the German public; and what he says is evidently intended, not as an attack upon the conceit of French, and the exclusiveness of English philosophers, but rather as an apology which the author feels that he owes to his own countrymen. It would seem, indeed, as if a German was bound to apologise for treating Bacon as an equal of Leibniz, Kant, Hegel, and Schelling. Bacon’s name is never mentioned by German writers without some proviso that it is only by a great stretch of the meaning of the word, or by courtesy, that he can be called a philosopher. His philosophy, it is maintained, ends where all true philosophy begins; and his style or method has frequently been described as unworthy of a systematic thinker.

¹ ‘Franz Bacon von Verulam. Die Realphilosophie und ihr Zeitalter.’ Von Kuno Fischer. Leipzig. Brockhaus. 1856.

Spinoza, who has exercised so great an influence on the history of thought in Germany, was among the first who spoke slightly of the inductive philosopher. When treating of the causes of error, he writes, 'What he (Bacon) adduces besides, in order to explain error, can easily be traced back to the Cartesian theory; it is this, that the human will is free and more comprehensive than the understanding, or, as Bacon expresses himself in a more confused manner, in the forty-ninth aphorism, "The human understanding is not a pure light, but obscured by the will."' In works on the general history of philosophy, German authors find it difficult to assign any place to Bacon. Sometimes he is classed with the Italian School of natural philosophy, sometimes he is contrasted with Jacob Boehme. He is named as one of the many who helped to deliver mankind from the thralldom of scholasticism. But any account of what he really was, what he did to immortalize his name, and to gain that prominent position among his own countrymen which he has occupied to the present day, we should look for in vain even in the most complete and systematic treatises on the history of philosophy published in Germany. Nor does this arise from any wish to depreciate the results of English speculation in general. On the contrary, we find that Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume are treated with great respect. They occupy well-marked positions in the progress of philosophic thought. Their names are written in large letters on the chief stations through which the train of human reasoning passed before it arrived at Kant and Hegel. Locke's philosophy took for a time complete possession of the German mind,

and called forth some of the most important and decisive writings of Leibniz; and Kant himself owed his commanding position to the battle which he fought and won against Hume. Bacon alone has never been either attacked or praised, nor have his works, as it seems, ever been studied very closely by Germans. As far as we can gather, their view of Bacon and of English philosophy is something as follows. Philosophy, they say, should account for experience; but Bacon took experience for granted. He constructed a cyclopædia of knowledge, but he never explained what knowledge itself was. Hence philosophy, far from being brought to a close by his 'Novum Organon,' had to learn again to make her first steps immediately after his time. Bacon had built a magnificent palace, but it was soon found that there was no staircase in it. The very first question of all philosophy, How do we know? or, How can we know? had never been asked by him. Locke, who came after him, was the first to ask it, and he endeavoured to answer it in his 'Essay concerning Human Understanding.' The result of his speculations was, that the mind is a *tabula rasa*, that this *tabula rasa* becomes gradually filled with sensuous perceptions, and that these sensuous perceptions arrange themselves into classes, and thus give rise to more general ideas or conceptions. This was a step in advance; but there was again one thing taken for granted by Locke—the perceptions. This led to the next step in English philosophy, which was made by Berkeley. He asked the question, What are perceptions? and he answered it boldly:—'Perceptions are the things themselves, and the only cause of these perceptions is God.'

But this bold step was in reality but a bold retreat. Hume accepted the results both of Locke and Berkeley. He admitted with Locke, that the impressions of the senses are the source of all knowledge; he admitted with Berkeley, that we know nothing beyond the impressions of our senses. But when Berkeley speaks of the cause of these impressions, Hume points out that we have no right to speak of anything like cause and effect, and that the idea of causality, of necessary sequence, on which the whole fabric of our reasoning rests, is an assumption; inevitable, it may be, yet an assumption. Thus English philosophy, which seemed to be so settled and positive in Bacon, ended in the most unsettled and negative scepticism in Hume; and it was only through Kant that, according to the Germans, the great problem was solved at last, and men again knew *how* they knew.

From this point of view, which we believe to be that generally taken by German writers of the historical progress of modern philosophy, we may well understand why the star of Bacon should disappear almost below their horizon. And if those only are to be called philosophers who inquire into the causes of our knowledge, or into the possibility of knowing and being, a new name must be invented for men like him, who are concerned alone with the realities of knowledge. The two are antipodes—they inhabit two distinct hemispheres of thought. But German Idealism, as M. Kuno Fischer says, would have done well if it had become more thoroughly acquainted with its opponent:—

‘And if it be objected,’ he says, ‘that the points of contact between German and English philosophy, between Idealism and Realism, are less to be found in Bacon than in other philosophers of his kind, that

it was not Bacon, but Hume, who influenced Kant; that it was not Bacon, but Locke, who influenced Leibniz; that Spinoza, if he received any impulse at all from those quarters, received it from Hobbes, and not from Bacon, of whom he speaks in several places very contemptuously, I answer, that it was Bacon whom Des Cartes, the acknowledged founder of dogmatic Idealism, chose for his antagonist. And as to those realistic philosophers who have influenced the opposite side of philosophy in Spinoza, Leibniz, and Kant, I shall be able to prove that Hobbes, Locke, Hume, are all descendants of Bacon, that they have their roots in Bacon, that without Bacon they cannot be truly explained and understood, but only be taken up in a fragmentary form, and, as it were, plucked off. Bacon is the creator of realistic philosophy. Their age is but a development of the Baconian germs; every one of their systems is a metamorphosis of Baconian philosophy. To the present day, realistic philosophy has never had a greater genius than Bacon, its founder; none who has manifested the truly realistic spirit that feels itself at home in the midst of life, in so comprehensive, so original and characteristic, so sober, and yet at the same time so ideal and aspiring a manner; none, again, in whom the limits of this spirit stand out in such distinct and natural relief. Bacon's philosophy is the most healthy, and quite inartificial expression of Realism. After the systems of Spinoza and Leibniz had moved me for a long time, had filled, and, as it were, absorbed me, the study of Bacon was to me like a new life, the fruits of which are gathered in this book.'

After a careful perusal of M. Fischer's work, we believe that it will not only serve in Germany as a useful introduction to the study of Bacon, but that it will be read with interest and advantage by many persons in England who are already acquainted with the chief works of the philosopher. The analysis which he gives of Bacon's philosophy is accurate and complete; and, without indulging in any lengthy criticisms, he has thrown much light on several important points. He first discusses the aim of his philosophy, and characterizes it as Discovery in general, as the conquest of nature by

man (*Regnum hominis, interpretatio naturæ*). He then enters into the means which it supplies for accomplishing this conquest, and which consist chiefly in experience:—

‘The chief object of Bacon’s philosophy is the establishment and extension of the dominion of man. The means of accomplishing this we may call culture, or the application of physical powers toward human purposes. But there is no such culture without discovery, which produces the means of culture; no discovery without science, which understands the laws of nature; no science without natural science; no natural science without an interpretation of nature; and this can only be accomplished according to the measure of our experience.’

M. Fischer then proceeds to discuss what he calls the negative or destructive part of Bacon’s philosophy (*pars destruens*)—that is to say, the means by which the human mind should be purified and freed from all preconceived notions before it approaches the interpretation of nature. He carries us through the long war which Bacon commenced against the idols of traditional or scholastic science. We see how the *idola tribus*, the *idola specus*, the *idola fori*, and the *idola theatri*, are destroyed by his iconoclastic philosophy. After all these are destroyed, there remains nothing but uncertainty and doubt; and it is in this state of nudity, approaching very nearly to the *tabula rasa* of Locke, that the human mind should approach the new temple of nature. Here lies the radical difference between Bacon and Des Cartes, between Realism and Idealism. Des Cartes also, like Bacon, destroys all former knowledge. He proves that we know nothing for certain. But after he has deprived the human mind of all its imaginary riches, he does not lead it on, like Bacon, to a study of nature, but to a study of itself as the only subject

which can be known for certain, *Cogito, ergo sum*. His philosophy leads to a study of the fundamental laws of knowing and being, that of Bacon enters at once into the gates of nature, with the innocence of a child (to use his own expression) who enters the kingdom of God. Bacon speaks, indeed, of a *Philosophia prima* as a kind of introduction to Divine, Natural, and Human Philosophy; but he does not discuss in this preliminary chapter the problem of the possibility of knowledge, nor was it with him the right place to do so. It was destined by him as a 'Receptacle for all such profitable observations and axioms as fall not within the compass of the special parts of philosophy or sciences, but are more common, and of a higher stage.' He mentions himself some of these axioms, such as—'*Si inæqualibus æqualia addas, omnia erunt inæqualia*;' '*Quæ in eodem tertio conveniunt, et inter se conveniunt*;' '*Omnia mutantur, nil interit*.' The problem of the possibility of knowledge would generally be classed under metaphysics; but what Bacon calls *Metaphysique* is, with him, a branch of philosophy treating only on Formal and Final Causes, in opposition to *Physique*, which treats on Material and Efficient Causes. If we adopt Bacon's division of philosophy, we might still expect to find the fundamental problem discussed in his chapter on Human Philosophy; but here, again, he treats man only as a part of the continent of Nature, and when he comes to consider the substance and nature of the soul or mind, he declines to enter into this subject, because 'the true knowledge of the nature and state of soul must come by the same inspiration that gave the substance.' There remains, therefore, but one place

in Bacon's cyclopædiæ where we might hope to find some information on this subject—namely, where he treats on the faculties and functions of the mind, and in particular, of understanding and reason. And here he dwells indeed on the doubtful evidence of the senses as one of the causes of error so frequently pointed out by other philosophers. But he remarks that, though they charged the deceit upon the senses, their chief errors arose from a different cause, from the weakness of their intellectual powers, and from the manner of collecting and concluding upon the reports of the senses. And he then points to what is to be the work of his life,—an improved System of invention, consisting of the *Experientia Literata*, and the *Interpretatio Naturæ*.

It must be admitted, therefore, that one of the problems which has occupied most philosophers—nay, which, in a certain sense, may be called the first impulse to all philosophy—the question whether we can know anything, is entirely passed over by Bacon; and we may well understand why the name and title of philosopher has been withheld from one who looked upon human knowledge as an art, but never inquired into its causes and credentials. This is a point which M. Fischer has not overlooked; but he has not always kept it in view, and in wishing to secure to Bacon his place in the history of philosophy, he has deprived him of that more exalted place which Bacon himself wished to occupy in the history of the world. Among men like Locke, Hume, Kant, and Hegel, Bacon is, and always will be, a stranger. Bacon himself would have drawn a very strong line between their province and his own. He knows where their province lies, and if he sometimes speaks

contemptuously of formal philosophy, it is only when formal philosophy has encroached on his own ground, or when it breaks into the enclosure of revealed religion, which he wished to be kept sacred. There, he holds, the human mind should not enter, except in the attitude of the Semnones, with chained hands.

Bacon's philosophy could never supplant the works of Plato and Aristotle, and though his method might prove useful in every branch of knowledge—even in the most abstruse points of logic and metaphysics—yet there has never been a Baconian school of philosophy, in the sense in which we speak of the school of Locke or Kant. Bacon was above or below philosophy. Philosophy, in the usual sense of the word, formed but a part of his great scheme of knowledge. It had its place therein, side by side with history, poetry, and religion. After he had surveyed the whole universe of knowledge, he was struck by the small results that had been obtained by so much labour, and he discovered the cause of this failure in the want of a proper method of investigation and combination. The substitution of a new method of invention was the great object of his philosophical activity; and though it has been frequently said that the Baconian method had been known long before Bacon, and had been practised by his predecessors with much greater success than by himself or his immediate followers, it was his chief merit to have proclaimed it, and to have established its legitimacy against all gainsayers. M. Fischer has some very good remarks on Bacon's method of induction, particularly on the *instantiæ prærogativæ* which, as he points out, though they show the weakness of his system, exhibit

at the same time the strength of his mind, which rises above all the smaller considerations of systematic consistency, where higher objects are at stake.

M. Fischer devotes one chapter to Bacon's relation to the ancient philosophers, and another to his views on poetry. In the latter, he naturally compares Bacon with his contemporary, Shakespeare. We recommend this chapter, as well as a similar one in a work on Shakespeare by Gervinus, to the author of the ingenious discovery that Bacon was the real author of Shakespeare's plays. Besides an analysis of the constructive part of Bacon's philosophy, or the *Instauratio Magna*, M. Fischer gives us several interesting chapters, in which he treats of Bacon as an historical character, of his views on religion and theology, and of his reviewers. His defence of Bacon's political character is the weakest part of his work. He draws an elaborate parallel between the spirit of Bacon's philosophy and the spirit of his public acts. Discovery, he says, was the object of the philosopher—success that of the politician. But what can be gained by such parallels? We admire Bacon's ardent exertions for the successful advancement of learning, but, if his acts for his own advancement were blameable, no moralist, whatever notions he may hold on the relation between the understanding and the will, would be swayed in his judgment of Lord Bacon's character by such considerations. 'We make no allowance for the imitative talents of a tragedian, if he stands convicted of forgery, nor for the courage of a soldier, if he is accused of murder. Bacon's character can only be judged by the historian, and by a careful study of the standard of public morality in Bacon's times. And the same may be said of the position

which he took with regard to religion and theology. We may explain his inclination to keep religion distinct from philosophy by taking into account the practical tendencies of all his labours. But there is such a want of straightforwardness, and we might almost say, of real faith, in his theological statements, that no one can be surprised to find that, while he is taken as the representative of orthodoxy by some, he has been attacked by others as the most dangerous and insidious enemy of Christianity. Writers of the school of De Maistre see in him a decided atheist and hypocrite.

In a work on Bacon, it seems to have become a necessity to discuss Bacon's last reviewer, and M. Fischer therefore breaks a lance with Mr. Macaulay. We give some extracts from this chapter (page 358 *seq.*), which will serve, at the same time, as a specimen of our author's style :—

‘ Mr. Macaulay pleads unconditionally in favour of practical philosophy, which he designates by the name of Bacon, against all theoretical philosophy. We have two questions to ask—1. What does Mr. Macaulay mean by the contrast of practical and theoretical philosophy, on which he dwells so constantly? and 2. What has his own practical philosophy in common with that of Bacon?’

‘ Mr. Macaulay decides on the fate of philosophy with a ready formula, which, like many of the same kind, dazzles by means of words which have nothing behind them—words which become more obscure and empty, the nearer we approach them. He says—Philosophy was made for Man, not Man for Philosophy. In the former case it is practical; in the latter, theoretical. Mr. Macaulay embraces the first, and rejects the second. He cannot speak with sufficient praise of the one, nor with sufficient contempt of the other. According to him, the Baconian philosophy is practical—the pre-Baconian, and particularly the ancient philosophy, theoretical. He carries the contrast between the two to the last extreme, and he places it before our eyes, not in its naked form, but veiled in metaphors, and in well-chosen figures of speech, where the imposing

and charming image always represents the practical, the repulsive the theoretical, form of philosophy. By this play he carries away the great mass of people, who, like children, always run after images. Practical philosophy is not so much a conviction with him, but it serves him to make a point ; whereas theoretical philosophy serves as an easy butt. Thus the contrast between the two acquires a certain dramatic charm. The reader feels moved and excited by the subject before him, and forgets the scientific question. His fancy is caught by a kind of metaphorical imagery, and his understanding surrenders what is due to it. . . . What is Mr. Macaulay's meaning in rejecting theoretical philosophy, because philosophy is here the object, and man the means ; whereas he adopts practical philosophy, because man is here the object, and philosophy the means ? What do we gain by such comparisons, as when he says that practical and theoretical philosophy are like works and words, fruits and thorns, a high-road and a treadmill ? Such phrases always remind us of the remark of Socrates—They are said indeed, but are they well and truly said ? According to the strict meaning of Mr. Macaulay's words, there never was a practical philosophy ; for there never was a philosophy which owed its origin to practical considerations only. And there never was a theoretical philosophy, for there never was a philosophy which did not receive its impulse from a human want, that is to say, from a practical motive. This shows where playing with words must always lead. He defines theoretical and practical philosophy in such a manner that his definition is inapplicable to any kind of philosophy. His antithesis is entirely empty. But if we drop the antithesis, and only keep to what it means in sober and intelligible language, it would come to this—that the value of a theory depends on its usefulness, on its practical influence on human life, on the advantage which we derive from it. Utility alone is to decide on the value of a theory. Be it so. But who is to decide on utility ? If all things are useful which serve to satisfy human wants, who is to decide on our wants ? We take Mr. Macaulay's own point of view. Philosophy should be practical ; it should serve man, satisfy his wants, or help to satisfy them ; and if it fails in this, let it be called useless and hollow. But if there are wants in human nature which demand to be satisfied, which make life a burden unless they are satisfied, is that not to be called practical which answers to these wants ? And if some of them are of that peculiar nature that they

can only be satisfied by knowledge, or by theoretical contemplation, is this knowledge, is this theoretical contemplation not useful—useful even in the eyes of the most decided Utilitarian? Might it not happen that what he calls theoretical philosophy seems useless and barren to the Utilitarian, because his ideas of men are too narrow? It is dangerous, and not quite becoming, to lay down the law, and say from the very first, “You must not have more than certain wants, and therefore you do not want more than a certain philosophy!” If we may judge from Mr. Macaulay’s illustrations, his ideas of human nature are not very liberal. “If we were forced,” he says, “to make our choice between the first shoemaker and Seneca, the author of the books on Anger, we should pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet; and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept anybody from being angry.” I should not select Seneca as the representative of theoretical philosophy, still less take those for my allies whom Mr. Macaulay prefers to Seneca, in order to defeat theoretical philosophers. Brennus threw his sword into the scale in order to make it more weighty. Mr. Macaulay prefers the awl. But whatever he may think about Seneca, there is another philosopher more profound than Seneca, but in Mr. Macaulay’s eyes likewise an impractical thinker. And yet in him the power of theory was greater than the powers of nature and the most common wants of man. His meditations alone gave Socrates his serenity when he drank the fatal poison. Is there, among all evils, one greater than the dread of death? And the remedy against this, the worst of all physical evils, is it not practical in the best sense of the word? True, some people might here say, that it would have been more practical if Socrates had fled from his prison, as Criton suggested, and had died an old and decrepit man in Boeotia. But to Socrates it seemed more practical to remain in prison, and to die as the first witness and martyr of the liberty of conscience, and to rise from the sublime height of his theory to the seats of the Immortals. Thus it is the want of the individual which decides on the practical value of an act or of a thought, and this want depends on the nature of the human soul. There is a difference between individuals in different ages, and there is a difference in their wants. . . . As long as the desire after knowledge lives in our hearts, we must, with the purely practical view of satisfying this want, strive after knowledge in all things, even in those

which do not contribute towards external comfort, and have no use except that they purify and invigorate the mind. What is theory in the eyes of Bacon? "A temple in the human mind, according to the model of the world." What is it in the eyes of Mr. Macaulay? A snug dwelling, according to the wants of practical life. The latter is satisfied if knowledge is carried far enough to enable us to keep ourselves dry. The magnificence of the structure, and its completeness according to the model of the world, is to him useless by-work, superfluous and even dangerous luxury. This is the view of a respectable ratepayer, not of a Bacon. Mr. Macaulay reduces Bacon to his own dimensions, while he endeavours at the same time to exalt him above all other people. . . . Bacon's own philosophy was, like all philosophy, a theory; it was the theory of the inventive mind. Bacon has not made any great discoveries himself. He was less inventive than Leibniz, the German metaphysician. If to make discoveries be practical philosophy, Bacon was a mere theorist, and his philosophy nothing but the theory of practical philosophy. How far the spirit of theory reached in Bacon may be seen in his own works. He did not want to fetter theory, but to renew and to extend it to the very ends of the universe. His practical standard was not the comfort of the individual, but human happiness, which involves theoretical knowledge. That Bacon is not the Bacon of Mr. Macaulay. What Bacon wanted was new, and it will be eternal. What Mr. Macaulay and many people at the present day want, in the name of Bacon, is not new, but novel. New is what opposes the old, and serves as a model for the future. Novel is what flatters our times, gains sympathies, and dies away. . . . And history has pronounced her final verdict. It is the last negative instance which we oppose to Mr. Macaulay's assertion. Bacon's philosophy has not been the end of all theories, but the beginning of new theories—theories which flowed necessarily from Bacon's philosophy, and not one of which was practical in Mr. Macaulay's sense. Hobbes was the pupil of Bacon. His ideal of a State is opposed to that of Plato on all points. But one point it shares in common—it is as unpractical a theory as that of Plato. Mr. Macaulay, however, calls Hobbes the most acute and vigorous spirit. If, then, Hobbes was a practical philosopher, what becomes of Mr. Macaulay's politics? And if Hobbes was not a practical philosopher, what becomes of Mr. Macaulay's philosophy, which does homage to the theories of Hobbes?

We have somewhat abridged M. Fischer's argument, for, though he writes well and intelligibly, he wants condensation; and we do not think that his argument has been weakened by being shortened. What he has extended into a volume of nearly five hundred pages, might have been reduced to a pithy essay of one or two hundred, without sacrificing one essential fact, or injuring the strength of any one of his arguments. The art of writing in our times is the art of condensing; and those who cannot condense write only for readers who have more time at their disposal than they know what to do with.

Let us ask one question in conclusion. Why do all German writers change the thoroughly Teutonic name of Bacon into Baco? It is bad enough that we should speak of Plato; but this cannot be helped. But unless we protest against Baco, *gen.* Baconis, we shall soon be treated to Newto, Newtonis, or even to Kans, Kantis.

1857.

XII.

A GERMAN TRAVELLER IN ENGLAND¹.

A.D. 1598.

LESSING, when he was librarian at Wolfenbüttel, proposed to start a review which should only notice forgotten books—books written before reviewing was invented, published in the small towns of Germany, never read, perhaps, except by the author and his friends, then buried on the shelves of a library, properly labelled and catalogued, and never opened again, except by an inquisitive inmate of these literary mausoleums. The number of those forgotten books is great, and as in former times few authors wrote more than one or two works during the whole of their lives, the information which they contain is generally of a much more substantial and solid kind than our literary palates are now accustomed

¹ 'Pauli Hentzneri J.C. Itinerarium Germaniæ, Galliæ, Angliæ, Italiæ : ' cum Indice Locorum, Rerum, atque Verborum commemorabilium. Huic libro accessêre novâ hâc editiône—1. Monita Peregrinatoria duorum doctissimorum virorum ; itemque Incerti auctoris Epitome Præcognitorum Historicorum, antehac non edita. Noribergæ, Typis Abrahami Wagenmanni, sumptibus sui ipsius et Johaⁿ. Güntzelii, anno MDCXXIX.

to. If a man now travels to the unexplored regions of Central Africa, his book is written and out in a year. It remains on the drawing-room table for a season ; it is pleasant to read, easy to digest, and still easier to review and to forget. Two or three hundred years ago this was very different. Travelling was a far more serious business, and a man who had spent some years in seeing foreign countries, could do nothing better than employ the rest of his life in writing a book of travels, either in his own language, or, still better, in Latin. After his death his book continued to be quoted for a time in works on history and geography, till a new traveller went over the same ground, published an equally learned book, and thus consigned his predecessor to oblivion. Here is a case in point : Paul Hentzner, a German, who, of course, calls himself Paulus Hentznerus, travelled in Germany, France, England, and Italy ; and after his return to his native place in Silesia, he duly published his travels in a portly volume, written in Latin. There is a long title-page with dedications, introductions, a preface for the *Lector benevolus*, Latin verses, and a table showing what people ought to observe in travelling. Travelling, according to our friend, is the source of all wisdom, and he quotes Moses and the Prophets in support of his theory. We ought all to travel, he says—‘*vita nostra peregrinatio est ;*’ and those who stay at home like snails (*cochlearum instar*) will remain ‘*inhumani, insolentes, superbi,*’ &c.

It would take a long time to follow Paulus Hentznerus through all his peregrinations ; but let us see what he saw in England. He arrived here in the year 1598. He took ship with his friends at *Dépa*,

vulgo *Dieppe*, and after a boisterous voyage, they landed at *Rye*. On their arrival they were conducted to a *Notarius*, who asked their names, and inquired for what object they came to England. After they had satisfied his official inquiries, they were conducted to a *Diversorium*, and treated to a good dinner, *pro regionis more*, according to the custom of the country. From *Rye* they rode to *London*, passing *Flimwolt*, *Tumbridge*, and *Chepsted* on their way. Then follows a long description of *London*, its origin and history, its bridges, churches, monuments, and palaces, with extracts from earlier writers, such as Paulus Jovius, Polydorus Vergilius, &c. All inscriptions are copied faithfully, not only from tombs and pictures, but also from books which the travellers saw in the public libraries. Whitehall seems to have contained a royal library at that time, and in it Hentzner saw, besides Greek and Latin MSS., a book written in French by Queen Elizabeth, with the following dedication to Henry VIII:—

‘A Tres haut et Tres puissant et Redoubte Prince Henry VIII. de ce nom, Roy d’Angleterre, de France, et d’Irlande, defenseur de la foy, Elizabeth, sa Tres humble fille, rend salut et obedience.’

After the travellers had seen St. Paul’s, Westminster, the House of Parliament, Whitehall, Guildhall, the Tower, and the Royal Exchange, commonly called *Bursa*—all of which are minutely described—they went to the theatres and to places *Ursorum et Taurorum venationibus destinata*, where bears and bulls, tied fast behind, were baited by bulldogs. In these places, and everywhere, in fact, as our traveller says, where you meet with Englishmen, they use *herba nicotiana*, which they call by an American

name, *Tobaca* or *Paetum*. The description deserves to be quoted in the original:—

‘Fistulæ in hunc finem ex argillâ factæ orificio posteriori dictam herbam probe exiccatam, ita ut in pulverem facile redigi possit, immittunt, et igne admoto accendunt, unde fumus ab anteriori parte ore attrahitur, qui per nares rursum, tamquam per infurnibulum exit, et phlegma ac capitis defluxiones magnâ copiâ secum educit.’

After they had seen everything in London—not omitting the ship in which Francis Drake, *nobilissimus pyrata*, was said to have circumnavigated the world—they went to Greenwich. Here they were introduced into the Presence-chamber, and saw the Queen. The walls of the room were covered with precious tapestry, the floor strewn with hay. The Queen had to pass through on going to chapel. It was a Sunday, when all the nobility came to pay their respects. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were present. When divine service began, the Queen appeared, preceded and followed by the Court. Before her walked two Barons, carrying the sceptre and the sword, and between them the Great Chancellor of England with the Seal. The Queen is thus minutely described:—

‘She was said (*rumor erat*) to be fifty-five years old. Her face was rather long, white, and a little wrinkled. Her eyes small, black, and gracious; her nose somewhat bent; her lips compressed, her teeth black (from eating too much sugar). She had earrings of pearls; red hair, but artificial, and wore a small crown. Her breast was uncovered (as is the case with all unmarried ladies in England), and round her neck was a chain with precious gems. Her hands were graceful, her fingers long. She was of middle stature, but stepped on majestically. She was gracious and kind in her address. The dress she wore was of white silk, with pearls as large as beans. Her cloak was of black silk with silver lace,

and a long train was carried by a Marchioness. As she walked along she spoke most kindly with many people, some of them ambassadors. She spoke English, French, and Italian; but she knows also Greek and Latin, and understands Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Those whom she addressed bent their knees, and some she lifted up with her hand. To a Bohemian nobleman of the name of Slawata, who had brought some letters to the Queen, she gave her right hand after taking off her glove, and he kissed it. Wherever she turned her eyes, people fell on their knees.'

There was probably nobody present who ventured to scrutinize the poor Queen so impertinently as Paulus Hentznerus. He goes on to describe the ladies who followed the Queen, and how they were escorted by fifty knights. When she came to the door of the chapel, books were handed to her, and the people called out, 'God save the Queen Elizabeth: ' whereupon the Queen answered, 'I thanke you myn good people.' Prayers did not last more than half-an-hour, and the music was excellent. During the time that the Queen was in chapel, dinner was laid, and this again is described in full detail.

But we cannot afford to tarry with our German observer, nor can we follow him to Grantbridge, (Cambridge), or Oxenford, where he describes the colleges and halls, (each of them having a library,) and the life of the students. From Oxford he went to Woodstock, then back to Oxford; and from thence to Henley and Madenhodd to Windsor. Eton also was visited, and here, he says, sixty boys were educated gratuitously, and afterwards sent to Cambridge. After visiting Hampton Court, and the royal palace of None-such, our travellers returned to London.

We shall finish our extracts with some remarks of Hentzner on the manners and customs of the English:—

'The English are grave, like the Germans, magnificent at home

and abroad. They carry with them a large train of followers and servants. These have silver shields on their left arm and a pig-tail. The English excel in dancing and music. They are swift and lively, though stouter than the French. They shave the middle portion of the face, but leave the hair untouched on each side. They are good sailors, and famous pirates; clever, perfidious, and thievish. About three hundred are hanged in London every year. At table they are more civil than the French. They eat less bread, but more meat, and they dress it well. They throw much sugar into their wine. They suffer frequently from leprosy, commonly called the white leprosy, which is said to have come to England in the time of the Normans. They are brave in battle, and always conquer their enemies. At home they brook no manner of servitude. They are very fond of noises that fill the ears, such as explosions of guns, trumpets and bells. In London, persons who have got drunk, are wont to mount a church tower, for the sake of exercise, and to ring the bells for several hours. If they see a foreigner who is handsome and strong, they are sorry that he is not an Anglicus—*vulgo* Englishman.'

On his return to France, Hentzner paid a visit to Canterbury, and, after seeing some ghosts on his journey, arrived safely at Dover. Before he was allowed to go on board, he had again to undergo an examination, to give his name, to explain what he had done in England, and where he was going; and, lastly, his luggage was searched most carefully, in order to see whether he carried with him any English money, for nobody was allowed to carry away more than ten pounds of English money; all the rest was taken away and handed to the Royal Treasury. And thus farewell, Carissime Hentzneri! and slumber on your shelf until the eye of some other benevolent reader, glancing at the rows of forgotten books, is caught by the quaint lettering on your back, '*Hentzneri Itin.*'

XIII.

CORNISH ANTIQUITIES¹.

IT is impossible to spend even a few weeks in Cornwall without being impressed with the air of antiquity which pervades that county, and seems, like a morning mist, half to conceal and half to light up every one of its hills and valleys. It is impossible to look at any pile of stones, at any wall, or pillar, or gate-post, without asking oneself the question, Is this old, or is this new? Is it the work of Saxon, or of Roman, or of Celt? Nay, one feels sometimes tempted to ask, Is this the work of Nature or of man?

‘Among these rocks and stones, methinks I see
More than the heedless impress that belongs
To lonely Nature’s casual work : they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away.’—*Excursion*.

The late King of Prussia’s remark about Oxford, that in it everything old seemed new, and everything new seemed old, applies with even greater truth to Cornwall. There is a continuity between the present and the past of that curious peninsula, such as we seldom find in any other place. A spring bubbling up in a natural granite basin, now a meeting-place for

¹ ‘Antiquities, Historical and Monumental, of the County of Cornwall.’ By William Borlase, LL.D. London, 1769.

‘A Week at the Land’s End.’ By J. T. Blight. London, 1861.

Baptists or Methodists, was but a few centuries ago a holy well, attended by busy friars, and visited by pilgrims, who came there 'nearly lame,' and left the shrine 'almost able to walk.' Still further back the same spring was a centre of attraction for the Celtic inhabitants, and the rocks piled up around it stand there as witnesses of a civilisation and architecture certainly more primitive than the civilisation and architecture of Roman, Saxon, or Norman settlers. We need not look beyond. How long that granite buttress of England has stood there, defying the fury of the Atlantic, the geologist alone, who is not awed by ages, would dare to tell us. But the historian is satisfied with antiquities of a more humble and homely character; and in bespeaking the interest, and, it may be, the active support of our readers, in favour of the few relics of the most ancient civilisation of Britain, we promise to keep within strictly historical limits, if by historical we understand, with the late Sir G. C. Lewis, that only which can be authenticated by contemporaneous monuments.

But even thus, how wide a gulf seems to separate us from the first civilisers of the West of England, from the people who gave names to every headland, bay, and hill of Cornwall, and who first planned those lanes that now, like throbbing veins, run in every direction across that heath-covered peninsula! No doubt it is well known that the original inhabitants of Cornwall were Celts, and that Cornish is a Celtic language; and that, if we divide the Celtic languages into two classes, Welsh with Cornish and Breton forms one class, the *Cymric*; while the Irish with its varieties, as developed in Scotland and the Isle of Man, forms another class, which is called the

Gaelic or *Gadhelic*. It may also be more or less generally known that Celtic, with all its dialects, is an Aryan or Indo-European language, closely allied to Latin, Greek, German, Slavonic, and Sanskrit, and that the Celts, therefore, were not mere barbarians, or people to be classed together with Finns and Lapps, but heralds of true civilisation wherever they settled in their world-wide migrations, the equals of Saxons and Romans and Greeks, whether in physical beauty or in intellectual vigour. And yet there is a strange want of historical reality in the current conceptions about the Celtic inhabitants of the British isles; and while the heroes and statesmen and poets of Greece and Rome, though belonging to a much earlier age, stand out in bold and sharp relief on the table of a boy's memory, his notions of the ancient Britons may generally be summed up 'in houses made of wicker-work, Druids with long white beards, white linen robes, and golden sickles, and warriors painted blue.' Nay, strange to say, we can hardly blame a boy for banishing the ancient bards and Druids from the scene of real history, and assigning to them that dark and shadowy corner where the gods and heroes of Greece live peacefully together with the ghosts and fairies from the dream-land of our own Saxon forefathers. For even the little that is told in 'Little Arthur's History of England' about the ancient Britons and the Druids is extremely doubtful. Druids are never mentioned before Cæsar. Few writers, if any, before him were able to distinguish between Celts and Germans, but spoke of the barbarians of Gaul and Germany as the Greeks spoke of Scythians, or as we ourselves speak of the negroes of Africa, without distinguishing

between races so different from each other as Hottentots and Kafirs. Cæsar was one of the first writers who knew of an ethnological distinction between Celtic and Teutonic barbarians, and we may therefore trust him when he says that the Celts had Druids, and the Germans had none. But his further statements about these Celtic priests and sages are hardly more trustworthy than the account which an ordinary Indian officer at the present day might give us of the Buddhist priests and the Buddhist religion of Ceylon. Cæsar's statement that the Druids worshipped Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva, is of the same base metal as the statements of more modern writers,—that the Buddhists worship the Trinity, and that they take Buddha for the Son of God. Cæsar most likely never conversed with a Druid, nor was he able to control, if he was able to understand, the statements made to him about the ancient priesthood, the religion and literature of Gaul. Besides, Cæsar himself tells us very little about the priests of Gaul and Britain; and the thrilling accounts of the white robes and the golden sickles belong to Pliny's 'Natural History,' by no means a safe authority in such matters¹.

¹ Plin. H. N. xvi. c. 44. 'Non est omittenda in ea re et Galliarum admiratio. Nihil habent Druidæ (ita suos appellant magos) visco et arbore, in qua gignatur (si modo sit robur) sacratius. Jam per se roborum eligunt lucos, nec ulla sacra sine ea fronde conficiunt, ut inde appellati quoque interpretatione Græca possint Druidæ videri. Enimvero quidquid adnascatur illis, e cœlo missum putant signumque esse electæ ab ipso deo arboris. Est autem id rarum admodum inventu et repertum magna religione petitur, et ante omnia sexta luna, quæ principia mensium annorumque his

We must be satisfied, indeed, to know very little about the mode of life, the forms of worship, the religious doctrines, or the mysterious wisdom of the Druids and their flocks. But for this very reason it is most essential that our minds should be impressed strongly with the historical reality that belongs to the Celtic inhabitants, and to the work which they performed in rendering these islands for the first time fit for the habitation of man. That historical lesson, and a very important lesson it is, is certainly learnt more quickly, and yet more effectually, by a visit to Cornwall or Wales, than by any amount of reading. We may doubt many things that Celtic enthusiasts tell us; but where every village and field, every cottage and hill, bear names that are neither English, nor Norman, nor Latin, it is difficult not to feel that the Celtic element has been something real and permanent in the history of the British isles. The Cornish language is no doubt extinct, if by extinct we mean that it is no longer spoken by the people. But in the names of towns, castles, rivers, mountains, fields, manors, and families, and in a few of the technical terms of mining, husbandry, and fishing, Cornish lives on, and probably will live on.

facit, et seculi post tricesimum annum, quia jam virium abunde habeat, nec sit sui dimidia. Omnia sanantem appellantes suo vocabulo, sacrificiis epulisque rite sub arbore præparatis, duos admovent candidi coloris tauros, quorum cornua tunc primum vinciantur. Sacerdos candida veste cultus arborem scandit, falce aurea demetit; candido id excipitur sago. Tum deinde victimas immolant, precantes ut suum donum deus prosperum faciat his quibus dederit.'

for many ages to come. There is a well-known verse :—

‘By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Caer, and Pen,
You may know most Cornish men!’

But it will hardly be believed that a Cornish antiquarian, Dr. Bannister, who is collecting materials for a glossary of Cornish proper names, has amassed no less than 2400 names with Tre, 500 with Pen, 400 with Ros, 300 with Lan, 200 with Pol, and 200 with Caer.

A language does not die all at once, nor is it always possible to fix the exact date when it breathed its last. Thus, in the case of Cornish, it is by no means easy to reconcile the conflicting statements of various writers as to the exact time when it ceased to be the language of the people, unless we bear in mind that what was true with regard to the higher classes, was not so with regard to the lower, and likewise that in some parts of Cornwall the vitality of the language might continue, while in others its heart had ceased to beat. As late as the time of Henry VIII the famous physician Andrew Borde tells us that English was not understood by many men and women in Cornwall. ‘In Cornwall is two speeches,’ he writes, ‘the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other the Cornyshe speche. And there be many men and women the which cannot speake one worde of Englyshe, but all Cornyshe.’ During the same King’s reign, when an attempt was made to introduce a new church service composed in English, a

¹ *Tre*, homestead ; *ros*, moor, peatland, a common ; *pol*, a pool ; *lan*, an enclosure, church ; *caer*, town ; *pan*, head.

protest was signed by the Devonshire and Cornish men utterly refusing this new English :—

‘We will not receive the new Service, because it is but like a Christmas game; but we will have our old Service of Matins, Mass, Evensong, and Procession, in Latin as it was before. And so we the Cornish men (whereof certain of us understand no English) utterly refuse this new English¹.’

Yet in the reign of Elizabeth, when the liturgy was appointed by authority to take the place of the mass, the Cornish, it is said², desired that it should be in the English language. About the same time we are told that Dr. John Moreman³ taught his parishioners the Lord’s Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in the English tongue. From the time of the Reformation onward, Cornish seems constantly to have lost ground against English, particularly in places near Devonshire. Thus Norden, whose description of Cornwall was probably written about 1584, though not published till 1728, gives a very full and interesting account of the struggle between the two languages :—

‘Of late,’ he says (p. 26), ‘the Cornishe men have muche conformed themselves to the use of the Englishe tounge, and their Englishe is equall to the beste, espetially in the easterne partes; even from Truro eastwarde it is in manner wholly Englishe. In the weste parte of the cuntrye, as in the hundreds of Penwith and Kerrier, the Cornishe tounge is moste in use amongste the inhabitantes, and yet (whiche is to be marveyled), though the husband and wife, parentes and children, master and servantes, doe mutually communicate in their native language, yet ther is none of them in manner but is able to convers with a straunger in the Englishe

¹ Cranmer’s Works, ed. Jenkyns, vol. ii. p. 230.

² Observations on an ancient Manuscript, entitled ‘Passio Christi,’ by — Scawen, Esq., 1777, p. 26.

³ Borlase’s ‘Natural History of Cornwall,’ p. 315.

tounge, unless it be some obscure people, that seldome conferr with the better sorte : . But it seemeth that in few yeares the Cornishe language wilbe by litle and litle abandoned.'

Carew, who wrote about the same time, goes so far as to say that most of the inhabitants 'can no word of Cornish, but very few are ignorant of the English, though they sometimes affect to be.' This may have been true with regard to the upper classes, particularly in the west of Cornwall, but it is nevertheless a fact that, as late as 1640, Mr. William Jackman, the vicar of Feock¹, was forced to administer the sacrament in Cornish, because the aged people did not understand English ; nay, the rector of Landewednak preached his sermons in Cornish as late as 1678. Mr. Scawen, too, who wrote about that time, speaks of some old folks who spoke Cornish only, and would not understand a word of English ; but he tells us at the same time that Sir Francis North, the Lord Chief Justice, afterwards Lord Keeper, when holding the assizes at Lancelton in 1678, expressed his concern at the loss and decay of the Cornish language. The poor people, in fact, could speak, or at least understand, Cornish, but he says 'they were laughed at by the rich, who understood it not, which is their own fault in not endeavouring after it.' About the beginning of the last century, Mr. Ed. Lhuyd (died 1709), the keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, was still able to collect from the mouths of the people a grammar of the Cornish language, which was published in 1707. He says that at this time Cornish was only retained in five or six villages towards the

¹ Borlase's 'Natural History of Cornwall,' p. 315. ,

Land's End ; and in his 'Archæologia Britannica' he adds, that although it was spoken in most of the western districts from the Land's End to the Lizard, 'a great many of the inhabitants, especially the gentry, do not understand it, there being no necessity thereof in regard there's no Cornish man but speaks good English.' It is generally supposed that the last person who spoke Cornish was Dolly Pentreath, who died in 1778, and to whose memory Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte has lately erected a monument in the churchyard at Paul. The inscription is :—

'Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1778, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this country from the earliest records till it expired in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in union with the Rev. John Garret, vicar of St. Paul, June, 1860.'

It seems hardly right to deprive the old lady of her fair name ; but there are many people in Cornwall who maintain, that when travellers and grandees came to see her, she would talk anything that came into her head, while those who listened to her were pleased to think that they had heard the dying echoes of a primeval tongue¹. There is a

¹ Her age was certainly mythical, and her case forms a strong confirmation of the late Sir G. C. Lewis's scepticism on that point. Dolly Pentreath is generally believed to have died at the age of 102. Dr. Borlase, who knew her, and has left a good description of her, stated that, about 1774, she was in her 87th year. This, if she died in 1778, would only bring her age to 91. But Mr. Haliwell, who examined the register at Paul, found that Dolly Pentreath was baptized in 1714 ; so that, unless she was baptized late in life, this supposed centenarian had only reached her 64th year

letter extant, written in Cornish by a poor fisherman of the name of William Bodener. It is dated July 3, 1776, that is, two years before the death of Dolly Pentreath; and the writer says of himself, in Cornish :—

‘My age is threescore and five. I am a poor fisherman. I learnt Cornish when I was a boy. I have been to sea with my father and five other men in the boat, and have not heard one word of English spoke in the boat for a week together. I never saw a Cornish book. I learned Cornish going to sea with old men. There is not more than four or five in our town can talk Cornish now—old people fourscore years old. Cornish is all forgot with young people¹.’

It would seem, therefore, that Cornish died with the last century, and no one now living can boast to have heard its sound when actually spoken for the sake of conversation. It seems to have been a melodious and yet by no means an effeminate language, and Scawen places it in this respect above most of the other Celtic dialects :—

‘Cornish,’ he says, ‘is not to be gutturally pronounced, as the Welsh for the most part is, nor mutteringly, as the Armorick, nor

at the time of her death, and was no more than 60 when Dr. Borlase supposed her to be 87.¹ Another instance of extraordinary old age is mentioned by Mr. Scawen (p. 25), about a hundred years earlier. ‘Let not the old woman be forgotten,’ he says, ‘who died about two years since, who was 164 years old, of good memory, and healthful at that age, living in the parish of Guithian, by the charity mostly of such as came purposely to see her, speaking to them (in default of English) by an interpreter, yet partly understanding it. She married a second husband after she was 80, and buried him after he was 80 years of age.’

¹ ‘Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialects,’ by Uncle Jan Treennodlc. London, 1846, p. 82.

whiningly as the Irish (which two latter qualities seem to have been contracted from their servitude), but must be lively and manly spoken, like other primitive tongues.'

Although Cornish must now be classed with the extinct languages, it has certainly shown a marvellous vitality. More than four hundred years of Roman occupation, more than six hundred years of Saxon and Danish sway, a Norman conquest, a Saxon Reformation, and civil wars, have all passed over the land; but, like a tree that may bend before a storm but is not to be rooted up, the language of the Celts of Cornwall has lived on in an unbroken continuity for at least two thousand years. What does this mean? It means that through the whole of English history to the accession of the House of Hanover, the inhabitants of Cornwall and the Western portion of Devonshire, in spite of intermarriages with Romans, Saxons, and Normans, were Celts, and remained Celts. People speak indeed of blood, and intermingling of blood, as determining the nationality of a people; but what is meant by blood? It is one of those scientific idols, that crumble to dust as soon as we try to define or grasp them; it is a vague, hollow, treacherous term, which, for the present at least, ought to be banished from the dictionary of every true man of science. We can give a scientific definition of a Celtic language; but no one has yet given a definition of Celtic blood, or a Celtic skull. It is quite possible that hereafter chemical differences may be discovered in the blood of those who speak a Celtic, and of those who speak a Teutonic language. It is possible also that patient measurements, like those lately published by Professor Huxley, in the 'Journal of Anatomy

and Physiology,' may lead in time to a really scientific classification of skulls, and that physiologists may succeed in the end in carrying out a classification of the human race, according to tangible and unvarying physiological criteria. But their definitions and their classifications will hardly ever square with the definitions or classifications of the student of language, and the use of common terms can only be a source of constant misunderstandings. We know what we mean by a Celtic language, and in the grammar of each language we are able to produce a most perfect scientific definition of its real character. If, therefore, we transfer the term Celtic to people, we can, if we use our words accurately, mean nothing but people who speak a Celtic language, the true exponent, ay, the very life of Celtic nationality. Whatever people, whether Romans, or Saxons, or Normans, or, as some think, even Phœnicians and Jews, settled in Cornwall, if they ceased to speak their own language and exchanged it for Cornish, they are, before the tribunal of the science of language, Celts, and nothing but Celts; while, whenever Cornishmen, like Sir Humphrey Davy or Bishop Colenso, have ceased to speak Cornish, and speak nothing but English, they are no longer Celts, but true Teutons or Saxons, in the only scientifically legitimate sense of that word. Strange stories, indeed, would be revealed, if blood could cry out and tell of its repeated mixtures since the beginning of the world. If we think of the early migrations of mankind—of the battles fought before there were hieroglyphics to record them—of conquests, leadings into captivity, piracy, slavery, and colonisation, all without a sacred

poet to hand them down to posterity—we shall hesitate, indeed, to speak of pure races, or unmixed blood, even at the very dawn of real history. Little as we know of the early history of Greece, we know enough to warn us against looking upon the Greeks of Asia or Europe as an unmixed race. Ægyptus, with his Arabian, Ethiopian, and Tyrian wives; Cadmús, the son of Libya; Phoenix, the father of Europa; all point to an intercourse of Greece with foreign countries, whatever else their mythological meaning may be. As soon as we know anything of the history of the world, we know of wars and alliances between Greeks and Lydians and Persians, of Phœnician settlements all over the world, of Carthaginians trading in Spain and encamped in Italy, of Romans conquering and colonising Gaul, Spain, Britain, the Danubian Principalities and Greece, Western Asia, and Northern Africa. Then again, at a later time, follow the great ethnic convulsions of Eastern Europe, and the devastation and re-population of the ancient seats of civilisation by Goths, and Lombards, and Vandals, and Saxons; while at the same time, and for many centuries to come, the few strongholds of civilisation in the East were again and again overwhelmed by the irresistible waves of Hunnish, Mongolic, and Tartaric invaders. And, with all this, people at the latter end of the nineteenth century venture to speak, for instance, of pure Norman blood as something definite or definable, forgetting how the ancient Norsemen carried their wives away from the coasts of Germany or Russia, from Sicily or from the very Piræus; while others married whatever wives they could find in the North of France, whether of Gallic, Roman,

or German extraction, and then settled in England, where they again contracted marriages with Teutonic, Celtic, or Roman damsels. In our own days, if we see the daughter of an English officer and an Indian Ranee married to the son of a Russian nobleman, how are we to class the offspring of that marriage? The Indian Ranee may have had Mongol blood, so may the Russian nobleman; but there are other possible ingredients of pure Hindu and pure Slavonic, of Norman, German, and Roman blood—and who is the chemist bold enough to disengage them all? There is perhaps no nation which has been exposed to more frequent admixture of foreign blood, during the Middle Ages, than the Greeks. Professor Fallmerayer maintained that the Hellenic population was entirely exterminated, and that the people who at the present day call themselves Greeks are really Slavonians. It would be difficult to refute him by arguments drawn either from the physical, or the moral characteristics of the modern Greeks as compared with the many varieties of the Slavonic stock. But the following extract from ‘Felton’s Lectures on Greece, Ancient and Modern,’ contains the only answer that can be given to such charges, without point or purpose:—‘In one of the courses of lectures,’ he says, ‘which I attended in the University of Athens, the Professor of History, a very eloquent man as well as a somewhat fiery Greek, took this subject up. His audience consisted of about two hundred young men, from every part of Greece. His indignant comments on the learned German, that notorious *Μισέλλην* or Greek-hater, as he stigmatised him, were received by his hearers with a profound sensation. They sat with expanded

nostrils and flashing eyes—a splendid illustration of the old Hellenic spirit, roused to fury by the charge of barbarian descent. “It is true,” said the eloquent Professor, “that the tide of barbaric invaders poured down like a deluge upon Hellas, filling with its surging floods our beautiful plains—our fertile valleys. The Greeks fled to their walled towns and mountain fastnesses. By-and-by the water subsided and the soil of Hellas reappeared. The former inhabitants descended from the mountains as the tide receded, resumed their ancient lands and rebuilt their ruined habitations, and, the reign of the barbarians over, Hellas was herself again.” Three or four rounds of applause followed the close of the lectures of Professor Manouses, in which I heartily joined. I could not help thinking afterwards what a singular comment on the German anti-Hellenic theory was presented by this scene—a Greek Professor in a Greek University lecturing to two hundred Greeks in the Greek language, to prove that the Greeks were Greeks, and not Slavonians¹.

And yet we hear the same arguments used over and over again, not only with regard to the Greeks, but with regard to many other modern nations; and even men whose minds have been trained in the school of exact science, use the term ‘blood’ in this vague and thoughtless manner. The adjective Greek may connote many things, but what it denotes is language. People who speak Greek as their mother tongue are Greeks, and if a Turkish-speaking inhabitant of Constantinople could trace his pedigree

¹ ‘Greece, Ancient and Modern,’ by C. C. Felton; Boston, 1867, vol. ii: p. 314.

straight to Pericles, he would still be a Turk, whatever his name, his faith, his hair, features, and stature, whatever his blood, might be. We can classify languages, and as languages presuppose people that speak them, we can so far classify mankind, according to their grammars and dictionaries; while all who possess scientific honesty must confess and will confess that, as yet, it has been impossible to devise any truly scientific classification of skulls, to say nothing of blood, or bones, or hair. The label on one of the skulls in the Munich Collection, 'Etruscan-Tyrol, or Inca-Peruvian,' characterises not too unfairly the present state of ethnological craniology. Let those who imagine that the great outlines, at least, of a classification of skulls have been firmly established consult Mr. Brace's useful manual of 'The Races of the World,' where he has collected the opinions of some of the best judges on the subject. We quote a few passages¹:—

'Dr. Bachmann concludes from the measurements of Dr. Tiedemann and Dr. Morton, that the negro skull, though less than the European, is within one inch as large as the Persian and the Armenian, and three square inches larger than the Hindoo and Egyptian. The scale is thus given by Dr. Morton:—European skull, 87 cubic inches; Malay, 85; Negro, 83; Mongol, 82; Ancient Egyptian, 80; American, 79. The ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, who constructed so elaborate a civilisation, show a capacity only of from 75 to 79 inches. . . . Other observations by Huschke make the average capacity of the skull of Europeans 40·88 oz.; of Americans, 39·13; of Mongols, 38·39; of Negroes, 37·57; of Malays, 36·41.'

'Of the shape of the skull, as distinctive of different origin, Professor M. J. Weber has said there is no proper mark of a definite

¹ 'The Races of the Old World: A Manual of Ethnology.' By Charles L. Brace. London, 1863, p. 362 *seq.*

race from the cranium so firmly attached that it may not be found in some other race. Tiedemann has met with Germans whose skulls bore all the characters of the negro race ; and an inhabitant of Nukahiwa, according to Silesius and Blumenbach, agreed exactly in his proportions with the Apollo Belvedere.'

Professor Huxley, in his 'Observations on the Human Skulls of Engis and Neanderthal,' printed in Sir Charles Lyell's 'Antiquity of Man,' p. 81, remarks that 'the most capacious European skull yet measured had a capacity of 114 cubic inches, the smallest (as estimated by weight of brain) about 55 cubic inches ; while, according to Professor Schaaffhausen, some Hindu skulls have as small a capacity as 46 cubic inches (27 oz. of water) ;' and he sums up by stating that 'cranial measurements alone afford no safe indication of race.'

And even if a scientific classification of skulls were to be carried out, if, instead of merely being able to guess that this may be an Australian and this a Malay skull, we were able positively to place each individual skull under its own definite category, what should we gain in the classification of mankind ? Where is the bridge from skull to man in the full sense of that word ? Where is the connecting link between the cranial proportions and only one other of man's characteristic properties, such as language ? And what applies to skulls applies to colour and all the rest. Even a black skin and curly hair are mere outward accidents as compared with language. We do not classify parrots and magpies by the colour of their plumage, still less by the cages in which they live ; and what is the black skin or the white skin but the mere outward covering, not to say the mere cage, in which that being which we call man lives, moves,

and has his being? A man like Bishop Crowther, though a negro in blood, is, in thought and speech, an Aryan. He speaks English, he thinks English, he acts English; and, unless we take English in a purely historical, and not in its truly scientific, i.e. linguistic, sense, he is English. No doubt there are many influences at work—old proverbs, old songs and traditions, religious convictions, social institutions, political prejudices, besides the soil, the food, and the air of a country—that may keep up, even among people who have lost their national language, that kind of vague similarity which is spoken of as national character¹. This is a subject on which many volumes have been written, and yet the result has only been to supply newspapers with materials for international insults or international courtesies, as the case may be. Nothing sound or definite has been gained by such speculations, and in an age that prides itself on the careful observance of the rules of inductive reasoning, nothing is more surprising than the sweeping assertions with regard to national character, and the reckless way in which casual observations that may be true of one, two, three, or it may be ten or even a hundred individuals, are extended to millions. However, if there is one safe exponent of national character, it is language. Take away the language of a

¹ Cornish proverbs have lived on after the extinction of Cornish, and even as translated into English they naturally continue to exercise their own peculiar spell on the minds of men and children. Such proverbs are:—

‘It is better to keep than to beg.’

‘Do good, for thyself thou dost it.’

‘Speak little, speak well, and well will be spoken again.’

‘There is no down without eye, no hedge without ears.’

people, and you destroy at once that powerful chain of tradition in thought and sentiment which holds all the generations of the same race together, if we may use an unpleasant simile, like the chain of a gang of galley-slaves. These slaves, we are told, very soon fall into the same pace, without being aware, that their movements depend altogether on the movements of those who walk before them. It is nearly the same with us. We imagine we are altogether free in our thoughts, original and independent, and we are not aware that our thoughts are manacled and fettered by language, and that, without knowing and without perceiving it, we have to keep pace with those who walked before us thousands and thousands of years ago. Language alone binds people together and keeps them distinct from others who speak different tongues. In ancient times particularly, 'languages and nations' meant the same thing; and even with us our real ancestors are those whose language we speak, the fathers of our thoughts, the mothers of our hopes and fears. Blood, bones, hair, and colour, are mere accidents, utterly unfit to serve as principles of scientific classification for that great family of living beings, the essential characteristics of which are thought and speech, not fibrine, serum, colouring matter, or whatever else enters into the composition of blood.

If this be true, the inhabitants of Cornwall, whatever the number of Roman, Saxon, Danish, or Norman settlers within the boundaries of that county may have been, continued to be Celts as long as they spoke Cornish. They ceased to be Celts when they ceased to speak the language of their forefathers. Those who can appreciate the charms of genuine

antiquity will not, therefore, find fault with the enthusiasm of Daines Barrington or Sir Joseph Banks in listening to the strange utterances of Dolly Pen-treath ;* for her language, if genuine, carried them back and brought them, as it were, into immediate contact with people who, long before the Christian era, acted an important part on the stage of history, supplying the world with two of the most precious metals, more precious than gold or silver, with copper and tin, the very materials, it may be, of the finest works of art in Greece, ay, of the armour wrought for the heroes of the Trojan war, as described so minutely by the poets of the 'Iliad.' There is a continuity in language which nothing equals, and there is an historical genuineness in ancient words, if but rightly interpreted, which cannot be rivalled by manuscripts, or coins, or monumental inscriptions.

But though it is right to be enthusiastic about what is really ancient in Cornwall—and there is nothing so ancient as language—it is equally right to be discriminating. The fresh breezes of antiquity have intoxicated many an antiquarian. Words, purely Latin or English, though somewhat changed after being admitted into the Cornish dictionary, have been quoted as the originals from which the Roman or English were in turn derived. The Latin *liber*, book, was supposed to be derived from the Welsh *llyvyr*; *littera*, letter, from Welsh *llythyr*; *persona*, person, from Welsh *person*, and many more of the same kind. Walls built within the memory of men have been admitted as relics of British architecture; nay, Latin inscriptions of the simplest character have but lately been interpreted, by means of Cornish, as containing strains of a mysterious wisdom. Here, too, a study

of the language gives some useful hints as to the proper method of disentangling the truly ancient from the more modern elements. Whatever in the Cornish dictionary cannot be traced back to any other source, whether Latin, Saxon, Norman, or German, may safely be considered as Cornish, and therefore as ancient Celtic. Whatever in the antiquities of Cornwall cannot be claimed by Romans, Saxons, Danes, or Normans, may fairly be considered as genuine remains of the earliest civilisation of this island, as the work of the Celtic discoverers of Britain.

The Cornish language is by no means a pure or unmixed language, at least we do not know it in its pure state. It is, in fact, a mere accident that any literary remains have been preserved, and three or four small volumes would contain all that is left to us of Cornish literature. 'There is a poem,' to quote Mr. Norris, 'which we may by courtesy call epic, entitled "Mount Calvary."' It contains 259 stanzas of eight lines each, in heptasyllabic metre, with alternate rhyme. It is ascribed to the fifteenth century, and was published for the first time by Mr. Davies Gilbert in 1826¹. There is, besides, a series of dramas, or mystery-plays, first published by Mr. Norris for the University Press of Oxford, in 1858. The first is called 'The Beginning of the World,' the second 'The Passion of our Lord,' the third "The Resurrection.' The last is interrupted by another play, 'The

¹ A critical edition, with some excellent notes, was published by Mr. Whitley Stokes, under the title of 'The Passion.' MSS. of it exist at the British Museum and at the Bodleian. One of the Bodleian MSS. (Gough, Cornwall, 3) contains an English translation by Keigwyn, made in 1682.

Death of Pilate.' The oldest MS. in the Bodleian Library belongs to the fifteenth century, and Mr. Norris is not inclined to refer the composition of these plays to a much earlier date. Another MS., likewise in the Bodleian Library, contains both the text and a translation by Keigwyn (1695). Lastly, there is another sacred drama, called 'The Creation of the World, with Noah's Flood.' It is in many places copied from the dramas, and, according to the MS., it was written by William Jordan in 1611. The oldest MS. belongs again to the Bodleian Library, which likewise possesses a MS. of the translation by Keigwyn in 1691¹.

These mystery-plays, as we may learn from a passage in Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall' (p. 71), were still performed in Cornish in his time, i. e. at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He says:—

'Pastimes to delight the minde, the Cornish men have Guary miracles and three mens songs ; and, for the exercise of the body, hunting, hawking, shooting, wrestling, hurling, and such other games.

'The Guary miracle—in English, a miracle-play—is a kind of enterlude, compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture history, with that grossenes which accompanied the Romanes *vetus Comedia*. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of his enclosed playne some forty or fifty foot. The country people flock from all sides, many miles off, to heare and see it, for they have therein devils and devices, to delight

¹ In the MS. in the British Museum, the translation is said by Mr. Norris to be dated 1693 (vol. ii. p. 440). It was published in 1827 by Davies Gilbert ; and a critical edition was prepared by Mr. Whitley Stokes, and published with an English translation in 1862. Mr. Stokes leaves it doubtful whether William Jordan was the author, or merely the copyist, and thinks the text may belong to an earlier date, though it is decidedly more modern than the other specimens of Cornish which we possess in the dramas, and in the poem of 'The Passion.'

as well the eye as the eare ; the players conne not their parts without booke, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their back with the booke in his hand, and telleth them *softly what they must pronounce aloud*. Which manner once gave occasion to a pleasant conceyted gentleman, of practising a mery pranke ; for he undertaking (perhaps of set purpose) an actor's roome, was accordingly lessoned (beforehand) by the Ordinary, that he must say after him. His turn came. Quoth the Ordinary, Goe forth man and shew thy selfe. The gentleman steps out upon the stage, and like a bad Clarke in Scripture matters, cleaving more to the letter then the sense, pronounced those words aloud. Oh ! (sayes the fellowe softly in his eare) you marre all the play. And with this his passion the actor makes the audience in like sort acquainted. Hercon the prompter falls to flat rayling and cursing in the bitterest termes he could devise ; which the gentleman, with a set gesture and countenance, still soberly related, untill the Ordinary, driven at last into a madde rage, was faine to give all over. Which troussc, though it brake off the enterlude. yet defrauded not the beholders, but dismissed them with a great deale more sport and laughter than such Guaries could have afforded¹.

Scawen, at the end of the seventeenth century, speaks of these miracle-plays, and considers the suppression of the *Guirrimcars*², or Great Plays or Speeches³, as one of the chief causes of the decay of the Cornish language.

¹ *Guare*, in Cornish, means a play, a game ; the Welsh *gware*.

² According to Lhuyd, *guirimir* would be a corruption of *guirimirke*, i. e. a miracle-play.—Norris, vol. ii. p. 455.

³ In some lines written in 1693, on the origin of the Oxford *Terræ filius*, we read :—

‘ These undergraduates’ oracles
Deduced from Cornwall’s *guary* miracles—
From immemorial custom there
They raise a turfy theatre !
When from a passage underground,
By frequent crowds encompassed round,
Out leaps some little Mephistopheles,
‘ Who e’en of all the mob the offal is, &c.’

‘These *Guirrimears*,’ he says, ‘which were used at the great conventions of the people, at which they had famous interludes celebrated with great preparations, and not without shows of devotion in them, solemnized in great and spacious downs of great capacity, encompassed about with earthen banks, and some in part stonework, of largeness to contain thousands, the shapes of which remain in many places at this day, though the use of them long since gone. . . . This was a great means to keep in use the tongue with delight and admiration. They had recitations in them, poetical and divine, one of which I may suppose this small relique of antiquity to be, in which the passion of our Saviour, and his resurrection, is described.’

If to these mystery-plays and poems we add some versions of the Lord’s Prayer, the Commandments, and the Creed, a protestation of the bishops in Britain to Augustine the monk, the Pope’s legate, in the year 600 after Christ (MS. Gough, 4), the first chapter of Genesis, and some songs, proverbs, riddles, a tale and a glossary, we have an almost complete catalogue of what a Cornish library would be at the present day.

Now, if we examine the language as preserved to us in these fragments, we find that it is full of Norman, Saxon, and Latin words. No one can doubt, for instance, that the following Cornish words are all taken from Latin, that is, from the Latin of the Church :—

Abat, an abbot ; Lat. *abbas*.

Alter, altar ; Lat. *altare*.

Apōstol, apostle ; Lat. *apostolus*.

Clauster, cloister ; Lat. *claustrum*.

Colom, dove ; Lat. *columba*.

Gwespar, vespers ; Lat. *vesper*.

Cantuil, candle ; Lat. *candela*.

Cantuilbren, candlestick ; Lat. *candelubrum*.

Ail, angel ; Lat. *angelus*.

Archail, archangel ; Lat. *archangelus*.

Other words, though not immediately connected

with the service and the doctrine of the Church, may nevertheless have passed from Latin into Cornish, either directly from the daily conversation of monks, priests, and schoolmasters, or indirectly from English or Norman, in both of which the same Latin words had naturally been adopted, though slightly modified according to the phonetic peculiarities of each. Thus :—

Ancar, anchor ; the Latin, *ancora*. This might have come indirectly through English or Norman-French.

Aradar, plough ; the Latin, *aratrum*. This must have come direct from Latin, as it does not exist in Norman or English.

Arghans, silver ; *argentum*.

Keghin, kitchen ; *coquina*. This is taken from the same Latin word from which the Romance languages formed *cuisine*, *cucina* ; not from the classical Latin, *culina*.

Liver, book ; *liber*, originally the bark of trees on which books were written.

Dinair, coin ; *denarius*. *Seth*, arrow ; *sagitta*. *Caus*, cheese ; *caseus*. *Caul*, cabbage ; *caulis*.

These words are certainly foreign words in Cornish and the other Celtic languages in which they occur, and to attempt to supply for some of them a purely Celtic etymology shows a complete want of appreciation both of the history of words and of the phonetic laws that govern each family of the Indo-European languages. Sometimes, no doubt, the Latin words have been considerably changed and modified, according to the phonetic peculiarities of the dialects into which they were received. Thus, *gvespar* for *vesper*, *seth* for *sagitta*, *caus* for *caseus*, hardly look like Latin words. Yet no real Celtic scholar would claim them as Celtic ; and the Rev. Robert Williams, the author of the ‘*Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum*,’ in speaking of a list of words borrowed from Latin by

the Welsh during the stay of the Romans in Britain, is no doubt right in stating 'that it will be found much more extensive than is generally imagined.'

Latin words which have reached the Cornish after they had assumed a French or Norman disguise, are, for instance,—

Emperur, instead of Latin *imperator* (Welsh, *ymherawdwr*).

Laian, the French *loyal*, but not the Latin *legalis*. Likewise, *dislaian*, disloyal.

Fruit, fruit ; Lat. *fructus* ; French, *fruit*.

Funten, fountain, commonly pronounced *fenton* ; Lat. *fontana* ; French, *fontaine*.

Gromersy, i.e. grand mercy, thanks.

Hoyz, hoyz, hoyz ! hear, hear ! The Norman-French *Oyez*.

The town-crier of Aberconwy may still be heard prefacing his notices with the shout of 'Hoyz, hoyz, hoyz !' which in other places has been corrupted to 'O yes.'

The following words, adopted into Cornish and other Celtic dialects, clearly show their Saxon origin :—

Casfor, a chafer ; Germ. *käfer*. *Craft*, art, craft. *Redior*, a reader. *Storc*, a stork. *Let*, hindrance, let ; preserved in the German *verletzen*¹.

¹ The following extract from a Cornish paper gives some curious words still current among the people :—

'A few weeks since a correspondent in the "Cornish Telegraph" remarked a few familiar expressions which we, West country folks, are accustomed to use in so vague a sense that strangers are often rather puzzled to know precisely what we mean. He might also have added to the list many old Cornish words, still in common use, as *skaw* for the elder-tree ; *skaw-dower*, water-elder ; *skaw-coo*, nightshade ; *bannel*, broom ; *skedgewith*, privet ; *griglans*, heath ; *padzy-paw* (from *padzar*, four ?), the small grey lizard ; *muryan*, the ant ; *quilkan*, the frog (which retains its English name when in the water) ; *pul-cronack* (literally pool-toad) is the name given to a small fish with a head much like that of a toad, which is often

Considering that Cornish and other Celtic dialects are members of the same family to which Latin and German belong, it is sometimes difficult to tell at once whether a Celtic word was really borrowed, or whether it belongs to that ancient stock of words which all the Aryan languages share in common. This is a point which can be determined by scholars only and by means of phonetic tests. Thus the Cornish *huir*, or *hoer*, is clearly the same word as the Latin *soror*, sister. But the change of *s* into *h* would not have taken place if the word had been simply borrowed from Latin, while many words

found in the pools (*pulans*) left by the receding tide among the rocks along shore; *visnan*, the sand-lance; *bul-horn*, the shell-snail; *dumble-dory*, the black-beetle (but this may be a corruption of the dor-beetle). A small, solid wheel has still the old name of *drucshar*. Finely pulverised soil is called *grute*. The roots and other light matter harrowed up on the surface of the ground for burning we call *tabs*. The harvest-home and harvest-feast, *guldize*. *Plum* means soft; *quail*, withered; *crum*, crooked; *bruyasis*, crumbs; with a few other terms more rarely used.

! 'Many of our ordinary expressions (often mistaken for vulgar provincialisms) are French words slightly modified, which were probably introduced into the West by the old Norman families who long resided there. For instance: a large apron to come quite round, worn for the sake of keeping the under-clothing clean, is called a *touser* (*tout-serre*); a game of running romps, is a *courant* (from *courir*). Very rough play is a regular *cow's courant*. Going into a neighbour's for a spell of friendly chat is going to *cursey* (*causer*) a bit. The loins are called the *cheens* (old French, *echine*). The plant sweet-leaf, a kind of St. John's wort, here called *tutsen*, is the French *tout-saine* (heal all). There are some others which, however, are not peculiar to the West; as *kick-shaws* (*quelque chose*), &c. We have also many inverted words, as *swap* for wasp, *cruds* for curds, &c. Then again we call a fly a *flea*; and a flea a *flay*; and the smallest stream of water a *river*.'—W. B.

beginning with *s* in Sanskrit, Latin, and German, change the *s* into *h* in Cornish as well as in Greek and Persian. The Cornish *hoer*, sister, is indeed curiously like the Persian *kháher*, the regular representative of the Sanskrit *svasar*, the Latin *soror*. The same applies to *braud*, brother, *dedh*, day, *dri*, three, and many more words which form the primitive stock of Cornish, and were common to all the Aryan languages before their earliest dispersion.

What applies to the language of Cornwall applies with equal force to the other relics of antiquity of that curious county. It has been truly said that Cornwall is poor in antiquities, but it is equally true that it is rich in antiquity. The difficulty is to discriminate, and to distinguish what is really Cornish or Celtic from what may be later additions, of Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman origin. Now here, as we said before, the safest rule is clearly the same as that which we followed in our analysis of language. Let everything be claimed for English, Norman, Danish, and Roman sources that can clearly be proved to come from thence; but let what remains unclaimed be considered as Cornish or Celtic. Thus, if we do not find in countries exclusively inhabited by Romans or Saxons anything like a cromlech, surely we have a right to look upon these strange structures as remnants of Celtic times. It makes no difference if it can be shown that below these cromlechs coins have occasionally been found of the Roman Emperors. This only proves that even during the days of Roman supremacy the Cornish style of public monuments, whether sepulchral or otherwise, remained. Nay, why should not even a Roman settled in Cornwall have adopted the

monumental style of his adopted country? Roman and Saxon hands may have helped to erect some of the cromlechs which are still to be seen in Cornwall, but the original idea of such monuments, and hence their name, is purely Celtic.

Cromlêh in Cornish, or *cromlech* in Welsh, means a bent slab, from the Cornish *crom*, bent, curved, rounded, and *lêh*, a slab. Though many of these cromlechs have been destroyed, Cornwall still possesses some fine specimens of these ancient stone tripods. Most of them are large granite slabs, supported by three stones fixed in the ground. These supporters are likewise huge flat stones, but the capstone is always the largest, and its weight inclining towards one point, imparts strength to the whole structure. At Lanyon, however, where the top-stone of a cromlech was thrown down in 1816 by a violent storm, the supporters remained standing, and the capstone was replaced in 1824, though not, it would seem, at its original height. Dr. Borlasé relates that in his time the monument was high enough for a man to sit on horseback under it. At present such a feat would be impossible, the cover-stone being only about five feet from the ground. These cromlechs, though very surprising when seen for the first time, represent in reality one of the simplest achievements of primitive architecture. It is far easier to balance a heavy weight on three uneven props than to rest it level on two or four even supporters. There are, however, cromlechs resting on four or more stones, these stones forming a kind of chamber, or a *kist-vaen*, which is supposed to have served originally as a sepulchre. These structures presuppose a larger amount of architec-

tural skill; still more so the gigantic portals of Stonehenge, which are formed by two pillars of equal height, joined by a superincumbent stone. Here weight alone was no longer considered sufficient for imparting strength and safety, but holes were worked in the upper stones, and the pointed tops of the pillars were fitted into them. In the slabs that form the cromlechs we find no such traces of careful workmanship, and this, as well as other considerations, would support the opinion¹ that in Stonehenge we have one of the latest specimens of Celtic architecture. Marvellous as are the remains of that primitive style of architectural art, the only real problem they offer is how such large stones could have been brought together from a distance, and how such enormous weights could have been lifted up. The first question is answered by ropes and rollers, and the mural sculptures of Nineveh show us what can be done by such simple machinery. We there see the whole picture of how these colossal blocks of stone were moved from the quarry on to the place where they were wanted. Given plenty of time, and plenty of men and oxen, and there is no block that could not be brought to its right place by means of ropes and rollers. And that our forefathers did not stint themselves either in time, or in men, or other cattle, when engaged in erecting such monuments, we know even from comparatively modern times. Under Harold Harfagr, two kings spent three whole years in erecting one single tumulus; and Harold Blatand is said to have employed the whole of his army and a vast number

¹ 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cviii. p. 200.

of oxen in transporting a large stone which he wished to place on his mother's tomb¹. As to the second question, we can readily understand how, after the supporters had once been fixed in the ground, an artificial mound might be raised, which, when the heavy slab had been rolled up on an inclined plane, might be removed again, and thus leave the heavy stone poised in its startling elevation.

As skeletons have been found under some of the cromlechs, there can be little doubt that the chambers enclosed by them, the so-called *kist-vaens*, were intended to receive the remains of the dead, and to perpetuate their memory. And as these sepulchral monuments are most frequent in those parts of the British Isles which from the earliest to the latest times were inhabited by Celtic people, they may be considered as representative of the Celtic style of public sepulture. *Kist-vaen*, or *cist-vaen*, means a stone-chamber, from *cist*, the Latin *cista*, a chest, and *vaen* the modified form of *maen* or *mén*, stone. Their size is with few exceptions not less than the size of a human body. But although these monuments were originally sepulchral, we may well understand that the burying-places of great men, of kings, or priests, or generals, were likewise used for the celebration of other religious rites. Thus we read in the Book of Lecan, 'that Amhalgaith built a cairn, for the purpose of holding a meeting of the Hy-Amhalgaith every year, and to view his ships and fleet going and coming, and as a place

Saxo Grammaticus, 'Historia Danica,' lib. x. p. 167; ed. Francofurt. 1576.

of interment for himself¹. Nor does it follow, as some antiquarians maintain, that every structure in the style of a cromlech, even in England, is exclusively Celtic. We imitate pyramids and obelisks, why should not the Saxons have built the Kitts Cotty House, which is found in a thoroughly Saxon neighbourhood, after Celtic models and with the aid of Celtic captives? This cromlech stands in Kent, on the brow of a hill about a mile and a half from Aylesford, to the right of the great road from Rochester to Maidstone. Near it, across the Medway, are the stone circles of Addington. The stone on the south side is 8 ft. high by $7\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and 2 ft. thick; weight about 8 tons. That on the north is 8 ft. by 8, and 2 thick; weight 8 tons 10 cwt. The end stone 5 ft. 6 in. high by 5 ft. broad; thickness 14 in.; weight 2 tons $8\frac{1}{4}$ cwt. The impost is 11 ft. long by 8 ft. broad, and 2 ft. thick; weight 10 tons 7 cwt. It is higher, therefore, than the Cornish cromlechs, but in other respects it is a true specimen of that class of Celtic monuments. The cover-stone of the cromlech at Molfra is 9 ft. 8 in. by 14 ft. 3 in.; its supporters are 5 ft. high. The cover-stone of the Chûn cromlech measures $12\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in length and 11 ft. in width. The largest slab is that at Lanyon, which measures $18\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in length and 9 ft. at the broadest part.

The cromlechs are no doubt the most characteristic and most striking among the monuments of Cornwall. Though historians have differed as to their exact purpose, not even the most careless traveller could pass them by without seeing that they do

¹ Quoted in Petrie, 'Eccles. Architecture of Ireland,' p. 107.

not stand there without a purpose. They speak for themselves, and they certainly speak in a language that is neither Roman, Saxon, Danish, nor Norman. Hence in England they may, by a kind of exhaustive process of reasoning, be claimed as relics of Celtic civilisation. The same argument applies to the cromlechs and stone avenues of Carnac, in Britany. Here, too, language and history attest the former presence of Celtic people, nor could any other race, that influenced the historical destinies of the north of Gaul, claim such structures as their own. Even in still more distant places, in the South of France, in Scandinavia, or Germany, where similar monuments have been discovered, they may, though more hesitatingly, be classed as Celtic, particularly if they are found near the natural high roads on which we know that the Celts in their westward migrations preceded the Teutonic and Slavonic Aryans. But the case is totally different when we hear of cromlechs, cairns, and kist-vaens in the north of Africa, in Upper Egypt, on the Lebanon, near the Jordan, in Circassia, or in the South of India. Here, and more particularly in the South of India, we have no indications whatever of Celtic Aryans; on the contrary, if that name is taken in its strict scientific meaning, it would be impossible to account for the presence of Celtic Aryans in those southern latitudes at any time after the original dispersion of the Aryan family. It is very natural that English officers living in India should be surprised at monuments which cannot but remind them of what they had seen at home, whether in Cornwall, Ireland, or Scotland. A description of some of these monuments, the so-called Pandoo Coolies in Malabar, was

given by Mr. J. Babington, in 1820, and published in the third volume of the 'Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay,' in 1823. Captain Congreve called attention to what he considered Scythic Druidical remains in the Nilghiri hills, in a paper published in 1847, in the 'Madras Journal of Literature and Science,' and the same subject was treated in the same journal by the Rev. W. Taylor. A most careful and interesting description of similar monuments has lately been published in the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,' by Captain Meadows Taylor, under the title of 'Description of Cairns, Cromlechs, Kist-vaens, and other Celtic, Druidical, or Scythian Monuments in the Dekhan.' Captain Taylor found these monuments near the village of Rajunkolloor, in the principality of Shorapoor, an independent native state, situated between the Bheema and Krishna rivers, immediately above their junction. Others were discovered near Huggeritgi, others on the hill of Yemmee Gooda, others again near Shapoor, Hyderabad, and other places. All these monuments in the South of India are no doubt extremely interesting, but to call them Celtic, Druidical, or Scythic, is unscientific, or, at all events, exceedingly premature. There is in all architectural monuments a natural or rational, and a conventional, or, it may be, irrational element. A striking agreement in purely conventional features may justify the assumption that monuments so far distant from each other as the cromlechs of Anglesea and the 'Mori-Munni' of Shorapoor owe their origin to the same architects, or to the same races. But an agreement in purely natural contrivances goes for nothing, or, at least, for very little. Now there is very little that

can be called conventional in a mere stone pillar, or in a cairn, that is, an artificial heap of stones. Even the erection of a cromlech can hardly be claimed as a separate style of architecture. Children, all over the world, if building houses with cards, will build cromlechs; and people, all over the world, if the neighbourhood supplies large slabs of stone, will put three stones together to keep out the sun or the wind, and put a fourth stone on the top to keep out the rain. Before monuments like those described by Captain Meadows Taylor can be classed as Celtic or Druidical, a possibility, at all events, must be shown that Celts, in the true sense of the word, could ever have inhabited the Dekhan. Till that is done, it is better to leave them anonymous, or to call them by their native names, than to give to them a name which is apt to mislead the public at large, and to encourage theories which exceed the limits of legitimate speculation.

Returning to Cornwall, we find there, besides the cromlechs, pillars, holed stones, and stone circles, all of which may be classed as public monuments. They all bear witness to a kind of public spirit, and to a certain advance in social and political life, at the time of their erection. They were meant for people living at the time, who understood their meaning, if not as messages to posterity, and if so, as truly historical monuments; for history begins when the living begin to care about the good opinion of those who come after them. Some of the single Cornish pillars tell us little indeed; nothing, in reality, beyond the fact that they were erected by human skill, and with some human purpose. Some of these monoliths seem to have been of a considerable size. In a village

called Mên Perhen, in Constantine parish, there stood, 'about five years ago'—so Dr. Borlase relates in the year 1769—a large pyramidal stone, twenty feet above the ground, and four feet in the ground; it made above twenty stone posts for gates when it was clove up by the farmer who gave the account to the Doctor¹. Other stones, like the Mên Scrifa, have inscriptions, but these inscriptions are Roman, and of comparatively late date. There are some pillars, like the Pipers at Bolleit, which are clearly connected with the stone circles close by, remnants, it may be, of old stone avenues, or beacons, from which signals might be sent to other distant settlements. The holed stones, too, are generally found in close proximity to other large stone monuments. They are called *mên-an-tol*, hole-stones, in Cornwall; and the name of *tol-men*, or *dol-men*, which is somewhat promiscuously used by Celtic antiquarians, should be restricted to monuments of this class, *toll* being the Cornish word for *hole*, *mên* for *stone*, and *an* the article. French antiquarians, taking *dol* or *tôl* as a corruption of *tabula*, use *dolman* in the sense of table-stones, and as synonymous with *cromlech*, while they frequently use *cromlech* in the sense of stone circles. This can hardly be justified, and leads at all events to much confusion.

The stone circles, whether used for religious or judicial purposes—and there was in ancient times very little difference between the two—were clearly intended for solemn meetings. There is a very perfect circle at Boscawen-ûn, which consisted originally of nineteen stones. Dr. Borlase, whose work

on the Antiquities of the County of Cornwall contains the most trustworthy information as to the state of Cornish antiquities about a hundred years ago, mentions three other circles which had the same number of stones, while others vary from twelve to seventy-two.

‘The figure of these monuments,’ he says, ‘is either simple, or compounded. Of the first kind are exact circles; elliptical or semicircular. The construction of these is not always the same, some having their circumference marked with large separate stones only; others having ridges of small stones intermixed, and sometimes walls and seats, serving to render the enclosure more complete. Other circular monuments have their figure more complex and varied, consisting, not only of a circle, but of some other distinguishing properties. In, or near the centre of some, stands a stone taller than the rest, as at Boscawen-ûn; in the middle of others a kist-vaen. A cromlêh distinguishes the centre of some circles, and one remarkable rock that of others; some have only one line of stones in their circumference, and some have two; some circles are adjacent, some contiguous, and some include, and some intersect each other. Sometimes urns are found in or near them. Some are curiously erected on geometrical plans, the chief entrance facing the cardinal points of the heavens; some have avenues leading to them, placed exactly north and south, with detached stones, sometimes in straight lines to the east and west, sometimes triangular. These monuments are found in many foreign countries, in Iceland, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, as well as in all the isles dependent upon Britain (the Orkneys, Western Isles, Jersey, Ireland, and the Isle of Man), and in most parts of Britain itself.’

Modern traditions have everywhere clustered round these curious stone circles. Being placed in a circular order, so as to make an area for dancing, they were naturally called *Dawns-mên*, i.e. dancing stones. This name was soon corrupted into dancemen; and a legend sprang up at once to account for the name, viz. that these men had danced on a Sunday and been changed into stones. Another corruption of the same name

into *Danis-mên*, led to the tradition that these circles were built by the Danes. A still more curious name for these circles is that of '*Nine Maidens*,' which occurs at Boscawen-ûn, and in several other places in Cornwall. Now the Boscawen-ûn circle consists of nineteen stones, and there are very few '*Nine Maidens*' that consist of nine stones only. Yet the name prevails, and is likewise supported by local legends of nine maidens having been changed into stones for dancing on a Sunday, or some other misdeed. One part of the legend may perhaps be explained by the fact that *mêdn* would be a common corruption in modern Cornish for *mên*, stone, as *pen* becomes *pedn*, and *gwyn gwydn*, &c., and that the Saxons mistook Cornish *mêdn* for their own *maiden*. But even without this, legends of a similar character would spring up wherever the popular mind is startled by strange monuments the history and purpose of which has been forgotten. Thus Captain Meadows Taylor tells us that at Vibat-Hullie the people told him 'that the stones were men who, as they stood marking out the places for the elephants of the king of the dwarfs, were turned into stone by him, because they would not keep quiet.' And M. de Cambrý, as quoted by him, says in regard to Carnac, 'that the rocks were believed to be an army turned into stone, or the work of the Croins—men or demons, two or three feet high; who carried these rocks in their hands, and placed them there.'

A second class of Cornish antiquities comprises private buildings, whether castles or huts or caves. What are called castles in Cornwall are simple entrenchments, consisting of large and small stones piled up about ten or twelve feet high, and held

together by their own weight, without any cement. There are everywhere traces of a ditch, then of a wall; sometimes, as at Chûn castle, of another ditch and another wall; and there is generally some contrivance for protecting the principal entrance by walls overlapping the ditches. Near these castles barrows are found, and in several cases there are clear traces of a communication between them and some ancient Celtic villages and caves, which seem to have been placed under the protection of these primitive strongholds. Many of the cliffs in Cornwall are fortified towards the land by walls and ditches, thus cutting off these extreme promontories from communication with the land, as they are by nature inaccessible from the sea. Some antiquarians ascribed these castles to the Danes, the very last people, one would think, to shut themselves up in such hopeless retreats. Here too, as in other cases, a popular etymology may have taken the place of an historical authority, and the Cornish word for castle being *Dinas*, as in *Castle an Dinas*, *Pendennis*, &c., the later Saxon-speaking population may have been reminded by *Dinas* of the Danes, and on the strength of this vague similarity have ascribed to these pirates the erection of the Cornish castles.

It is indeed difficult, with regard to these castles, to be positive as to the people by whom they were constructed. Tradition and history point to Romans and Saxons, as well as to Celts, nor is it at all unlikely that many of these half-natural, half-artificial strongholds, though originally planned by the Celtic inhabitants, were afterwards taken possession of and strengthened by Romans or Saxons.

But no such doubts are allowed with regard to Cornish huts, of which some striking remains have

been preserved in Cornwall and other parts of England, particularly in those which, to the very last, remained the true home of the Celtic inhabitants of Britain. The houses and huts of the Romans were rectangular, nor is there any evidence to show that the Saxon ever approved of the circular style in domestic architecture. If, then, we find these so-called bee-hive huts in places peculiarly Celtic, and if we remember that so early a writer as Strabo¹ was struck with the same strange style of Celtic architecture, we can hardly be suspected of Celtomania, if we claim them as Celtic workmanship, and dwell with a more than ordinary interest on these ancient chambers, now long deserted and nearly smothered with ferns and weeds, but in their general planning, as well as in their masonry, clearly exhibiting before us something of the arts and the life of the earliest inhabitants of these isles. Let anybody who has a sense of antiquity, and who can feel the spark which is sent on to us through an unbroken chain of history, when we stand on the Acropolis or on the Capitol, or when we read a ballad of Homer, or a hymn of the Veda,—nay, if we but read in a proper spirit a chapter of the Old Testament too—let such a man look at the Celtic huts at Bosprennis or Chysauster, and discover for himself, through the ferns and brambles, the old grey walls, slightly sloping inward, and arranged according to a design that cannot be mistaken; and miserable as these shapeless clumps may appear to the thoughtless traveller, they will convey to the true historian a lesson which he could hardly learn anywhere else.

¹ Strabo, iv. 197 :—*τοὺς δ' οἴκους ἐκ σανίδων καὶ γέρρων ἔχουσι μεγάλους θολοειδεῖς, ὄροφον πολὺν ἐπιβάλλοντες.* ,

The ancient Britons will no longer be a mere name to him, no mere Pelasgians or Tyrrhenians. He has seen their homes and their handiwork; he has stood behind the walls which protected their lives and property; he has touched the stones which their hands piled up rudely, yet thoughtfully. And if that small spark of sympathy for those who gave the honoured name of Britain to these islands, has once been kindled among a few who have the power of influencing public opinion in England, we feel certain that something will be done to preserve what can still be preserved of Celtic remains from further destruction. It does honour to the British Parliament that large sums are granted, when it is necessary, to bring to these safe shores whatever can still be rescued from the ruins of Greece and Italy, of Lycia, Pergamos, Palestine, Egypt, Babylon, or Nineveh. But while explorers and excavators are sent to those distant countries, and the statues of Greece, the coffins of Egypt, and the winged monsters of Nineveh, are brought home in triumph to the portals of the British Museum, it is painful to see the splendid granite slabs of British cromlechs thrown down and carted away, stone-circles destroyed to make way for farming improvements, and ancient huts and caves broken up to build new houses and stables, with the stones thus ready to hand. It is high time, indeed, that something should be done, and nothing will avail but to place every truly historical monument under national protection. Individual efforts may answer here and there, and a right spirit may be awakened from time to time by local societies; but during intervals of apathy mischief is done that can never be mended; and unless the damaging of national monuments, even

though they should stand on private ground, is made a misdemeanour, we doubt whether, two hundred years hence, any enterprising explorer would be as fortunate as Mr. Layard and Sir H. Rawlinson have been in Babylon and Nineveh, and whether one single cromlech would be left for him to carry away to the National Museum of the Maoris. It is curious that the wilful damage done to Logan Stones, once in the time of Cromwell by Shrubsall, and more recently by Lieutenant Goldsmith, should have raised such indignation, while acts of Vandalism, committed against real antiquities, are allowed to pass unnoticed. Mr. Scawen, in speaking of the mischief done by strangers in Cornwall, says :—

‘Here, too, we may add, what wrong another sort of strangers has done to us, especially in the civil wars, and in particular by destroying of Mincamber, a famous monument, being a rock of infinite weight, which, as a burden, was laid upon other great stones, and yet so equally thereon poised up by Nature only, as a little child could instantly move it, but no one man or many remove it.’ This natural monument all travellers that came that way desired to behold ; but in the time of Oliver’s usurpation, when all monumental things became despicable, one Shrubsall, one of Oliver’s heroes, then Governor of Pendennis, by labour and much ado, caused to be undermined and thrown down, to the great grief of the country ; but to his own great glory, as he thought, doing it, as he said, with a small cane in his hand. I myself have heard him to boast of this act, being a prisoner then under him.’

Mr. Scawen, however, does not tell us that this Shrubsall, in throwing down the Mincamber, i. e. the Mênamber, acted very like the old missionaries in felling the sacred oaks in Germany. Merlin, it was believed, had proclaimed that this stone should stand until England had no king, and as Cornwall was a stronghold of the Stuarts, the

destruction of this loyal stone may have seemed a matter of wise policy.

Even the foolish exploit of Lieutenant Goldsmith, in 1824, would seem to have had some kind of excuse. Dr. Borlase had asserted 'that it was *morally* impossible that any lever, or indeed force, however applied in a mechanical way, could remove the famous Logan rock at Trereen Dinas from its present position.' Ptolemy, the son of Hephæstion, had made a similar remark about the Gigonian rock¹, stating that it might be stirred with the stalk of an asphodel, but could not be removed by any force. Lieutenant Goldsmith, living in an age of experimental philosophy, undertook the experiment, in order to show that it was *physically* possible to overthrow the Logan; and he did it. He was, however, very properly punished for this unscientific experiment, and he had to replace the stone at his own expense.

As this matter is really serious, we have drawn up a short list of acts of Vandalism committed in Cornwall within the memory of living man. That list could easily be increased, but even as it is, we hope it may rouse the attention of the public:—

Between St. Ives and Zennor, on the lower road over Tregarthen Downs, stood a Logan rock. An old man, perhaps ninety years of age, told Mr. Hunt, who mentions this and other cases in the preface to his charming collection of Cornish tales and legends, that he had often logged it, and that it would make a noise which could be heard for miles.

¹ Cf. Photius, 'Bibliotheca,' ed. Bekker, p. 148, l. 32 : *περὶ τῆς παρὰ τὸν ὠκεανὸν Γιγώνιος πέτρας, καὶ ὅτι μόνῳ ἀσφοδείῳ κινεῖται, πρὸς πᾶσαν βίαν ἀμετακίνητος ρῦσα.*

At Balnoon, between Nancledrea and Knill's Steeple, some miners came upon 'two slabs of granite cemented together,' which covered a walled grave three feet square, an ancient kist-vaen. In it they found an earthenware vessel containing some black earth and a leaden spoon. The spoon was given to Mr. Praed, of Trevethow; the kist-vaen was utterly destroyed.

In Bosprennis Cross there was a very large coit or cromlech. It is said to have been fifteen feet square, and not more than one foot thick in any part. This was broken in two parts some years since, and taken to Penzance to form the beds of two ovens.

The curious caves and passages at Chysauster have been destroyed for building purposes within living memory.

Another Cornishman, Mr. Bellows, reports as follows :—

'In a field between the recently discovered Beehive hut and the Boscawen-ûn circle, out of the public road, we discovered part of a "Nine Muidens," perhaps the third of the circle, the rest of the stones being dragged out and placed against the hedge, to make room for the plough.'

The same intelligent antiquarian remarks :—

'The Boscawen-ûn circle seems to have consisted originally of twenty stones. Seventeen of them are upright, two are down, and a gap exists of exactly the double space for the twentieth. We found the missing stone not twenty yards off. A farmer had removed it, and made it into a gate-post. He had cut a road through the circle, and in such a manner that he was obliged to remove the offending stone to keep it straight. Fortunately the present proprietress is a lady of taste, and has surrounded the circle with a good hedge to prevent further Vandalism.'

Of the Mên-an-tol, at Boleit, we have received the

following description from Mr. Botterell, who supplied Mr. Hunt with so many of his Cornish tales:—

‘These stones are from twenty to twenty-five feet above the surface, and we were told by some folks of Bolcit that more than ten feet had been sunk near, without finding the base. The Mên-an-tol have both been displaced, and removed a considerable distance from their original site. They are now placed in a hedge, to form the side of a gateway. The upper portion of one is so much broken that one cannot determine the angle, yet that it worked to an angle is quite apparent. The other is turned downward, and serves as the hanging-post of a gate. From the head being buried so deep in the ground, only part of the hole (which is in both stones about six inches diameter) could be seen; though the hole is too small to pop the smallest, or all but the smallest, baby through, the people call them *crick-stones*, and maintain they were so called before they were born. Crick-stones were used for dragging people through, to cure them of various diseases’

The same gentleman, writing to one of the Cornish papers, informs the public that a few years ago a rock known by the name of Garrack-zans might be seen in the town-place of Sawah, in the parish of St. Levan; another in Roskestal, in the same parish. One is also said to have been removed from near the centre of Trereen, by the family of Jans, to make a grander approach to their mansion. The ruins, which still remain, are known by the name of the Jans House, although the family became extinct soon after perpetrating what was regarded by the old inhabitants as a sacrilegious act. The Garrack-zans may still be remaining in Roskestal and Sawah, but, as much alteration has recently taken place in these villages, in consequence of building new farm-houses, making new roads, &c., it is a great chance if they have not been either removed or destroyed.

Mr. J. T. Blight, the author of one of the most useful little guide-books of Cornwall, 'A Week at the Land's End,' states that some eight or ten years ago the ruins of the ancient Chapel of St. Eloy, in St. Burian, were thrown over the cliff by the tenant of the estate, without the knowledge or permission of the owner of the property. Chûn-castle, he says, one of the finest examples of early military architecture in this kingdom, has for many years been resorted to as a sort of quarry. The same applies to Castle-an-Dinas.

From an interesting paper on Castallack Round by the same antiquarian, we quote the following passages showing the constant mischief that is going on, whether due to downright Vandalism or to ignorance and indifference :—

'From a description of Castallack Round, in the parish of St. Paul, written by Mr. Crozier, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years ago, it appears that there was a massive outer wall, with an entrance on the south; from which a colonnade of stones led to an inner enclosure, also formed with stones, and nine feet in diameter. Mr. Haliwell, so recently as 1861, refers to the avenue of upright stones leading from the outer to the inner enclosure.'

'On visiting the spot a few days ago (in 1865), I was surprised to find that not only were there no remains of an avenue of stones, but that the existence of an inner enclosure could scarcely be traced. It was, in fact, evident that some modern Vandal had here been at work. A labourer, employed in the field close by, with a complaisant smile, informed me that the old Round had been dug into last year, for the sake of the stones. I found, however, enough of the work left to be worthy of a few notes, sufficient to show that it was a kindred structure to that at Kerris, known as the Roundago, and described and figured in Borlase's "Antiquities of Cornwall." . . . Mr. Crozier also refers to a stone, five feet high, which stood within a hundred yards of the Castallack Round, and from which the Pipers at Boleit could be seen.

‘The attention of the Royal Institution of Cornwall has been repeatedly called to the destruction of Cornish antiquities, and the interference of landed proprietors has been frequently invoked in aid of their preservation ; but it unfortunately happens, ‘in most cases, that important remains are demolished by the tenants without the knowledge or consent of the landlords. On comparing the present condition of the Castallack Round with a description of its appearance so recently as in 1861, I find that the greater and more interesting part has been barbarously and irreparably destroyed ; and I regret to say, I could draw up a long list of ancient remains in Cornwall, partially or totally demolished within the last few years.’

We can hardly hope that the wholesome superstition which prevented people in former days from desecrating their ancient monuments will be any protection to them much longer, though the following story shows that some grains of the old leaven are still left in the Cornish mind. Near Carleen, in Breage, an old cross has been removed from its place, and now does duty as a gate-post. The farmer occupying the farm where the cross stood, set his labourer to sink a pit in the required spot for the gate-post, but when it was intimated that the cross standing at a little distance off was to be erected therein, the man absolutely refused to have any hand in the matter, not on account of the beautiful or the antique, but for fear of the old people. Another farmer related that he had a neighbour who ‘haeled down a lot of stoans called the Roundago, and sold ’em for building the docks at Penzance. But not a penny of the money he got for ’em ever prospered, and there wasn’t wan of the hosses that hael’d ’em that lived out the twelve-month ; and they *do* say that some of the stoans do weep blood, but I don’t believe that.’

There are many antiquarians who affect to despise the rude architecture of the Celts, nay, who would

think the name of architecture disgraced if applied to cromlechs and bee-hive huts. But even these will perhaps be more willing to lend a helping hand in protecting the antiquities of Cornwall when they hear that even ancient Norman masonry is no longer safe in that country. An antiquarian writes to us from Cornwall :—‘ I heard of some farmers in Meneage (the Lizard district) who dragged down an ancient well and rebuilt it. When called to task for it they said, “ The ould thing was so shaky that a wasn’t fit to be seen, so we thought we’d putten to rights and build’un up *fitty*.” ’

Such things, we feel sure, should not be, and would not be, allowed any longer, if public opinion, or the public conscience, was once roused. Let people laugh at Celtic monuments as much as they like, if they will only help to preserve their laughing-stocks from destruction. Let antiquarians be as sceptical as they like, if they will only prevent the dishonest withdrawal of the evidence against which their scepticism is directed. Are lake-dwellings in Switzerland, are flint-deposits in France, is kitchen-rubbish in Denmark, so very precious, and are the magnificent cromlechs, the curious holed stones, and even the rock-basins of Cornwall, so contemptible ? There is a fashion even in scientific tastes. For thirty years M. Boucher de Perthes could hardly get a hearing for his flint-heads, and now he has become the centre of interest for geologists, anthropologists, and physiologists. There is every reason to expect that the interest, once awakened in the early history of our own race, will go on increasing, and two hundred years hence the antiquarians and anthropologists of the future will call us hard names if they find out.

how we allowed these relics of the earliest civilisation of England to be destroyed. It is easy to say, What is there in a holed stone? It is a stone with a hole in it, and that is all. We do not wish to propound new theories, but in order to show how full of interest even a stone with a hole in it may become, we will just mention that the *Mên-an-tol*, or the holed stone which stands in one of the fields near Lanyon, is flanked by two other stones standing erect on each side. Let any one go there to watch a sunset about the time of the autumnal equinox, and he will see that the shadow thrown by the erect stone would fall straight through the hole of the *Mên-an-tol*. We know that the great festivals of the ancient world were regulated by the sun, and that some of these festive seasons—the winter solstice about Yule-tide or Christmas, the vernal equinox about Easter, the summer solstice on Midsummer-eve, about St. John Baptist's day, and the autumnal equinox about Michaelmas—are still kept, under changed names and with new objects, in our own time. This *Mên-an-tol* may be an old dial erected originally to fix the proper time for the celebration of the autumnal equinox; and though it may have been applied to other purposes likewise, such as the curing of children by dragging them several times through the hole, still its original intention may have been astronomical. It is easy to test this observation, and to find out whether the same remark does not hold good of other stones in Cornwall, as, for instance, the Two Pipers. We do not wish to attribute to this guess as to the original intention of the *Mên-an-tol* more importance than it deserves, nor would we in any way countenance the opinion of those who, beginning with Cæsar, ascribe

to the Celts and their Druids every kind of mysterious wisdom. A mere shepherd, though he had never heard the name of the equinox, might have erected such a stone for his own convenience, in order to know the time when he might safely bring his flocks out, or take them back to their safer stables. But this would in no way diminish the interest of the *Mên-an-tol*. It would still remain one of the few relics of the childhood of our race ; one of the witnesses of the earliest workings of the human mind in its struggle against, and in its alliance with, the powers of nature ; one of the vestiges of the first civilisation of the British Isles. Even the Romans, who carried their Roman roads in a straight line through the countries they had conquered, undeterred by any obstacles, unawed by any sanctuaries, respected, as can hardly be doubted, Silbury Hill, and made the road from Bath to London diverge from the usual straight line, instead of cutting through that time-honoured mound. Would the engineers of our railways show a similar regard for any national monument, whether Celtic, Roman, or Saxon ? When Charles II, in 1663, went to see the Celtic remains of Abury, sixty-three stones were still standing within the entrenched enclosure. Not quite a hundred years later they had dwindled down to forty-four, the rest having been used for building purposes. Dr. Stukeley, who published a description of Abury in 1743, tells us that he himself saw the upper stone of the great cromlech there broken and carried away, the fragments of it making no less than twenty cart-loads. After another century had passed, seventeen stones only remained within the great enclosure, and these, too, are being gradually broken up and carted

away. Surely such things ought not to be. Let those whom it concerns look to it before it is too late. These Celtic monuments are public property as much as London Stone, Coronation Stone, or Westminster Abbey, and posterity will hold the present generation responsible for the safe keeping of the national heir-looms of England ¹.

¹ The following extract from a Cornish newspaper, July 15, 1869, shows the necessity of imperial legislation on this subject to prevent irreparable mischief :—

‘The ruthless destruction of the Tolmen, in the parish of Constantine, which has been so much deplored, has had the effect, we are glad to say, of drawing attention to the necessity of taking measures for the preservation of the remaining antiquities and objects of curiosity and interest in the county. In a recent number of the *West Briton* we called attention to the threatened overthrow of another of our far-famed objects of great interest—the Cheesewring, near Liskeard—and we are now glad to hear that the committee of the Royal Institution of Cornwall have requested three gentlemen who take great interest in the preservation of antiquities—Mr. William Jory Henwood, F.G.S., &c., Mr. N. Hare, jun., of Liskeard, and Mr. Whitley, one of the secretaries of the Royal Institution—to visit Liskeard for the purpose of conferring with the agents of the lessors of the Cheesewring granite quarries—the Duchy of Cornwall—and with the lessees of the works, Messrs. Freeman, of Penryn, who are themselves greatly anxious that measures should be taken for the preservation of that most remarkable pile of rocks known as the Cheesewring. We have no doubt that the measures to be adopted will prove successful ; and with regard to any other antiquities or natural curiosities in the county, we shall be glad to hear from correspondents, at any time, if they are placed in peril of destruction, in order that a public announcement of the fact may become the means of preserving them.’

July, 1867.

XIV.

ARE THERE JEWS IN CORNWALL?

THERE is hardly a book on Cornish history or antiquities in which we are not seriously informed that at some time or other the Jews migrated to Cornwall, or worked as slaves in Cornish mines. Some writers state this simply as a fact requiring no further confirmation ; others support it by that kind of evidence which Herodotus, no doubt, would have considered sufficient for establishing the former presence of Pelasgians in different parts of Greece, but which would hardly have satisfied Niebuhr, still less Sir G. C. Lewis. Old smelting-houses, they tell us, are still called *Jews' houses* in Cornwall ; and if, even after that, anybody could be so sceptical as to doubt that the Jews, after the destruction of Jerusalem, were sent in large numbers to work as slaves in the Cornish mines, he is silenced at once by an appeal to the name of *Marazion*, the well-known town opposite St. Michael's Mount, which means the "bitterness of Zion," and is also called *Market Jew*. Many a traveller has no doubt shaken his unbelieving head, and asked himself how it is that no real historian should ever have mentioned the migration of the Jews to the Far West, whether it took place under Nero or under one of the later Flavian emperors. Yet all the Cornish guides are positive on the subject, and the *prima facie* evidence is certainly so startling that we can hardly wonder if certain anthropologists discovered

even the sharply marked features of the Jewish race among the sturdy fishermen of Mount's Bay.

Before we examine the facts on which this Jewish theory is founded,—facts, as will be seen, chiefly derived from names of places, and other relics of language,—it will be well to inquire a little into the character of the Cornish language, so that we may know what kind of evidence we have any right to expect from such a witness.

The ancient language of Cornwall, as is well known, was a Celtic dialect, closely allied to the languages of Brittany and Wales, and less nearly, though by no means distantly, related to the languages of Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man. Cornish began to die out in Cornwall about the time of the Reformation, being slowly but surely supplanted by English, till it was buried with Dolly Pentreath and similar worthies about the end of the last century¹. Now there is in most languages, but more particularly in those which are losing their consciousness or their vitality, what, by a name borrowed from geology, may be called a *metamorphic process*. It consists chiefly in this, that words, as they cease to be properly understood, are slightly changed, generally with the object of imparting to them once more an intelligible meaning. This new meaning is mostly a mistaken one, yet it is not only readily accepted, but the word in its new dress and with its new character is frequently made to support facts or fictions which could be supported by no other evidence. Who does not believe that *sweetheart* has something to do with *heart*? Yet it was originally formed like *drunk-ard*, *dull-ard*, and *nigg-ard*; and poets, not grammarians,

¹ See p. 253.

are responsible for the mischief it may have done under its plausible disguise. By the same process, *shamefast*, formed like *steadfast*, and still properly spelt by Chaucer and in the early editions of the Authorized Version of the Bible, has long become *shamefaced*, bringing before us the blushing roses of a lovely face. The *Vikings*, mere pirates from the *viks* or creeks of Scandinavia, have, by the same process, been raised to the dignity of kings; just as *coat cards*—the king, and queen, and knave in their gorgeous gowns—were exalted into *court cards*.

Although this kind of metamorphosis takes place in every language, yet it is most frequent in countries where two languages come in contact with each other, and where, in the end, one is superseded by the other. *Robertus Curtus*, the eldest son of the Conqueror, was by the Saxons called *Curt-hose*. The name of *Oxford* contains in its first syllable an old Celtic word, the well-known term for water or river, which occurs as *ux* in *Uxbridge*, as *ex* in *Exmouth*, as *ax* in *Axmouth*, and in many more disguises down to the *whisk* of *whiskey*, the Scotch *Usquebaugh*¹. In the name of the *Isis*, and of the suburb of *Osney*, the same Celtic word has been preserved. The Saxons kept the Celtic name of the river, and they called the place where one of the Roman roads crossed the river Ox, *Oxford*. The name, however, was soon mistaken, and interpreted as purely Saxon; and if any one should doubt that Oxford was a kind of *Bosphorus*, and meant a ford for oxen, the ancient arms of the city were readily appealed to in order to cut short all

¹ See Isaac Taylor's 'Words and Places,' p. 212. The Ock joins the Thames near Abingdon.

doubts on the subject. The Welsh name *Ryt-yhcen* for Oxford was a re-translation into Welsh of an original Celtic name, to which a new form and a new meaning had been given by the Saxon conquerors.

Similar accidents happened to Greek words after they were adopted by the people of Italy, particularly by the Romans. The Latin *orichalcum*, for instance, is simply the Greek word *ὀρείχαλκος*, from *ὄρος*, mountain, and *χαλκός*, copper. Why it was called mountain-copper, no one seems to know. It was originally a kind of fabulous metal, brought to light from the brains of the poet rather than from the bowels of the earth. Though the poets, and even Plato, speak of it as, after gold, the most precious of metals, Aristotle sternly denies that there ever was any real metal corresponding to the extravagant descriptions of the *ὀρείχαλκος*. Afterwards the same word was used in a more sober and technical sense, though it is not always easy to say when it means copper, or bronze (i.e. copper and tin), or brass (i.e. copper and zinc). The Latin poets not only adopted the Greek word in the fabulous sense in which they found it used in Homer, but forgetting that the first portion of the name was derived from the Greek *ὄρος*, hill, they pronounced and even spelt it as if derived from the Latin *aurum*, gold, and thus found a new confirmation of its equality with gold, which would have greatly surprised the original framers of that curious compound¹.

In a county like Cornwall, where the ancient Celtic

¹ See the learned essay of M. Rossignol, 'De l'Orichalque : Histoire du Cuivre et de ses Alliages,' in his work, 'Les Métaux dans l'Antiquité.' Paris. 1863.

dialect continued to be spoken, though disturbed and overlaid from time to time by Latin, Saxon, and Norman, where Celts had to adopt certain Saxon and Norman, and Saxons and Normans certain Celtic words, we have a right to expect an ample field for observing this metamorphic process, and for tracing its influence in the transformation of names, and in the formation of legends, traditions, nay even, as we shall see, in the production of generally accepted historical facts. To call this process *metamorphic*, using that name in the sense given to it by geologists, may, at first sight, seem pedantic and far-fetched. But if we see how a new language forms what may be called a new stratum covering the old language; how the life or heat of the old language, though apparently extinct, breaks forth again through the superincumbent crust, destroys its regular features and assimilates its stratified layers with its own igneous or volcanic nature, our comparison, though somewhat elaborate, will be justified to a great extent, and we shall only have to ask our geological readers to make allowance for this, that, in languages, the foreign element has always to be considered as the superincumbent stratum, Cornish forming the crust to English or English to Cornish, according as the speaker uses the one or the other as his native or as his acquired speech.

Our first witness in support of this metamorphic process is Mr. Scawen, who lived about two hundred years ago, a true Cornishman, though he wrote in English, or in what he is pleased so to call. In blaming the Cornish gentry and nobility for having attempted to give to their ancient and honourable names a kind of Norman varnish, and for having adopted new-fangled coats of arms, Mr. Scawen

remarks on the several mistakes, intentional or unintentional, that occurred in this foolish process. 'The grounds of two several mistakes,' he writes, 'are very obvious: 1st, upon the *Tre* or *Ter*; 2nd, upon the *Ross* or *Rose*. *Tre* or *Ter* in Cornish, commonly signifies a town, or rather place, and it has always an adjunct with it. *Tri* is the number 3. Those men willingly mistake one for another. And so in French heraldry terms, they used to fancy and contrive those with any such three things as may be like, or cohere with, or may be adapted to any thing or things in their surnames, whether very handsome or not is not much stood upon. Another usual mistake is upon *Ross*, which, as they seem to fancy, should be a *Rose*, but *Ross* in Cornish is a vale or valley. Now for this their French-Latin tutors, when they go into the field of Mars, put them in their coat armour prettily to smell out a *Rose* or flower (a fading honour instead of a durable one); so any three such things, agreeable perhaps a little to their names, are taken up and retained from abroad, when their own at home have a much better scent and more lasting.'

Some amusing instances of what may be called Saxon puns on Cornish words have been communicated to me by a Cornish friend of mine, Mr. Bellows. 'The old Cornish name for Falmouth,' he writes, 'was *Penny come quick*,¹ and they tell a most improbable story to account for it. I believe the whole compound is the Cornish *Pen y cwm'gwic*, "Head of the creek valley." In like manner they have turned *Bryn uhella* (highest hill) into *Brown Willy*, and *Cwm ty goed* (woodhouse valley) into *Còme to good*.'

¹ There is another Penny come quick near Falmouth.

To this might be added the common etymologies of *Helstone* and *Camelford*. The former name has nothing to do with the Saxon *helstone*, a covering stone, or with the infernal regions, but meant 'place on the river;' the latter, in spite of the camel in the arms of the town, meant the ford of the river Camel. A frequent mistake arises from the misapprehension of the Celtic *dun*, hill, which enters in the composition of many local names, and was changed by the Saxons into *town* or *tun*. Thus *Melidunum* is now *Moulton*, *Seccan-dun* is *Seckington*, and *Beam-dun* is *Bampton*¹.

This transformation of Celtic into Saxon or Norman terms is not confined, however, to the names of families, towns, and villages, and we shall see how the fables to which it has given rise have not only disfigured the records of some of the most ancient families in Cornwall, but have thrown a haze over the annals of the whole county.

Returning to the Jews in their Cornish exile, we find, no doubt, as mentioned before, that even in the Ordnance maps the little town opposite St. Michael's Mount is called *Marazion*, and *Market Jew*. *Marazion* sounds decidedly like Hebrew, and might signify *Mārāh*, 'bitterness, grief,' *Zion*, 'of Zion.' M. Esquiros, a believer in Cornish Jews, thinks that *Mara* might be a corruption of the Latin *Amara*, bitter; but he forgets that this etymology would really defeat its very object, and destroy the Hebrew origin of the name. The next question therefore is, what is the real origin of the name *Marazion*, and of its alias, *Market Jew*? It cannot be too often repeated that inquiries into the origin of local names are, in

¹ Isaac Taylor, 'Words and Places,' p. 402.

the first place, historical, and only in the second place, philological. To attempt an explanation of any name, without having first traced it back to the earliest form in which we can find it, is to set at defiance the plainest rules of the science of language as well as of the science of history. Even if the interpretation of a local name should be right, it would be of no scientific value without the preliminary inquiry into its history, which frequently consists in a succession of the most startling changes and corruptions. Those who are at all familiar with the history of Cornish names of places, will not be surprised to find the same name written in four or five, nay, in ten different ways. The fact is that those who pronounced the names were frequently ignorant of their real import, and those who had to write them down could hardly catch their correct pronunciation. Thus we find that Camden calls Marazion *Merkiu*, Carew *Marcaiew*. Leland in his 'Itinerary' (about 1538) uses the names *Markesin*, *Markine* (vol. iii. fol. 4), and in another place (vol. vii. fol. 119) he applies, it would seem, to the same town the name of *Marasdeythyon*. William of Worcester (about 1478) writes promiscuously *Markysyoo* (p. 103), *Marchew* and *Margew* (p. 133), *Marchasyowe* and *Markysyow* (p. 98). In a charter of Queen Elizabeth, dated 1595, the name is written *Marghasiewe*; in another of the year 1313, *Markesion*; in another, of 1309, *Markasyon*; in another of Richard, Earl of Cornwall (*Rex Romanorum*, 1257), *Marchadyon*, which seems the oldest, and at the same time the most primitive form¹. Besides these, Dr. Oliver has found in dif-

¹ It has been objected that *Marchadyon* could not be called the

ferent title-deeds the following varieties of the same name:—*Marghasion*, *Markesiow*, *Marghasiew*, *Mar-yazion*, and *Marazion*. The only explanation of the name which we meet with in early writers, such as Leland, Camden, and Carew, is that it meant ‘Thursday Market.’ Leland explains *Marasdeythyon* by *forum Jovis*. Camden explains *Merkiu* in the same manner, and Carew takes *Marcaiew* as originally *Marhas diew*, i.e. ‘Thursdaies’ market, for then it useth this traffike.’

This interpretation of *Marhasdiw* as Thursday Market, appears at first very plausible, and it has at all events far better claims on our acceptance than the modern Hebrew etymology of ‘Bitterness of Zion.’ But, strange to say, although from a charter of Robert, Earl of Cornwall, it appears that the monks of the Mount had the privilege of holding a market on Thursday (*die quintæ feriæ*), there is no evidence, and no probability, that a town so close to the Mount as *Marazion* ever held a market on the same day¹. Thursday in Cornish was called *deyow*, not *diw*. The only additional evidence we get is this, that in the taxation of Bishop Walter Brones-

original form, because by a *carta Alani, comitis Britanniae*, sealed, according to Dugdale’s ‘*Monasticon Anglicanum*,’ by Alan, anno incarnationis domini MCXL, ten shillings per annum were granted to the monks of St. Michael, due from a fair held at *Merdressem* or *Merdresein*. Until, however, it has been proved that *Merdressem* is the same place and the same name as *Marchadyon*, or that the latter sprang from the former, *Marchadyon*, in the charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, 1257, may for our immediate purpose be treated as the root from which all the other names branched off. See Oliver, ‘*Monasticon Exon.*’ p. 32.

¹ If a market was held on the ‘*dimidia terrae hida*’ granted by Robert to the monks, this difficulty would disappear.

combe, made August 12, 1261, and quoted in Bishop Stapledon's register of 1313, the place is called *Markesion de parvo mercato*¹; and that in a charter of Richard, King of the Romans and Earl of Cornwall, permission was granted to the prior of St. Michael's Mount that three markets, which formerly had been held in *Marghasbigan*, on ground not belonging to him, should in future be held on his own ground in *Marchadyon*. *Parvus mercatus* is evidently the same place as *Marghasbigan*, for *Marghasbigan* means in Cornish the same as *Mercatus parvus*, viz. 'Little Market.' The charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, is more perplexing, and it would seem to yield no sense, unless we again take *Marchadyon* as a mere variety of *Marghasbigan*, and suppose that the privilege granted to the prior of St. Michael's Mount consisted really in transferring the 'fair from land in Marazion not belonging to him, to land in Marazion belonging to him. Anyhow it is clear that in *Marazion* we have some kind of name for market.

The old Cornish word for market is *marchas*, a corruption of the Latin *mercatus*. Originally the Cornish word must have been *marchad*, and this form is preserved in Armorican, while in Cornish the *ch* gradually sank to *h*, and the final *d* to *s*. This change of *d* into *s* is of frequent occurrence in modern as compared with ancient Cornish, and the history of our word will enable us, to a certain extent, to fix the time when that change took place.

¹ In the Additional Supplement (p. 4), Dr. Oliver gives the more correct reading, '*de Markesiou, de parvo Mercato, Brevannek, Penmedel, Trewarbene.*' It depends on the comma after *Markesiou* whether *parvus Mercatus* is a separate place, or not.

In the charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall (about 1257), we find *Marchadyon*, in a charter of 1309 *Markasyon*. The change of *d* into *s* had taken place during these fifty years¹. But what is the termination *yon*? Considering that Marazion is called the Little Market, I should like to see in *yon* the Cornish diminutive suffix, corresponding to the Welsh *yn*. But if this should be objected to, on the ground that no such diminutives occur in the literary monuments of the Cornish language, another explanation is open, which was first suggested to me by Mr. Bellows:—*Marchadion* may be taken as a perfectly regular plural in Cornish, and we should then have to suppose that, instead of being called the Market or the Little Market, the place was called, from its three statute markets, 'The Markets.' And this would help us to explain, not only the gradual growth of the name Marazion, but likewise, I think, the gradual formation of 'Market Jew;' for another termination of the plural in Cornish is *ieu*, which, added to *Marchad*, would give us *Marchadieue*².

¹ Dr. Bannister remarks that *Markesion* occurs as early as 1261, in the taxation of Bishop Walter Bronescombe, as quoted in Bishop Stapledon's register of 1313. If that be so, the original form and its dialectic varieties would have existed almost contemporaneously, but the evidence that *Markesion* was used by Bishop Bronescombe is indirect. See Oliver, 'Monast. Exon.' p. 28.

² On the termination of the plural in Cornish, see Mr. Whitley Stokes' excellent remarks in his edition of 'The Passion,' p. 79; also in Kuhn's 'Beiträge,' iii. 151; and Norris, 'Cornish Drama,' vol. ii. p. 229. My attention has since been called to the fact that *marhas* occurs in the plural as *marhasow*, in the 'Cornish Drama,' vol. i. p. 248; and as *s* under such circumstances may become *j* (cf. *canhasowse*, Creat. line 29, but *canhajowe*, Creat.

Now, it is perfectly true that no real Cornishman, I mean no man who spoke Cornish, would ever have taken *Marchadiew* for Market Jew, or Jews' Market. The name for Jew in Cornish is quite different. It is *Edhow*, *Yedhow*, *Yudhow*, corrupted likewise into *Ezow*; plural, *Yedhewon*, &c. But to a Saxon ear the Cornish name *Marchadiew* might well convey the idea of *Market Jew*, and thus, by a metamorphic process, a name meaning in Cornish the Markets would give rise, in a perfectly natural manner, not only to the two names, Marazion and Market Jew, but likewise to the historical legends of Jews settled in the county of Cornwall¹.

line 67), *Marhajow* would come still nearer to *Market Jew*. Dr. Bannister remarks that in Armorican, market is *marchad*, plural *marchadou*, corrupted into *marchajou*. *

¹ The following note from a Cornish paper gives some important facts as to the date of the name of *Market Jew* :—

‘Among the State Papers at the Record Office, there is a letter from Ralph Conway to Secretary Cope, dated 3rd October, 1634, which mentions the name of *Market-jew*.

‘In another, dated 7th February, 1634–5, Sir James Bagge informs the Lords of the Admiralty that the endeavours of Mr. Basset, and other gentlemen in the west of Cornwall, to save the cargo of a wrecked Spanish galleon which broke from her moorings in Gwavas Lake, near Penzance, were opposed by a riotous multitude, consisting of the inhabitants of Mousehole and *Marka-jew*, who maintained their unlawful proceedings with the cry of “One and All!” threatening with death the servants of the Crown, and compelling them to avoid their fury by leaping down a high cliff.

‘In another of the same date, from Ralph Bird, of Saltram, to Francis Basset, the rebels of Mousehole, with their fellow rebels of *Market Jew*, are spoken of, as having menaced the life of any officer who should come to their houses to search for certain hides

But there still remain the *Jews' houses*, the name given, it is said, to the old deserted smelting-houses in Cornwall, and in Cornwall only. Though, in the absence of any historical evidence as to the employment of this term *Jews' house* in former ages, it will

that mysteriously disappeared from the deck of the galleon one boisterous night, and were probably transferred to Mousehole in the cock-boat of Mr. Keigwin, of that place; and various methods are suggested for administering punishment to the outrageous barbarians.

'In consequence of these complaints, the Lords of the Admiralty wrote to Sir Henry Marten, on the 12th of February of the same year, concerning "the insolency" committed by the inhabitants of Mousehole and *Markaiew*, requesting that the offenders may be punished, and, if necessary, the most notorious of them sent to London for trial.

'In "Magna Britannia et Hibernia," 1720, p. 308, *Merkju* is mentioned as being "a little market-town which takes its name from the market on Thursdays, it being a contraction of *Market-Jupiter*, i.e. as 'tis now called *Market Jew*, or rather *Ju*."

'Norden, who was born about 1548, says in his "Specul. Britanniae," which was published in 1728, that *Marca-iewe* (*Marca-iew* in margin) signifies in English, "market on the Thursday." In an old map, apparently drawn by hand, which appears to have been inserted in this book after it was published, *Market Iew* is given, and in the map issued with the book *Market Jew*.

'The map of Cornwall, contained in "Camden's Britannia," by Gibson, 1772, gives *Market-Jew*. The edition 1789, by Gough, states, at page 3, that "*Merkiu* signifies the *Market of Jupiter*, from the market being held on a Thursday, the day sacred to Jupiter."

'Carew's "Survey of Cornwall," ed. 1769, p. 156, has the following:—"Over against the Mount fronteth a towne of petty fortune, pertinently named *Marcaiew*, or *Marhas diow*, in English 'the Thursdaies market.'" In the edition published in 1811, p. 378, it is stated in a foot-note that *Marazion* means "market on the Strand," the name being well adapted to its situation, "for *Zion* answers to the Latin *litus*."

be more difficult to arrive at its original form and meaning, yet an explanation offers itself which, by a procedure very similar to that which was applied to *Marazion* and *Market Jew*, may account for the origin of this name likewise.

The Cornish name for house was originally *ty*. In modern Cornish, however, to quote from Lhuyd's Grammar, *t* has been changed to *tsh*, as *ti*, thou, *tshei*; *ty*, a house, *tshey*; which *tsh* is also sometimes changed to *dzh*, as '*ol mein y dzhyi*,' all in the house. Out of this *dzhyi* we may easily understand how a Saxon mouth and a Saxon ear might have elicited a sound somewhat like the English *Jew*.

But we do not get at *Jews' house* by so easy a road, if indeed we get at it at all. We are told that a smelting-house was called a White-house, in Cornish *Chiwidden*, *widden* standing for *gwydn*, which is a corruption of the old Cornish *gwyn*, white. This name of *Chiwidden* is a famous name in Cornish hagiography. He was the companion of St. Perran or St. Piran, the most popular saint among the mining population of Cornwall.

Mr. Hunt, who in his interesting work, 'The Popular Romances of the West of England,' has assigned a separate chapter to Cornish saints, tells us how St. Piran, while living in Ireland, fed ten Irish kings and their armies, for ten days together, with three cows. Notwithstanding this and other miracles, some of these kings condemned him to be cast off a precipice into the sea, with a millstone round his neck. St. Piran, however, floated on safely to Cornwall, and he landed, on the 5th of March, on the sands which still bear his name, *Perran-zabuloe*, or *Perran, on the Sands*.

The lives of saints form one of the most curious subjects for the historian, and still more, for the student of language; and the day, no doubt, will come when it will be possible to take those wonderful conglomerates of fact and fiction to pieces, and, as in one of those huge masses of graywacke or rubblestone, to assign each grain and fragment to the stratum from which it was taken, before they were all rolled together and cemented by the ebb and flow of popular tradition. With regard to the lives of Irish and Scotch and British saints, it ought to be stated, for the credit of the pious authors of the 'Acta Sanctorum,' that even they admit their tertiary origin. 'During the twelfth century,' they say, 'when many of the ancient monasteries in Ireland were handed over to monks from England, and many new houses were built for them, these monks began to compile the acts of the saints with greater industry than judgment. They collected all they could find among the uncertain traditions of the natives and in obscure Irish writings, following the example of Jocelin, whose work on the acts of St. Patrick had been received everywhere with wonderful applause. But many of them have miserably failed, so that the foolish have laughed at them, and the wise been filled with indignation.' ('Bollandi Acta,' 5th of March, p. 390, B.) In the same work (p. 392, A), it is pointed out that the Irish monks, whenever they heard of any saints in other parts of England whose names and lives reminded them of Irish saints, at once concluded that they were of Irish origin; and that the people in some parts of England, as they possessed no written acts of their popular saints, were glad to identify their

own with the famous saints of the Irish Church. This has evidently happened in the case of St. Piran. St. Piran, in one of his characters, is certainly a truly Cornish saint; but when the monks in Cornwall heard the wonderful legends of the Irish saint, St. Kiran, they seem to have grafted their own St. Piran on the Irish St. Kiran. The difference in the names must have seemed less to them than to us; for words which in Cornish are pronounced with *p*, are pronounced, as a rule, in Irish with *k*. Thus, head in Cornish is *pen*, in Irish *ceann*; son is *map*, in Irish, *mac*. The town built at the eastern extremity of the wall of Severus, was called *Penguaul*, i. e. *pen*, caput, *gaul*, walls; the English called it *Penel-tun*; while in Scotch it was pronounced *Cenail*¹. That St. Kiran had originally nothing to do with St. Piran can still be proved, for the earlier Lives of St. Kiran, though full of fabulous stories, represent him as dying in Ireland. His saint's day was the 5th of March, that of St. Piran the 2nd of May. The later Lives, however, though they say nothing as yet of the millstone, represent St. Kiran, when a very old man, as suddenly leaving his country in order that he might die in Cornwall. We are told that suddenly, when already near his death, he called together his little flock, and said to them: 'My dear brothers and sons, according to a divine disposition I must leave Ireland and go to Cornwall, and wait for the end of my life there. I cannot resist the will of God.' He then sailed to Cornwall, and built himself a house, where he performed many miracles. He was buried

* ¹ H. B. C. Brandes, 'Kelten und Germanen,' p. 52.

in Cornwall on the sandy sea, fifteen miles from Petrokstowe, and twenty-five miles from Mousehole¹. In this manner the Irish and the Cornish saints, who originally had nothing in common but their names, became amalgamated², and the saint's day of St. Piran was moved from the 2nd of May to the 5th of March. Yet although thus welded into one, nothing could well be imagined more different than the characters of the Irish and of the Cornish saint. The Irish saint lived a truly ascetic life; he preached, wrought miracles, and died. The Cornish saint was a jolly miner, not always very steady on his legs³. Let us hear what the Cornish have to tell of him. His name occurs in several names of places, such as Perran Zabuloe, Perran Uthno, in Perran the Little, and in Perran Arworthall. His name, pronounced Perran, or Piran, has been further corrupted into Picras and Picrous, though some authorities suppose that this is again a different saint from St. Piran. Anyhow both St. Perran and St. Picras live in the memory of the Cornish miner as

¹ Capgrave, 'Legenda Angliæ,' fol. 269.

² 'Within the land of Meneke or Menegland, is a paroch chirche of S. Keveryn, otherwise Piranus.'—Leland. 'Piran and Keveryn were different persons.' See Gough's edition of 'Camden,' vol. i. p. 14.

³ Carew, 'Survey' (ed. 1602), p. 58. 'From which civility, in the fruitful age of Canonization, they stepped a degree farder to holines, and helped to stuffe the Church Kalender with divers saints, either made or borne Cornish. Such was Keby, son to Solomon, prince of Cor.; such *Peran*, who (if my author the Legend lye not) after that (like another Johannes de temporibus) he had lived two hundred yeres with perfect health, took his last rest in a Cornish parish, which there-through he endowed with his name.'

the discoverers of tin; and the tanners' great holiday, the Thursday before Christmas, is still called Picrou's day¹. The legend relates that St. Piran, when still in Cornwall, employed a heavy black stone as a part of his fire-place. The fire was more intense than usual, and a stream of beautiful white metal flowed out of the fire. Great was the joy of the saint, and he communicated his discovery to St. Chiwidden. They examined the stone together, and Chiwidden, who was learned in the learning of the East, soon devised a process for producing this metal in large quantities. The two saints called the Cornishmen together. They told them of their treasures, and they taught them how to dig the ore from the earth, and how, by the agency of fire, to obtain the metal. Great was the joy in Cornwall, and many days of feasting followed the announcement. Mead and metheglin, with other drinks, flowed in abundance; and vile rumour says the saints and their people were rendered equally unstable thereby. 'Drunk as a Perraner' has certainly passed into a proverb from that day,

It is quite clear from these accounts that the legendary discoverer of tin in Cornwall was originally a totally different character from the Irish saint, St. Kiran. If one might indulge in a conjecture, I should say that there probably was in the Celtic language a root *kar*, which in the Cymric branch would assume the form *par*. Now *cair* in Gaelic means to dig, to raise; and from it a substantive might be derived, meaning digger or miner. In Ireland, *Kiran* seems to have been simply a proper

¹ Hunt's 'Popular Romances,' vol. ii. p. 19.

name, like Smith or Baker, for there is nothing in the legends of St. Kiran that points to mining or smelting. In Cornwall, on the contrary, St. Piran, before he was engrafted on St. Kiran, was probably nothing but a personification or apotheosis of the Miner, as much as Dorus was the personification of the Dorians, and Brutus the first king of Britain.

The rule, 'noscitur a sociis,' may be applied to St. Piran. His friend and associate, St. Chiwidden, or St. Whitehouse, is a personification of the white-house, i.e. the smelting-house, without which St. Piran, the miner, would have been a very useless saint. If Chywidden, i. e. the smelting-house, became the St. Chywidden, why should we look in the Cornish St. Piran for anything beyond Piran, i.e. the miner?

However, what is of importance to us for our present object is not St. Piran, but St. Chywidden, the white-house or smelting-house. We are looking all this time for the original meaning of the Jews' houses, and the question is, how can we, starting from Chywidden, arrive at Jews'-house? I am afraid we cannot do so without a jump or two; all we can do is to show that they are jumps which language herself is fond of taking, and which therefore we must not shirk, if we wish to ride straight after her.

Well, then, the first jump which language frequently takes is, this, that instead of using a noun with a qualifying adjective, such as white-house, the noun by itself is used without any such qualification. This can, of course, be done with very prominent words only, words which are used so often, and which express ideas so constantly present to the mind of the speaker, that no mistake is

likely to arise. In English, 'the House' is used for the House of Commons; in later Latin 'domus' was used for the House of God. Among fishermen in Scotland 'fish' means salmon. In Greek λίθος, stone, in the feminine, is used for the magnet, originally Μαγνήτις λίθος, while the masculine λίθος means a stone in general. In Cornwall, *ore* by itself means 'copper ore only, while tin ore is called black tin. In times, therefore, when the whole attention of Cornwall was absorbed by mining and smelting, and when smelting-houses were most likely the only large buildings that seemed to deserve the name of houses, there is nothing extraordinary in *tshey* or *dzhyi*, even without *vidden*, white, having become the recognised name for smelting-houses.

But now comes a second jump, and again one that can be proved to have been a very favourite one with many languages. When people speaking different languages live together in the same country, they frequently, in adopting a foreign term, add to it, by way of interpretation, the word that corresponds to it in their own language. Thus *Portsmouth* is a name half Latin and half English. *Portus* was the Roman name given to the harbour. This was adopted by the Saxons, but interpreted at the same time by a Saxon word, viz. *mouth*, which really means harbour. This interpretation was hardly intentional, but arose naturally. *Port* first became a kind of proper name, and then *mouth* was added, so that 'the mouth of Port,' i.e. of the place called *Portus* by the Romans, became at last Portsmouth. But this does not satisfy the early historians, and, as happens so frequently when there is anything corrupt in language, a legend springs up almost

spontaneously to remove all doubts and difficulties. Thus we read in the venerable Saxon Chronicle under the year 501, 'that Port came to Britain with his two sons, Bieda and Maegla, with two ships, and their place was called Portsmouth; and they slew a British man, a very noble man¹.' Such is the growth of legends, ay, and in many cases, the growth of history.

Formed on the same principle as Portsmouth we find such words as *Hayle-river*, the Cornish *hal* by itself meaning salt marsh, moor, or estuary; *Tre-ville* or *Trou-ville*, where the Celtic *tre*, town, is explained by the French *ville*; the *Cotswold* Hills, where the Celtic word *cot*, wood, is explained by the Saxon *wold* or *weald*, a wood. In *Dun-bar-ton*, the Celtic word *dun*, hill, is explained by the Saxon *bar* for *byrig*, burg, *ton* being added to form the name of the town that rose up under the protection of the hill-castle. In² *Penhow* the same process has been suspected; *how*, the German *Höhe*³, expressing nearly the same idea as *pen*, head. In Constantine, in Cornwall, one of the large stones with rock-basins is called the *Mên-rock*³, rock being simply the interpretation of the Cornish *mên*.

If then we suppose that in exactly the same manner the people of Cornwall spoke of *Tshey-*

¹ 'Saxon Chronicle,' ed. Earle, p. 14, and his note, Preface, p. ix.

² This *how*, according to Prof. Earle, appears again in the *Hoe*, a high down at Plymouth, near the citadel; in *Hooton* (Cheshire), in *Howgate*, *Howe of Fife*, and other local names. See also Halliwell, s. v. Hoes, and Hough; Kemble's 'Codex Diplomaticus,' Nos. 563, 663, 784.

³ Hunt, vol. i. p. 187.

houses, or *Dshyi-houses*, is it so very extraordinary that this hybrid word should at last have been interpreted as *Jew-houses* or *Jews' houses*? I do not say that the history of the word can be traced through all its phases with the same certainty as that of *Marazion*; all I maintain is that, in explaining its history, no step has been admitted that cannot be proved by sufficient evidence to be in strict keeping with the well-known movements, or, if it is respectful to say so, the well-known antics of language.

Thus vanish the Jews from Cornwall; but there still remain the *Saracens*. One is surprised to meet with *Saracens* in the West of England; still more, to hear of their having worked in the tin mines, like the Jews. According to some writers, however, *Saracen* is only another name for Jews, though no explanation is given why this detested name should have been applied to the Jews in 'Cornwall, and nowhere else. This view is held, for instance, by Carew, who writes:—'The Cornish maintain these works to have been very ancient, and first wrought by the Jews with pickaxes of holm, box, hartshorn; they prove this by the names of those places yet enduring, to wit, *Attall-Sarazin* (or, as in some editions, *Sazarin*); in English, the Jews' Offcast.'

Camden (p. 69) says:—'We are taught from Diodorus and Æthicus, that the ancient Britons had worked hard at the mines, but the Saxons and Normans seem to have neglected them for a long time, or to have employed the labour of Arabs or *Saracens*, for the inhabitants call deserted shafts, *Attall-Sarasin*, i. e. the leavings of the *Saracens*.'

Thus then we have not only the *Saracens* in Corn-

wall admitted as simply a matter of history, but their presence actually used in order to prove that the Saxons and Normans neglected to work the mines in the West of England.

A still more circumstantial account is given by Hals, as quoted by Gilbert in his *Parochial History of Cornwall*. Here we are told that King Henry III, by proclamation, let out all Jews in his dominions at a certain rent to such as would poll and rifle them, and amongst others to his brother Richard, King of the Romans, who, after he had plundered their estates, committed their bodies, as his slaves, to labour in the tin-mines of Cornwall; the memory of whose workings is still preserved in the names of several tin works, called *Towle Sarasin*, and corruptly *Attall Saracen*; i. e. the refuse or outcast of Saracens; that is to say, of those Jews descended from Sarah and Abraham. Other works were called *Whele Etherson* (alias *Ethewon*), the Jews' Works, or Unbelievers' Works, in Cornish.

Here we see how history is made; and if our inquiries led to no other result, they would still be useful as a warning against putting implicit faith in the statements of writers who are separated by several centuries from the events they are relating. Here we have men like Carew and Camden, both highly cultivated, learned, and conscientious, and yet neither of them hesitating, in a work of historical character, to assert as a fact, what, after making every allowance, can only be called a very bold guess. Have we any reason to suppose that Herodotus and Thucydides, when speaking of the original abodes of the various races of Greece, of their migrations, their wars and final settlements,

had better evidence before them, or were more cautious in using their evidence, than Camden and Carew? And is it likely that modern scholars, however learned and however careful, can ever arrive at really satisfactory results by sifting and arranging and re-arranging the ethnological statements of the ancients, as to the original abodes or the later migrations of Pelasgians, Tyrrhenians, Thracians, Macedonians, and Illyrians, or even of Dorians, Æolians, and Ionians? What is Carew's evidence in support of his statement that the Jews first worked the tin mines of Cornwall? Simply the sayings of the people in Cornwall, who support their sayings by the name given to deserted mines, *Attall Sarazin*. Now admitting that *Attall Sarazin*, or *Attall Sazarin*, meant the refuse of the Saracens, how is it possible, in cold blood, to identify the Saracens with Jews, and where is there a tittle of evidence to prove that the Jews were the first to work these mines,—mines, be it remembered, which, according to the same Carew, were certainly worked before the beginning of our era?

But leaving the Jews of the time of Nero, let us examine the more definite and more moderate statements of Hals and Gilbert. According to them, the deserted shafts are called by a Cornish name meaning the refuse of the Saracens, because, as late as the thirteenth century, the Jews were sent to work in these mines. It is difficult, no doubt, to prove a negative, and to show that no Jews ever worked in the mines of Cornwall. All that can be done, in a case like this, is to show that no one has produced an atom of evidence in support of Mr. Gilbert's opinion. The Jews were certainly ill-

treated, plundered, tortured, and exiled during the reign of the Plantagenet kings; but that they were sent to the Cornish mines, no contemporary writer has ever ventured to assert. The passage in Matthew Paris, to which Mr. Gilbert most likely alludes, says the very contrary of what he draws from it. Matthew Paris says that Henry III extorted money from the Jews, and that when they petitioned for a safe-conduct, in order to leave England altogether, he sold them to his brother Richard, 'ut quos Rex ex-coriaverat, Comes evisceraret¹.' But this selling of the Jews meant no more than that, in return for money advanced him by his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, the King pawned to him, for a number of years, the taxes, legitimate or illegitimate, which could be extorted from the Jews. That this was the real meaning of the bargain between the King and his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, can be proved by the document printed in Rymer's 'Foedera,' vol. i. p. 543, 'De Judæis Comiti Cornubiæ assignatis, pro solutione pecuniæ sibi a Rege debitæ².' Anyhow, there is not a single word about the Jews having been sent to Cornwall, or having had to work in the mines. On the contrary, Matthew Paris says, *Comes pepercit iis*, 'the Earl spared them.'

• After thus looking in vain for any truly historical evidence in support of Jewish settlements in Cornwall, I suppose they may in future be safely treated as a 'verbal myth,' of which there are more indeed in different chapters of history, both ancient and modern, than is commonly supposed. As in Cornwall the name of a market has given rise to the

¹ Matthew Paris, *Opera*, ed. Wats, p. 902.

² See 'Rymeri Foedera,' A.D. 1255, tom. i. p. 543.

fable of Jewish settlements, the name of another market in Finland led to the belief that there were Turks settled in that northern country. *Abo*, the ancient capital of Finland, was called *Turku*,¹ which is the Swedish word *torg*, market. Adam of Bremen, enumerating the various tribes adjoining the Baltic, mentions *Turci* among the rest, and these *Turci* were by others mistaken for Turks¹.

Even after such myths have been laid open to the very roots, there is a strong tendency not to drop them altogether. Thus Mr. H. Merivale is far too good an historian to admit the presence of Jews in Cornwall as far back as the destruction of Jerusalem². He knows there is no evidence for it, and he would not repeat a mere fable, however plausible. Yet Marazion and the Jews' houses evidently linger in his memory, and he throws out a hint that they may find an historical explanation in the fact that under the Plantagenet kings the Jews commonly farmed or wrought the mines. Is there any contemporary evidence even for this? I do not think so. Dr. Borlase, indeed, in his 'Natural History of Cornwall' (p. 190), says, 'In the time of King John, I find the product of tin in this county very considerable, the right of working for tin being as yet wholly in the King, the property of tinnerns precarious and unsettled, and what tin was raised was engrossed and managed by the Jews, to the great regret of the barons and their vassals.' It is a pity that Dr. Borlase should not have given his authority, but there

¹ See Adam Bremensis' 'De Situ Daniæ,' ed. Lindenbruch, p. 136; Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' vol. i. p. 275.

² Carew, 'Survey' (ed. 1602), p. 8; 'and perhaps under one of those Flavians, the Jewish workmen made here their first arrival.'

is little doubt that he simply quoted from Carew. Carew tells us how the Cornish gentlemen borrowed money from the merchants of London, giving them tin as security (p. 14) ; and though he does not call the merchants Jews, yet he speaks of them as usurers, and reproves their 'cut throate and abominable dealing.' He continues afterwards, speaking of the same usurers (p. 16), 'After such time as the Jewes by their extreme dealing had worne themselves, first out of the love of the English inhabitants, and afterwards out of the land itselſe, and so left the mines unwrought, it hapned, that certaine gentlemen, being lords of seven tithings in Blackmoore, whose grounds were best stored with this minerall, grewe desirous to renew this benefit,' &c. To judge from several indications, this is really the passage which Dr. Borlase had before him when writing of the Jews as engrossing and managing the tin that was raised, and in that case neither is Carew a contemporary witness, nor would it follow from what he says that one single Jew ever set foot on Cornish soil, or that any Jews ever tasted the actual bitterness of working in the mines.

Having thus disposed of the Jews, we now turn to the Saracens in Cornwall. We shall not enter upon the curious and complicated history of that name. It is enough to refer to a short note in Gibbon¹, in order to show that Saracen was a name

¹ Gibbon, chap. i. 'The name which, used by Ptolemy and Pliny in a more confined, by Ammianus and Procopius in a larger sense, has been derived, ridiculously, from Sarah, the wife of Abraham, obscurely from the village of Saraka, more plausibly from the Arabic words, which signify a *thievish* character, or *Oriental* situation. Yet the last and most popular of these etymologies is refuted by Ptolemy, who expressly remarks the western and

known to Greeks and Romans, long before the rise of Islam, but never applied to the Jews by any writer of authority, not even by those who saw in the Saracens 'the children of Sarah.'

What then, it may be asked, is the origin of the expression *Attal Sarazin* in Cornwall? *Attal*, or *Atal*, is said to be a Cornish word, the Welsh *Adhail*, and means refuse, waste¹. As to *Sarazin*, it is most likely another Cornish word, which, by a metamorphic process, has been slightly changed in order to yield some sense intelligible to Saxon speakers. We find in Cornish *tarad*, meaning a piercer, a borer; and, in another form, *tardar* is distinctly used, together with axe and hammer, as the name of a mining implement. The Latin *taratrum*, Gr. *τέρετρον*, Fr. *tarière*, all come from the same source. If from *tarad* we form a plural, we get *taradion*. In modern Cornish we find that *d* sinks down to *s*, which would give us *taras*², and plural *tharasion*. Next, the final *l* of *atal* may, like several final *l*'s in the closely allied language of Britany, have infected the initial *t* of *tharasion*, and changed it to *th*, which *th*, again, would, in modern Cornish, sink down to *s*³. Thus *atal tharasion* might have been

southern position of the Saracens, then an obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt. The appellation cannot therefore allude to any *national* character; and, since it was imported by strangers, it must be found, not in the Arabic, but in a foreign language.'

¹ See R. Williams, 'Lexicon Cornu. Britannicum,' s. v.

² 'It may be given as a rule, without exception, that words ending with *t* or *d* in Welsh or Briton, do, if they exist in Cornish, turn *t* or *d* to *s*.'—Norris, vol. ii. p. 237.

³ 'The frequent use of *th* instead of *s* shows that (in Cornish) the sound was not so definite as in English.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 224.

Another explanation of *Attal Sarazin* has been suggested by an

intended for the refuse of the borings, possibly the refuse of the mines, but pronounced in Saxon fashion it might readily have been mistaken for the *Atal* or refuse of the Sarasion or Saracens.

• *POSTSCRIPT.* •

The essay on the presence of Jews in Cornwall has given rise to much controversy, and as I republish it here without any important alterations, I feel it incumbent to say a few words in answer to the objections that have been brought forward against it. No one, I think, can read my essay without perceiving that what I question is not the presence of single Jews in Cornwall, but the migration of large numbers of Jews into the extreme West of Britain, whether at the time of the Phœnicians, or at the period of the destruction of Jerusalem, or under the Flavian princes, or even at a later time. The Rev. Dr. Bannister in a paper on 'the Jews in Cornwall,' published in the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*, 1867, does indeed represent me as having maintained 'that one single Jew never set foot on Cornish soil!' But if my readers will refer to the passage thus quoted from my essay by Dr. Bannister, they will see that it was not meant in that sense. In the passage thus quoted with inverted commas¹, I simply argued that from certain words used by Carew, on which great stress had been laid, it would not even follow 'that one single Jew ever set foot on Cornish soil,' which surely is very different from saying that I maintained that no single Jew ever set foot on Cornish soil. It would indeed be the most extraordinary fact if Cornwall had never been visited by Jews. If it were so, Cornwall would stand alone,

eminent Cornish scholar: 'I should explain *sarazin*,' he writes, 'as from *saratin*, a Med. Lat. *saritinus*, cf. *ex-saritum*, *ex-saritare* in Diez, E. W. ii. 283, s. v. *Essart*. *Atal* cannot be W. *adhail*. I would identify it with the Fr. *attelle*, splint. It occurs in O. 427 meaning "fallow." *Atal sarazin* I should explain as "dug-up splinters or shingle," and *towle (toll) sarazin* as "a dug-up hole or excavation."'

¹ See p. 325, l. 21.

as far as such an immunity is concerned, among all the countries of Europe. But it is one thing for Jews to be scattered about in towns¹, or even for one or two Jews to have actually worked in tin mines, and quite another to speak of towns receiving Hebrew names in Cornwall, and of deserted tin mines being called the workings of the Jews. To explain such startling facts, if facts they be, a kind of Jewish exodus to Cornwall had to be admitted, and was admitted as long as such names as *Marazion* and *Attal Sarazin* were accepted in their traditional meaning. My own opinion was that these names had given rise to the assumed presence of Jews in Cornwall, and not that the presence of Jews in Cornwall had given rise to these names.

If therefore it could be proved that some Jewish families had been settled in Cornwall in very early times, or that a few Jewish slaves had been employed as miners, my theory would not at all be affected. But I must say that the attempts at proving even so much, have been far from successful. Surely the occurrence of Old Testament names among the people of Cornwall, such as Abraham, Joseph, or Solomon, (there is a Solomon, Duke of Cornwall), does not prove that their bearers were Jews. Again, if we read in the time of Edward II that 'John Peverel held Hametethy of Roger le Jeu,' we may be quite certain that *le Jeu* does not mean 'the Jew,' and that in the time of Edward II no John Peverel held land of a Jew. Again, if in the time of Edward III we read of one 'Abraham, the tinner, who employed 300 men in the stream-works of Brodhok,' it would require stronger proof than the mere name to make us believe that this Abraham was a Jew.

I had endeavoured to show that there was no evidence as to the Earl of Cornwall, the brother of Henry III, having employed Jews in the Cornish mines, and had pointed out a passage from Rymer's 'Fœdera' where it is stated that the Earl spared them (*pepercit*). Dr. Bannister remarks: 'Though we are told that he spared them, might not this be similar to Joseph's brethren sparing him—by committing their bodies as his slaves to work in the tin mines? It might be so, no doubt, but we do not know it. Again, Dr. Bannister remarks: 'Jerome tells us that when Titus took Jerusalem, an incredible number of Jews were sold like horses, and

¹ 'History of the Exchequer,' London, 1711, p. 168: 'Et quod nullus Judæus receptetur in aliqua Villa sine speciali licentia Regis, nisi in Villis illis in quibus Judæi manere consueverunt' (37 Henry III).

dispersed over the face of the whole earth. The account given by Josephus is, that of those spared after indiscriminate slaughter, some were dispersed through the provinces for the use of the theatres, as gladiators; others were sent to the Egyptian mines, and others sold as slaves. If the Romans at this time worked the Cornish mines, why may not some have been sent here? I can only answer, as before; they may have been, no doubt, but we do not know it. •

I had myself searched very carefully for any documents that might prove the presence even of single Jews in Cornwall, previous to the time when they were banished the realm by Edward I. But my inquiries had not proved more successful than those of my predecessors. Pearce, in his 'Laws and Customs of the Stanaries,' published in London, 1725, shares the common belief that the Jews worked in the Cornish mines. 'The tanners,' he says (p. ii.), call the antient works by the name of the Working of the Jews, and it is most manifest, that there were Jews inhabiting here until 1291; and this they prove by the names yet enduring, viz. Attall Sarazin, in English, The Jews Feast.' But in spite of his strong belief in the presence of Jews in Cornwall, Pearce adds: 'But whether they had liberty to work and search for Tin, does not appear, because they had their dwellings chiefly in great Towns and Cities; and being great Usurers, were in that year banished out of England, to the number of 15,060, by the most noble Prince, Edward I.'

At last, however, with the kind assistance of Mr. Macray, I discovered a few real Jews in Cornwall in the third year of King John, 1202, viz. one *Simon de Dena*, one *Deudone, the son of Samuel*, and one *Aaron*. Some of their monetary transactions are recorded in the 'Rotulus Cancellarii vel Antigraphum Magni Rotuli Pipae de tertio anno Regni Regis Johannis' (printed under the Direction of the Commissioners of the Public Records in 1863, p. 96), and we have here not only their names as evidence of their Jewish origin, but they are actually spoken of as '*praedictus Judaeus*.' Their transactions, however, are purely financial, and do not lead us to suppose that the Jews in order to make tin condescended, in the time of King John or at any other time, to the drudgery of working in tin mines.

July, 1867.

XV.

THE

'INSULATION OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT'¹.

ST. Michael's Mount in Cornwall is so well known to most people, either by sight or from report, that a description of its peculiar features may be deemed almost superfluous ; but in order to start fair I shall quote a short account from the pen of an eminent geologist, Mr. Pengelly, to whom I shall have to refer frequently in the course of this paper.

'St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall,' he says, 'is an island at very high water, and, with rare exceptions, a peninsula at very low water. The distance from Marazion Cliff, the nearest point of the mainland, to spring-tide high-water mark on its own strand, is about 1680 feet. The total isthmus consists of the outcrop of highly inclined Devonian slate and associated rocks, and in most cases is covered with a thin layer of gravel or sand. At spring-tides, in still weather, it is at high-water about twelve feet below, and at low-water six feet above, the sea level. In fine weather it is dry from four to five hours every tide ; but occasionally, during very stormy weather and neap tides, it is impossible to cross from the mainland for two or three days together. '

'The Mount is an outlier of granite, measuring at

• ¹ Read before the Ashmolean Society, Oxford, Nov. 25, 1867.

its base about five furlongs in circumference, and rising to the height of 195 feet above mean tide. At high-water it plunges abruptly into the sea, except on the north or landward side, where the granite comes into contact with slate. Here there is a small plain occupied by a village. . . . The country immediately behind or north of the town of Marazion consists of Devonian strata, traversed by traps and elvans, and attains a considerable elevation.'

At the Meeting of the British Association in 1865, Mr. Pengelly, in a paper on 'The Insulation of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall,' maintained that the change which converted that Mount from a promontory into an island must have taken place, not only within the human period, but since Cornwall was occupied by a people speaking the Cornish language. As a proof of this somewhat startling assertion, he adduced the ancient British name of St. Michael's Mount, signifying *the Hoar rock in the wood*. Nobody would think of applying such a name to the Mount in its present state; and as we know that during the last 2000 years the Mount has been as it is now, an island at high, and a promontory at low tide, it would indeed seem to follow that its name must have been framed before the destruction of the ancient forest by which it was once surrounded, and before the separation of the Mount from the mainland.

Sir Henry James, in a 'Note on the Block of Tin dredged in Falmouth Harbour,' asserts, it is true, that there are trees growing on the Mount in sufficient numbers to have justified the ancient descriptive name of 'The Hoar rock in the wood;' but though there are traces of trees visible on the engravings

published a hundred years ago, in Dr. Borlase's 'Antiquities of Cornwall,' these are most likely due to artistic embellishment only. At present no writer will discover in St. Michael's Mount what could fairly be called either trees or a wood, even in Cornwall.

That the geographical change from a promontory into a real island did not take place during the last 2000 years, is proved by the description which Diodorus Siculus, a little before the Christian era, gives of St. Michael's Mount. 'The inhabitants of the promontory of Belerium,' he says (lib. v. c. 22), 'were hospitable, and, on account of their intercourse with strangers, eminently civilized in their habits. These are the people who work the tin, which they melt into the form of astragali, and then carry it to an island in front of Britain, called *Ictis*. This island is left dry at low tide, and they then transport the tin in carts from the shore. Here the traders buy it from the natives, and carry it to Gaul, over which it travels on horseback in about thirty days to the mouths of the Rhone.' That the island of *Ictis*, described by Diodorus, is St. Michael's Mount, seems, to say the least, very probable, and was at last admitted even by the late Sir G. C. Lewis. In fact the description which Diodorus gives answers so completely to what St. Michael's Mount is at the present day, that few would deny that if the Mount ever was a 'Hoar rock in the wood,' it must have been so before the time of which Diodorus speaks, that is, at least before the last 2000 years. The nine apparent reasons why St. Michael's Mount cannot be the *Iktis* of Diodorus, and their refutation, may be seen in Mr. Pengelly's paper 'On the Insulation of St. Michael's Mount,' p. 6, seq.

Mr. Pengelly proceeded to show that the geological change which converted the promontory into an island may be due to two causes. First, it may have taken place in consequence of the encroachment of the sea. This would demand a belief that at least 20,000 years ago Cornwall was inhabited by men who spoke Cornish. Secondly, this change may have taken place by a general subsidence of the land, and this is the opinion adopted by Mr. Pengelly. No exact date was assigned to this subsidence, but Mr. Pengelly finished by expressing his decided opinion that, subsequent to a period when Cornwall was inhabited by a race speaking a Celtic language, St. Michael's Mount was 'a hoar rock in the wood,' and has since become insulated by powerful geological changes.

In a more recent paper read at the Royal Institution (April 5, 1867), Mr. Pengelly has somewhat modified his opinion. Taking for granted that at some time or other St. Michael's Mount was a peninsula and not yet an island, he calculates that it must have taken 16,800 years before the coast line could have receded from the Mount to the present cliffs. He arrives at this result by taking the retrocession of the cliffs at ten feet in a century, the distance between the Mount and the mainland being at present 1680 feet.

If, however, the severance of the Mount from the mainland was the result, not of retrocession, but of the subsidence of the country—a rival theory which Mr. Pengelly still admits as possible—the former calculation would fail, and the only means of fixing the date of this severance would be supplied by the remains found in the forests that were carried down •

by that subsidence, and which are supposed to belong to the mammoth era. This mammoth era, we are told, is anterior to the lake-dwellings of Switzerland, and the kitchenmiddens of Denmark, for in neither of these have any remains of the mammoth been discovered. The mammoth, in fact, did not outlive the age of bronze, and before the end of that age, therefore, St. Michael's Mount must be supposed to have become an island.

In all these discussions it is taken for granted that St. Michael's Mount was at one time unquestionably a 'hoar rock in the wood,' and that the land between the Mount and the mainland was once covered by a forest which extended along the whole of the seaboard. That there are submerged forests along that seaboard is attested by sufficient geological evidence ; but I have not been able to discover any proof of the unbroken continuity of that shore-forest, still less of the presence of vegetable remains in the exact locality which is of interest to us, viz. between the Mount and the mainland. It is true that Dr. Borlase discovered the remains of trunks of trees on the 10th of January, 1757 ; but he tells us that these forest trees were not found round the Mount, but midway betwixt the piers of St. Michael's Mount and Penzance, that is to say, about one mile distant from the Mount ; also, that one of them was a willow-tree with the bark on it, another a hazel-branch with the bark still fat and glossy. The place where these trees were found was three hundred yards below full sea-mark, where the water is twelve feet deep when the tide is in.

Carew, also, at an earlier date, speaks of roots of mighty trees found in the sand about the Mount, but without giving the exact place. Lelant (1533-40)

knows of 'Spere Heddes, Axis for Warre, and Swerdes of Copper wräppid up in lynist, scant perishid,' that had been found of late years near the Mount, in St. Hilary's parish, in tin works; but he places the land that had been devoured of the sea between Penzance and Mousehole, i.e. more than two miles distant from the Mount.

The value of this kind of geological evidence must of course be determined by geologists. It is quite possible that the remains of trunks of trees may still be found on the very isthmus between the Mount and the mainland; but it is, to say the least, curious that, even in the absence of such stringent evidence, geologists should feel so confident that the Mount once stood on the mainland, and that exactly the same persuasion should have been shared by people long before the name of geology was known. There is a powerful spell in popular traditions, against which even men of science are not always proof, and it is just possible that if the tradition of the 'hoar rock in the wood' had not existed, no attempts would have been made to explain the causes that severed St. Michael's Mount from the mainland. But even then the question remains, How was it that people quite guiltless of geology should have framed the popular name of the Mount, and the popular tradition of its former connection with the mainland? Leaving, therefore, for the present all geological evidence out of view, it will be an interesting inquiry to find out, if possible, how people that could not have been swayed by any geological theories, should have been led to believe in the gradual insulation of St. Michael's Mount.

The principal argument brought forward by non-

geological writers in support of the former existence of a forest surrounding the Mount, is the Cornish name of St. Michael's Mount, *Cara clowse in cowse*, which in Cornish is said to mean 'the hoar rock in the wood.' In his paper read before the British Association at Manchester, Mr. Pengelly adduced that very name as irrefragable evidence that Cornish, i.e. a Celtic language, an Aryan language, was spoken in the extreme west of Europe about 20,000 years ago. In his more recent paper Mr. Pengelly has given up this position, and he considers it improbable that any philologer could now give a trustworthy translation of a language spoken 20,000 years ago. This may be or not; but before we build any hypothesis on that Cornish name, the first question which an historian has to answer is clearly this:—

What authority is there for that name? Where does it occur for the first time? and does it really mean what it is supposed to mean?

Now the first mention of the Cornish name, as far as I am aware, occurs in Richard Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall,' which was published in 1602. It is true that Camden's 'Britannia' appeared earlier, in 1586, and that Camden (p. 72), too, mentions 'the Mons Michaelis, *Dinsol olim, ut in libro Landavensi habetur, incolis Careg Cowse*¹, i. e. rupis cana.' But it will be seen that he leaves out the most important part of the old name, nor can there be much doubt that Camden received his information about Cornwall direct from Carew, before Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall' was published.

¹ In Gough's edition of Camden the name is given 'Careg cowse in clowse, i.e. the heavy rock in the wood.'

After speaking of 'the countrie of Lionesse which the sea hath ravined from Cornwall betweene the lands end and the Isles of Scilley,' Carew continues (p. 3), 'Moreover, the ancient name of Saint Michael's Mount was *Cara-clowse in Couse*, in English, The hoare Rocke in the Wood; which now is at everie floud incompassed by the Sea, and yet at some low ebbes, rootes of mightie trees are discryed in the sands about it. The like overflowing hath happened in Plymmquth Haven, and divers other places.' Now while in this place Carew gives the name *Cara-clowse in Couse*, it is very important to remark that on page 154 he speaks of it again as '*Cara Cowz in Clowze*, that is, the hoare rock in the wood.'

The original Cornish name, whether it was *Cara clowse in Couse*, or *Cara Cowz in Clowze*, cannot be traced back beyond the end of the sixteenth century, for the Cornish Pilchard song in which the name likewise occurs is much more recent, at least in that form in which we possess it. The tradition, however, that St. Michael's Mount stood in a forest, and even the Saxon designation, 'the Hoar rock in the wood,' can be followed up to an earlier date.

At least 125 years before Carew's time, William of Worcester, though not mentioning the Cornish name, not only gives the Mount the name of 'Hoar rock of the wood,' but states distinctly that St. Michael's Mount was formerly six miles distant from the sea, and surrounded by a dense forest: 'PREDICTUS LOCUS OPACISSIMA PRIMO CLAUDEBATUR SYLVA, AB OCEANO MILLIARIBUS DISTANS SEX.' As William of Worcester never mentions the Cornish name it is not likely that his statement should merely be derived from the supposed meaning of *Cara Cowz in Clowze*, and it is but

fair to admit that he may have drawn from a safer source of information. We must therefore inquire more closely into the credibility of this important witness. He is an important witness, for, if it were not for him, I believe we should never have heard of the insulation of St. Michael's Mount at all. The passage in question occurs in William of Worcester's Itinerary, the original MS. of which is preserved in Corpus Christi College at Cambridge. It was printed at Cambridge by James Nasmyth in the year 1778, from the original MS., but, as it would seem, without much care. William Botoner, or, as he is commonly called, William of Worcester, was born at Bristol in 1415, and educated at Oxford about 1434. He was a member of the *Aula Cervina*, which at that time belonged to Balliol College. His Itinerarium is dated 1478. It hardly deserves the grand title which it bears, 'Itinerarium, sive liber memorabilium Will. W. in viagio de Bristol usque ad montem St. Michaelis.' It is not a book of travels in our sense of the word, and it was hardly destined for the public in the form in which we possess it. It is simply a note-book in which William entered anything that interested him during his journey, and it contains not only his own observations, but all sorts of extracts, copies, notices, thrown together without any connecting thread. He hardly tells us that he has arrived at St. Michael's Mount before he begins to copy a notice which he found posted up in the church. This notice informed all comers that Pope Gregory had remitted a third of their penances to all who should visit this church and give to it benefactions and alms. It can be fully proved that this notice, which was intended to attract pilgrims and visitors, repeats *ipsissimis verbis* the

charter of Leofric, Bishop of Exeter, who exempted the church and convent from all episcopal jurisdiction. This was in the year 1088, when St. Michael's Mount was handed over by Robert, Earl of Mortain, half-brother of William the Conqueror, to the abbey of St. Michel in Normandy. This charter may be seen in Dr. Oliver's 'Monasticon Diocesis Exoniensis,' 1846. The passage copied by William of Worcester from a notice in the church of St. Michael's Mount occurs at the end of the original charter: '*Et omnibus illis qui illam ecclesiam suis cum beneficiis elemosinis expetierint et visitaverint, tertiam partem penitentiarum condonamus.*'

Though it is not quite correct to say that this condonation was granted by Pope Gregory, yet it is perfectly true that it was granted by the Bishop of Exeter at the command and exhortation of the Pope, '*Jussione et exhortatione domini reverentissimi Gregorii.*' The date also given by William, 1070, cannot be correct, for Gregory occupied the papal throne from 1073-86. It was Gregory VII, not Gregory VI, as printed by Dr. Oliver.

Immediately after this memorandum in William's diary we meet with certain notes on the apparitions of St. Michael. He does not say from what source he takes his information on the subject, but we may suppose that he either repeated what he heard from the monks in conversation, or that he copied from some MS. in their library. In either case it is startling to read that there was an apparition of the Archangel St. Michael in Mount *Tumba*, formerly called *the Hore-rock in the wodd*. St. Michael seems indeed to have paid frequent visits to his worshippers, if we may trust the 'Chronicon apparitionum.'

et gestorum S. Michaelis Archangeli,' published by Mich. Naveus, in 1632. Yet his visits were not made at random, and even Naveus finds it difficult to substantiate any apparition of St. Michael so far north as Cornwall, except by invectives against the *impudentia et ignorantia* of protestant heretics who dared to doubt such occurrences.

But this short sentence of William contains one word which is of great importance for our purposes. He says that 'the Hore-rock in the wodd' was formerly called *Tumba*. Is there any evidence for this?

The name *Tumba*, as far as we know, belonged originally to Mont St. Michel in Normandy. There a famous and far better authenticated apparition of St. Michael is related to have taken place in the year 708, which led to the building of a church and monastery by Autbert, Bishop of Avranches. The church was built in close imitation of the church of St. Michael in Mount Garganus in Apulia, which had been founded as early as 493¹. If therefore William of Worcester relates an apparition of St. Michael in Cornwall at about the same date, in 710, it is clear that Mont St. Michel in Normandy has here been confounded by him with St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. In order to explain this strange confusion, and the consequences which it entailed, it will be necessary to bear in mind the peculiar relations which existed between the two ecclesiastical establishments, perched the one on the island rock of St. Michel in Normandy, the other on St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. In physical structure there is a curious resemblance between the two mounts. Both are granite

¹ 'Baronii Annales,' anno 493.

islands, and both so near the coast that at low water a dry passage is open to them from the mainland. The Mount on the Norman coast is larger and more distant from the coast than St. Michael's Mount, yet for all that their general likeness is very striking. Now Mont St. Michel was called *Tumba* at least as far back as the tenth century. Mabillon, in his 'Annales Benedictini,' vol. ii. p. 18, quotes from an ancient author the following explanation of the name. 'Now this place, to use the words of an ancient author, is called *Tumba* by the inhabitants, because, emerging as it were from the sands like a hill, it rises up by the space of 200 cubits, everywhere surrounded by the ocean; it is six miles distant from the shore, between the mouths of the rivers Segia and Senuna, six miles distant from Avranches, looking westward, and dividing Avranches from Britany. Here the sea by its recess allows twice a passage to the pious people who proceed to the threshold of St. Michael the Archangel.' 'Hic igitur locus, ut verbis antiqui autoris utar, *Tumba* vocitatur ab incolis, ideo quod in morem tumuli, quasi ab arenis emergens, ad altum SPATIO DUCENTORUM CUBITORUM porrigitur, OCEANO UNDIQUE CINCTUS, SEX MILLIBUS AB ÆSTU OCEANI, inter ostia situs, ubi immergunt se mari flumina Segia (Sée) et Senuna (Selure), ab Abrincatensi urbe (Avranches) sex distans millibus; oceanum prospectans, Abrincatensem pagum dirimit a Britannia. Illic mare suo recessu devotis populis desideratum bis præbet iter petentibus limina beati Michaelis archangeli.'

This fixes *Tumba* as the name of Mont St. Michel before the tenth century, for the ancient author from whom Mabillon quotes wrote before the middle of

the tenth century, and before Duke Richard had replaced the priests of St. Michel by Benedictine monks. *Tumba* remained, in fact, the recognised name of the Norman Mount, and has survived to the present day. The church and monastery there were called '*in monte Tumba*,' or '*ad duas Tumbas*,' there being in reality two islands, the principal one called *Tumba*, the smaller *Tumbella* or *Tumbellana*. This name of *Tumbellana* was afterwards changed into *tumba Helenæ*, giving rise to various legends about Elaine, one of the heroines of the Arthurian cycle; nay, the name was cited by learned antiquarians as a proof of the ancient worship of Belus in these northern latitudes.

The history of Mont St. Michel in Normandy is well authenticated, particularly during the period which is of importance to us. Mabillon, quoting from the chronicler who wrote before the middle of the tenth century, relates how Autbert, the Bishop of Avranches, had a vision, and after having been thrice admonished by St. Michael, proceeded to build on the summit of the Mount a church under the patronage of the Archangel. This was in 708, or possibly a few years earlier, if Pagius is right in fixing the dedication of the temple in 707¹. Mabillon points out that this chronicler says nothing as yet of the miracles related by later writers, particularly of the famous hole in the bishop's skull, which it was believed St. Michael had made when on exhorting him the third time to build his church, he gently touched him with his archangelic finger. In doing this the finger went through the skull, and left a hole. The perforated skull did not interfere with the bishop's health, and it

¹ 'Baronii Annales,' anne 709.

was shown after his death as a valuable relic. The new church was dedicated by Autbert himself, and the day of the dedication (xvii Kalend. Novemb.) was celebrated, not only in France, but also in England, as is shown by a decree of the Synod held at Oxford in 1222. The further history of the church and monastery of St. Michel may be read with all its minute details in Mabillon, or in the 'Neustria Pia' (p. 371), or in the 'Gallia Christiana,' (vol. ix. p. 517 E, 870 A.) What is of interest to us is that soon after the Conquest, when the ecclesiastical property of England had fallen into the hands of her Norman conquerors, Robert, Earl of Mortain and Cornwall, the half-brother of William the Conqueror, endowed the Norman with the Cornish Mount. A priory of Benedictine monks had existed on the Cornish Mount for some time, and had been richly endowed in 1044 by Edward the Confessor. Nay, if we may trust the charter of Edward the Confessor, it would seem that, even at that time, the Cornish Mount and its priory had been granted by him to the Norman Abbey, for the charter is witnessed by Norman bishops, and its original is preserved in the Abbey of Mont St. Michel. In that case William the Conqueror or his half-brother Robert would only have restored the Cornish priory to its rightful owners, the monks of Mont St. Michel, who had well deserved the gratitude of the Conqueror by supplying him after the Conquest with six ships and a number of monks, destined to assist in the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline in England. After that time the Cornish priory shared the fate of other so-called alien priories or cells. The prior was bound to visit in person or by proxy the mother-house every year, and

to pay sixteen marks of silver as an acknowledgment of dependence. Whenever a war broke out between England and France the foreign priories were seized, though some, and among them the priory of St. Michael's Mount, obtained in time a distinct corporate character, and during the reigns of Henry IV and Henry V were exempted from seizure during war.

Under these circumstances we can well understand how in the minds of the monks, who spent their lives partly in the mother-house, partly in its dependencies, there was no very clear perception of any difference between the founders, benefactors, and patrons of these twin establishments. A monk brought up at Mont St. Michel would repeat as an old man the legends he had heard about St. Michel and Bishop Autbert, even though he was ending his days in the priory of the Cornish Mount. Relics and books would likewise travel from one place to the other, and a charter originally belonging to the one might afterwards form part of the archives of another house.

After these preliminary remarks let us look again at the memoranda which William of Worcester made at St. Michael's Mount, and it will appear that what we anticipated has actually happened, and that a book originally belonging to Mont St. Michel in Normandy, and containing the early history of that monastery, was transferred (either in the original or in a copy) to Cornwall, and there used by William of Worcester in the belief that it contained the early history of the Cornish Mount and the Cornish priory.

The Memorandum of William of Worcester runs thus:—*'Apparicio Sancti Michaelis in monte Tumba, antea vocata le Hore-rok in the wodd; et fuerunt tam boscus quam prata et terra arabilis inter dictum*

montem et insulas Syllye, et fuerunt 140 ecclesiæ parochiales inter istum montem et Syllly submersæ.

‘Prima apparicio Sancti Michaelis in monte Gorgon in regno Apuliæ fuit anno Christi 391. Secunda apparicio fuit circa annum domini 710 in Tumba in Cornubia juxta mare.

‘Tertia apparicio Romæ fuit; tempore Gregorii papæ legitur accidisse: nam tempore magnæ pestilenciæ, &c.

‘Quarta apparicio fuit in ierarchiis nostrorum angelorum.

‘Spacium loci montis Sancti Michaelis est DUCENTORUM CUBITORUM UNDIQUE OCEANO CINCTUM, et religiosi monachi dicti loci. Abrincensis antistes Aubertus nomine, ut in honore Sancti Michaelis construeret predictus LOCUS OPACISSIMA PRIMO CLAUDEBATUR SYLVA, AB OCEANO MILLIARIBUS DISTANS SEX, aptissimam præbens latebram ferarum, in quo loco olim comperimus MONACHOS domino servientes.’

The text is somewhat corrupt and fragmentary, but may be translated as follows:—

‘The apparition of St. Michael in the Mount Tumba, formerly called the Hore-rock in the wodd; and there were a forest and meadows and arable land between the said mount and the Syllye Isles, and there were 140 parochial churches swallowed by the sea between that mount and Syllly.

‘The first apparition of St. Michael in Mount Gorgon in the Kingdom of Apulia was in the year 391. The second apparition was about the year 710, in Tumba in Cornwall by the sea.

‘The third apparition is said to have happened at Rome in the time of Pope Gregory: for at the time of the great pestilence, &c.

'The fourth apparition was in the hierarchies of our angels.

'The space of St. Michael's Mount is 200 cubits; it is everywhere surrounded by the sea, and there are religious monks of that place. The head of Abrinca, Aubertus by name, that he might erect a church¹ in honour of St. Michael. The aforesaid place was at first enclosed by a very dense forest, six miles distant from the ocean, furnishing a good retreat for wild animals. In which place we heard that formerly monks serving the Lord,' &c.

The only way to explain this jumble is to suppose that William of Worcester made these entries in his diary while walking up and down in the church of St. Michael's Mount, and listening to one of the monks, reading to him from a MS. which had been brought from Normandy, and referred in reality to the early history of the Norman, but not of the Cornish Mount. The first line, 'Apparicio Sancti Michaelis in monte Tumba,' was probably the title or the heading of the MS. Then William himself added, 'antea vocata le Hore-rok in the wodd,' a name which he evidently heard on the spot, and which no doubt conveyed to him the impression that the rock had formerly stood in the midst of a wood. For instead of continuing his account of the apparitions of St. Michael, he quotes a tradition in support of the former existence of a forest surrounding the Mount. Only, strange to say, instead of producing the evidence which he produced afterwards in con-

¹ I have added *church*, for Mr. Munro, who kindly collated this passage for me, informs me that the C.C.C. MS. gives distinctly *ætem* where the editor has left a lacuna.

firmation of St. Michael's Mount having been surrounded by a dense forest, he here gives the tradition about Lionesse, the sunken land between the Land's End and the Scylly Isles. This is evidently a mistake, for no other writer ever supposed the sunken land of Lionesse to have reached as far as St. Michael's Mount.

Then follows the entry about the four apparitions of St. Michael. Here we must read '*in monte Gargano*' instead of '*in monte Gorgon*.' Opinions vary as to the exact date of the apparition in Mount Garganus in the south of Italy, but 391 is certainly far too early, and has to be changed into 491 or 493. In the second apparition all is right, if we leave out '*in Cornubia juxta mare*,' which was added either by William or by the monk who was showing him the book. It refers to the well-known apparition of St. Michael at Avranches. The third and fourth apparitions are of no consequence to us.

As we read on, we come next to William's own measurements, fixing the extent of St. Michael's Mount at two hundred cubits. After that we are met by a passage which, though it hardly construes, can be understood in one sense only, namely, as giving an account of the Abbey of St. Michel in Normandy. I suppose it is not too bold if I recognise in *Aubertus Autbertus*, and in *Abrincensis antistes*, the *Abrincatensis episcopus* or *antistes*, the Bishop of Avranches.

Now it is well known that the Mont St. Michel in Normandy was believed to have been originally surrounded by forests and meadows. Du Moustier in the '*Neustria Pia*' relates (p. 371), '*Hæc rupes antiquitus Mons erat. cinctus sylvis et*

saltibus,' 'This rock was of old a mount surrounded by forests and meadows.' But this is not all. In the old chronicle of Mont St. Michel, quoted by Mabillon, which was written before the middle of the tenth century, the same account is given; and if we compare that account with the words used by William of Worcester, we can no longer doubt that the old chronicle, or, it may be, a copy of it, had been brought from France to England, and that what was intended for a description of the Norman abbey and its neighbourhood was taken, intentionally or unintentionally, as a description of the Cornish Mount. These are the words of the Norman chronicler, as quoted by Mabillon, compared with the passage in William of Worcester:—

Mont St. Michel.

“Addit idem auctor hunc locum OPACISSIMA OLIM SILVA CLAUSUM fuisse, et MONACHOS IBIDEM INHABITASSE duasque ad suum usque tempus exstitisse ecclesias quas illi scilicet monachi incolebant.’

St. Michael's Mount.

‘Predictus LOCUS OPACISSIMA OLIM CLAULEBATUR sylva ab oceano miliaribus distans sex, aptissimam præbens latebram ferarum, in quo loco olim commperimus MONACHOS DOMINO SERVIENTES.’

‘The same author adds that this place was formerly enclosed by a very dense forest, and that monks dwelt there, and that two churches existed there up to his own time, which those monks inhabited.’

The words CLAUSUM OPACISSIMA SILVA are decisive. The phrase AB OCEANO MILIARIBUS DISTANS SEX, too, is taken from an earlier passage of the same author, quoted above, which passage may likewise have supplied the identical phrases OCEANO UNDIQUE CINCTUS, and the SPATIUM DUCENTORUM CUBITORUM, which are hardly applicable to St. Michael's Mount. The ‘two

churches *still* existing in Mont St. Michel,' had to be left out, for there was no trace of them in St. Michael's Mount. But the monks who lived in them were retained, and to give a little more life, the wild beasts were added. Even the expression of *antistes* instead of *episcopus* occurs in the original, where we read, 'Hæc loci facies erat; ante sancti Michaelis apparitionem hoc anno factam religiosissimò Autberto Abrincatensi episcopo, admonentis se velle ut sibi in ejus montis vertice ecclesia sub ipsius patrocinio erigeretur. Hærenti ANTISTITI tertio idem intimatum &c.'

Thus vanishes the testimony of William of Worcester, so often quoted by Cornish antiquarians, as to the dense forest by which St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall was once surrounded, and all the evidence that remains to substantiate the former presence of trees on and around the Cornish Mount is reduced to the name 'the Hoar rock in the Wood,' given by William, and the Cornish names of *Cara clowse in Cowse* or *Cara Cowz in Glowze*, given by Carew. How much or how little dependence can be placed on old Cornish names of places and their supposed meaning has been shown before in the case of Marazion. Carew certainly did not understand Cornish, nor did the people with whom he had intercourse, and there is no doubt that he wrote down the Cornish names as best he could, and without any attempt at deciphering their meaning. He was told that 'Cara clowse in Cowse' meant the 'Hoar rock in the Wood,' and he had no reason to doubt it. Even a very small knowledge of Cornish would have enabled Carew or anybody else at his time to find out that *cowz* might be meant for the Cornish word for wood, and that *careg*

was rock. *Clowse* too might easily be taken in the sense of grey, as grey in Cornish was *glos*. Then why should we hesitate to accept *Cara clowse in cowse* as the ancient Cornish name of the mount, and why object to Mr. Pengelly's argument that it must have been given at a time when the mount was surrounded by a very dense forest, and that *à fortiori* at that distant period Cornish must have been the spoken language of Cornwall?

The first objection is that the old word for 'wood' in Cornish was *cuit* with a final *t*, and that the change of a final *t* into *z* is a phonetic corruption which takes place only in the later stage of the Cornish language. The ancient Cornish *cuit*, 'wood,' occurs in Welsh as *coed*, in Armorican as *koat* and *koad*, and is supposed to exist in Cornish names of places, such as *Penquite*, *Kilquite*, &c. *Cowz*, therefore, could not have occurred in a Cornish name supposed to have been formed at least 2,000, if not 20,000 years ago.

This thrust might, no doubt, be parried by saying that the name of the mount would naturally change with the general changes of the Cornish language. Yet this is not always the case with proper names, as may be seen by the names just quoted, *Penquite* and *Kilquite*. At all events, we begin to see how uncertain is the ground on which we stand.

If we take the facts, scanty and uncertain as they are, we may admit that, at the time of William of Worcester, the Mount had most likely a Latin, a Cornish, and a Saxon appellation. It is curious that William should say nothing of a Cornish name, but only quote the Saxon one. However, this Saxon

name, 'the Hoar rock in the Wood,' sounds decidedly like a translation, and is far too long and cumbrous for a current name. *Michelstow* is mentioned by others as the Saxon name of the Mount (Naveus, p. 233). The Latin name given to the Mount, but only after it had become a dependency of Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, was, as we saw from William of Worcester's diary, *Mons Tumba* or *Mons Tumba in Cornubia*, and after his time the name of *St. Michael in Tumbâ* or in *Monte Tumbâ* is certainly used promiscuously for the Cornish and Norman mounts¹. Now *tumba*, after meaning hillock, became the recognised name for tomb, and the mediæval Latin *tumba*, too, was always understood in that sense. If therefore the name 'Mons in tumba' had to be rendered in Cornish for the benefit of the Cornish-speaking monks of the Benedictine priory, *tumba* would actually be taken in the sense of tomb. One form of the Cornish name, as preserved by Carew, is *Cara cowz in clowze*, and this, if interpreted without any preconceived opinion, would mean in Cornish 'the old rock of the tomb.' *Cara* stands for *carak*, a rock. *Cowz* is meant for *coz*, the modern Cornish and Armorican form corresponding to the

¹ Thomas Cranmer sends a dispensation, in 1537, to the Rev. John Arscott, archpresbyter of the ecclesia St. Michaelis in Monte Tumba Exoniensis diocesis. (Monasticon Dioc. Exon. p. 30.) Dr. Oliver remarks, 'It may be worth while to observe, that when St. Michael "in procella," or "in periculo maris," is named in the old records, the foreign house is meant. But St. Michael "in Tumbâ," or "Monte Tumbâ," is a name occasionally applied to both houses.' It would have been interesting to determine the exact date when this latter name is for the first time applied to the Cornish Mount.

ancient Cornish *coth*, old¹. *Clouze* is a modern and somewhat corrupt form in Cornish, corresponding to the Welsh *clawdh*, a tomb. *Cladh-va*, in Cornish, means a burying-place; and *cluddu*, to bury, has been preserved as a Cornish verb, corresponding to the Welsh *cladhu*. In Gaelic, too, *cladh* is a tomb or burying-place; and in Armorican, which generally follows the same phonetic changes as the Cornish, we actually find *kleuz* and *klôz* for tomb or enclosure. (See Le Gonidec, 'Dict. Breton-Français,' s.v.) The *en* might either be the Cornish preposition *yn*, or it may have been intended for the article in the genitive, *an*. The old rock in the tomb, i. e. *in tumbâ*, or the old rock of the tomb, Cornish *carag goz an cloz*, would be intelligible and natural renderings of the Latin *Mons in tumba*.

But though this would fully account for the origin of the Cornish name as preserved by Carew, it would still leave the Saxon appellation the 'Hore rock in the wodd' unexplained. How could William of Worcester have got hold of this name? Let us remember that William does not mention any Cornish name of the Mount, and that nothing is ever said at his time of the 'Hore rock in the wodd' being a translation of an old Cornish name. All we know is that the monks of the Mount used that name, and it is hardly likely that so long and cumbrous a name should ever have been used much by the people in the neighbourhood. How the monks of St. Michael's Mount came to call their place the 'Hore rock in the wodd' at the time of William of Worcester, and probably long

¹ *Passion*, ed. W.S. p. 95. *Coth*, Bret. *kôz* = O. Celtic *cottos* (*Ate-cotfi* 'perantiqui').

before his time, is, however, not difficult to explain after we have seen how they transferred the traditions which originally referred to Mont St. Michel to their own monastery. Having told the story of the '*sylva opacissima*' by which their mount was formerly surrounded to many visitors, as they told it to William of Worcester, the name of the 'Hore rock in the wodd' might easily spring up among them, and be kept up within the walls of their priory. Nor is there any evidence that in this peculiar form the name ever spread beyond their walls. But it is possible that here, too, language may have played some tricks. The number of people who used these names and kept them alive can never have been large, and hence they were exposed much more to accidents arising from ignorance and individual caprice than names of villages or towns which are in the keeping of hundreds and thousands of people. The monks of St. Michael's Mount may in time have forgotten the exact purport of '*Cara cowz in clowze*,' 'the old rock of the tomb,' really the '*Mops in tumba*;' and their minds being full of the old forest by which they believed *their* island, like Mont St. Michel, to have been formerly surrounded, what wonder if *cara cowz in clowze* glided away into *cara clowse in cowze*, and thus came to confirm the old tradition of the forest. For *cowz* would at once be taken as the modern Cornish word for wood, corresponding to the old Cornish *cuit*, while *clowse* might, with a little effort, be identified with the Cornish *glos*, grey, the Armorican *glâz*. Carew, it should be observed, sanctions both forms, the original one, *cara cowz in clowze*, 'the old rock of the tomb,' and the other *cara clowse in cowze*, meaning possibly 'the grey rock in the

wood.' The sound of the two is so like that, particularly to people not very familiar with the language, the substitution of one for the other would come very naturally; and as a reason could more easily be given for the latter than for the former name, we need not be surprised if in the few passages where the name occurs *after Carew's* time, the secondary name, apparently confirming the monkish legend of the 'dense forest that once surrounded St. Michael's Mount, should have been selected in preference to the former, which, but to a scholar and an antiquarian, sounded vague and meaningless.

If my object had been to establish any new historical fact, or to support any novel theory, I should not have indulged so freely in what to a certain extent may be called mere conjecture. But my object was only to point out the uncertainty of the evidence which Mr. Pengelly has adduced in support of a theory which would completely revolutionise our received views as to the early history of language and the migrations of the Aryan race. At first sight the argument used by Mr. Pengelly seems unanswerable. Here is St. Michael's Mount, which, according to geological evidence, may formerly have been part of the mainland. Here is an old Cornish name for St. Michael's Mount, which means 'the grey rock in the wood.' Such a name, it might well be argued, could not have been given to the island after it had ceased to be a grey rock in the wood, therefore it must have been given previous to the date which geological chronology fixes for the insulation of St. Michael's Mount. That date varies from 16,000 to 20,000 years ago. And as the name is Cornish, it follows that Cornish-speaking people

must have lived in Cornwall at that early geological period.

Nothing, as I said, could sound more plausible ; but before we yield to the argument, we must surely ask, is there no other way of explaining the names *Cara cowz in clowze* and *Cara clowse in cowze*? And here we find—

(1) That the legend of the dense forest by which the Mount was believed to have been surrounded existed; so far as we know, before the earliest occurrence of the Cornish name, and that it owes its origin entirely to a mistake which can be accounted for by documentary evidence. A legend told of Mont St. Michel had been transferred *ipsissimis verbis* to St. Michael's Mount, and the monks of that priory repeated the story which they found in their chronicle to all who came to visit their establishment in Cornwall. They told the name, among others, to William of Worcester, and to prevent any incredulity on his part, they gave him chapter and verse from their chronicle, which he carefully jotted down in his diary¹.

(2) We find that when the Cornish name first occurs it lends itself, in one form, to a very natural interpretation, which does not give the meaning of

¹ It was suggested to me that the *opacissima sylva* may even have a more distant origin. There seems as little evidence of a dense forest having surrounded Mont St. Michel in Normandy as there was in the case of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. Now as the first apparition of St. Michael is supposed to have taken place in Mount Garganus, i. e. Monte Gargano or Monte di S. Angelo, in Apulia, may not 'the dense forest' have wandered with the archangel from the 'querceta Gargani' (Hor. Od. ii. 9. 7) to Normandy, and thence to Cornwall?

'Hore rock in the wodd,' but shows the name *Cara cowz in clowze* to have been a literal rendering of the Latin name 'Mons in tumba,' originally the name of Mont. St. Michel, but at an early date applied in charters to St. Michael's Mount.

(3) We find that the second form of the Cornish name, viz. *cara clowse in cowze* may either be a merely metamorphic corruption of *cara cowz in clowze*, readily suggested and supported by the new meaning which it yielded of 'grey rock in the wood;' or, even if we accept it as an original name, that it would be no more than a name framed by the Cornish-speaking monks of the Mount, in order to embody the same spurious tradition which had given rise to the name of 'Hore rock in the wodd.'

I need hardly add that in thus arguing against Mr. Pengelly's conclusions, I do not venture to touch his geological arguments. St. Michael's Mount may have been united with the mainland; it may, for all we know, have been surrounded by a dense forest; and it may be perfectly possible geologically to fix the date when that forest was destroyed and the Mount severed, so far as it is severed, from the Cornish coast. All I protest against is that any one of these facts could be proved; or even supported, by the Cornish name of the Mount, whether *cara cowz in clowze*, or *cara clowse in cowze*, or by the English name, communicated by William of Worcester, 'the Hore rock in the wodd,' or finally by the legend which gave rise to these names, and which, as can be proved by irrefragable evidence, was transplanted by mistake from the Norman to the Cornish coast. The only question which, in conclusion, I should like to address to geologists, is this. As geologists are obliged to

leave it doubtful whether the insulation of St. Michael's Mount was due to the washing of the seashore, or to a general subsidence of the country, may it not have been due to neither of these causes, and may not the Mount have always been that kind of half-island which it certainly was 2,000 years ago ?

XVI.

BUNSEN¹.

OURS is, no doubt, a forgetful age. Every day brings new events rushing in upon us from all parts of the world, and the hours of real rest, when we might ponder over the past, recall pleasant days, gaze again on the faces of those who are no more, are few indeed. Men and women disappear from this busy stage, and though for a time they had been the radiating centres of social, political, or literary life, their places are soon taken by others—‘the place thereof shall know them no more.’ Few only appear again after a time, claiming once more our attention through the memoirs of their lives, and then either flitting away for ever among the shades of the departed, or assuming afresh a power of life, a place in history, and an influence on the future often more powerful even than that which they exercised on the world while living in it. To call the great and good thus back from the grave is no easy task; it requires not only the power of a *vates sacer*, but the heart of a loving friend. Few men live great and good lives, still fewer can write them; nay, often, when they have been lived and have been written, the world

¹ ‘A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, by his widow, Baroness Bunsen.’ 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans, 1868.

‘Christian Carl Josias Freiherr von Bunsen. Aus seinen Briefen und nach eigener Erinnerung geschildert, von seiner Wittwe. Deutsche Ausgabe, durch neue Mittheilungen vermehrt von Friedrich Nippold.’ Leipzig, 1868.

passes by unheeding, as crowds will pass without a glance by the portraits of a Titian or a Van Dyke. Now and then, however, a biography takes root, and then acts as a lesson as no other lesson can act. Such biographies have all the importance of an *Ecce Homo*, showing to the world what man can be, and permanently raising the ideal of human life. It was so in England with the life of Dr. Arnold; it was so more lately with the life of Prince Albert; it will be the same with the life of Bunsen.

It seems but yesterday that Bunsen left England; yet it was in 1854 that his house in Carlton-terrace ceased to be the refreshing oasis in London life which many still remember, and that the powerful, thoughtful, beautiful, loving face of the Prussian Ambassador was seen for the last time in London society. Bunsen then retired from public life, and after spending six more years in literary work, struggling with death, yet revelling in life, he died at Bonn on the 28th of November, 1860. His widow has devoted the years of her solitude to the noble work of collecting the materials for a biography of her husband, and we have now in two large volumes all that could be collected, or, at least, all that could be conveniently published, of the sayings and doings of Bunsen, the scholar, the statesman, and, above all, the philosopher and the Christian. Throughout the two volumes the outward events are sketched by the hand of the Baroness Bunsen; but there runs, as between wooded hills, the main stream of Bunsen's mind, the outpourings of his heart, which were given so freely and fully in his letters to his friends. When such materials exist there can be no more satisfactory kind of biography than that of introducing the man himself.

speaking unreservedly to his most intimate friends on the great events of his life. This is an autobiography, in fact, free from all drawbacks. Here and there that process, it is true, entails a greater fulness of detail than is acceptable to ordinary readers, however highly Bunsen's own friends may value every line of his familiar letters. But general readers may easily pass over letters addressed to different persons, or treating of subjects less interesting to themselves, without losing the thread of the story of the whole life; while it is sometimes of great interest to see the same subject discussed by Bunsen in letters addressed to different people. One serious difficulty in these letters is that they are nearly all translations from the German, and in the process of translation some of the original charm is inevitably lost. The translations are very faithful, and they do not sacrifice the peculiar turn of German thought to the requirements of strictly idiomatic English. Even the narrative itself betrays occasionally the German atmosphere in which it was written, but the whole book brings back all the more vividly to those who knew Bunsen the language and the very expressions of his English conversation. The two volumes are too bulky, and one's arms ache while holding them; yet one is loth to put them down, and there will be few readers who do not regret that more could not have been told us of Bunsen's life.

All really great and honest men may be said to live three lives:—there is one life which is seen and accepted by the world at large, a man's outward life; there is a second life which is seen by a man's most intimate friends, his household life; and there is a third life, seen only by the man himself and by Him

who searcheth the heart, which may be called the inner or heavenly life. Most biographers are and must be satisfied with giving the two former aspects of their hero's life—the version of the world and that of his friends. Both are important, both contain some truth, though neither of them the whole truth. But there is a third life, a life led in communion with God, a life of aspiration rather than of fulfilment,—that life which we see, for instance, in St. Paul, when he says, ‘The good that I would I do not : but the evil which I would not, that I do.’ It is but seldom that we catch a glimpse of those deep springs of human character which cannot rise to the surface even in the most confidential intercourse, which in everyday life are hidden from a man's own sight, but which break forth when he is alone with his God in secret prayer—aye, in prayers without words. Here lies the charm of Bunsen's life. Not only do we see the man, the father, the husband, the brother that stands behind the Ambassador, but we see behind the man his angel beholding the face of his Father which is in heaven. His prayers, poured forth in the critical moments of his life, have been preserved to us, and they show us what the world ought to know, that our greatest men can also be our best men, and that freedom of thought is not incompatible with sincere religion. Those who knew Bunsen well know how that deep, religious undercurrent of his soul was constantly bubbling up and breaking forth in his conversations, startling even the mere worldling by an earnestness that frightened away every smile. It was said of him that he could drive out devils, and he certainly could with his solemn, yet loving, voice soften hearts that would yield to no other appeal,

and see with one look through that mask which man wears but too often in the masquerade of the world. Hence his numerous and enduring friendships, of which these volumes contain so many sacred relics. Hence that confidence reposed in him by men and women who had once been brought in contact with him. To those who can see with their eyes only, and not with their hearts, it may seem strange that Sir Robert Peel, shortly before his death, should have uttered the name of Bunsen. To those who know that England once had Prime Ministers who were found praying on their knees before they delivered their greatest speeches, Sir Robert Peel's recollection, or, it may be, desire of Bunsen in the last moments of his life has nothing strange. Bunsen's life was no ordinary life, and the memoirs of that life are more than an ordinary book. That book will tell in England and in Germany far more than in the Middle Ages the life of a new Saint; nor are there many Saints whose real life, if sifted as the life of Bunsen has been, would bear comparison with that noble character of the nineteenth century.

Bunsen was born in 1791 at Corbach, a small town in the small principality of Waldeck. His father was poor, but a man of independent spirit, of moral rectitude, and of deep religious convictions. Bunsen, the son of his old age, distinguished himself at school, and was sent to the University of Marburg at the age of seventeen. All he had then to depend on was an Exhibition of about £7 a year, and a sum of £15, which his father had saved for him to start him in life. This may seem a small sum, but if we want to know how much of paternal love and self-denial it represented we ought to read an entry in his father's

diary :—‘ Account of cash receipts, by God’s mercy obtained for transcribing law documents between 1793 and 1814—sum total 3,020 thalers 23 groschen,’ that is to say, about £22 per annum. Did any English Duke ever give his son a more generous allowance—more than two-thirds of his own annual income ? Bunsen began by studying divinity, and actually preached a sermon at Marburg, in the church of St. Elizabeth. Students in divinity are required in Germany to preach sermons as part of their regular theological training, and before they are actually ordained. Marburg was not then a very efficient University, and, not finding there what he wanted, Bunsen after a year went to Göttingen, chiefly attracted by the fame of Heyne. He soon devoted himself entirely to classical studies, and in order to support himself—for £7 per annum will not support even a German student—he accepted the appointment of assistant teacher of Greek and Hebrew at the Göttingen gymnasium, and also became private tutor to a young American, Mr. Astor, the son of the rich American merchant. He was thus learning and teaching at the same time, and he acquired by his daily intercourse with his pupil a practical knowledge of the English language. While at Göttingen he carried off, in 1812, a prize for an Essay on ‘ The Athenian Law of Inheritance,’ which attracted more than usual attention, and may, in fact, be looked upon as one of the first attempts at Comparative Jurisprudence. In 1813 he writes from Göttingen :—

‘ Poor and lonely did I arrive in this place. Heyne received me, guided me, bore with me, encouraged me, showed me in himself the example of a high and noble energy and indefatigable activity in a calling which was not that to which his merit entitled him ; he might have superintended and administered and maintained an entire kingdom.’

The following passage from the same letter deserves to be quoted as coming from the pen of a young man of twenty-two :—

‘Learning annihilates itself, and the most perfect is the first submerged ; for the next age scales with ease the height which cost the preceding the full vigour of life.’

After leaving the University Bunsen travelled in Germany with young Astor, and made the acquaintance of Frederic Schlegel at Vienna, of Jacobi, Schelling, and Thiersch at Munich. He was all that time continuing his own philological studies, and we see him at Munich attending lectures on Criminal Law, and making his first beginning in the study of Persian. When on the point of starting for Paris with his American pupil, the news of the glorious battle of Leipsic (October, 1813) disturbed their plans, and he resolved to settle again at Göttingen till peace should have been concluded. Here, while superintending the studies of Mr. Astor, he plunged into reading of the most varied character. He writes (p. 51) :—

‘I remain firm and strive after my earliest purpose in life, more felt, perhaps, than already discerned,—viz. to bring over into my own knowledge and into my own Fatherland the language and the spirit of the solemn and distant East. I would for the accomplishment of this object even quit Europe, in order to draw out of the ancient well that which I find not elsewhere.’

This is the first indication of an important element in Bunsen’s early life, his longing for the East, and his all but prophetic anticipation of the great results which a study of the ancient language of India would one day yield, and the light it would shed on the darkest pages in the ancient history of Greece, Italy, and Germany. The study of the Athenian law of inheritance seems first to have drawn his attention to

the ancient codes of Indian law, and he was deeply impressed by the discovery that the peculiar system of inheritance which in Greece existed only in the petrified form of a primitive custom, sanctioned by law, disclosed in the laws of Manu its original purport and natural meaning. This one spark excited in Bunsen's mind that constant yearning after a knowledge of Eastern and more particularly of Indian literature which very nearly drove him to India in the same adventurous spirit as Anquetil Duperron and Czoma de Körös. We are now familiar with the great results that have been obtained by a study of the ancient languages and religion of the East, but in 1813 neither Bopp nor Grimm had begun to publish, and Frederic Schlegel was the only one who in his little pamphlet, 'On the Language and the Wisdom of the Indians' (1808), had ventured to assert a real intellectual relationship between Europe and India. One of Bunsen's earliest friends, Wolrad Schumacher, related that even at school Bunsen's mind was turned towards India. 'Sometimes he would let fall a word about India, which was unaccountable to me, as at that time I connected only a geographical conception with that name' (p. 17).

While thus engaged in his studies at Göttingen, and working in company with such friends as Brandis, the historian of Greek philosophy; Lachmann, the editor of the New Testament; Lücke, the theologian; Ernst Schulze, the poet, and others, Bunsen felt the influence of the great events that brought about the regeneration of Germany, nor was he the man to stand aloof, absorbed in literary work, while others were busy doing mischief difficult to remedy. The Princes of Germany and their friends, though

grateful to the people for having at last shaken off with fearful sacrifices the foreign yoke of Napoleon, were most anxious to maintain for their own benefit that convenient system of police government which for so long had kept the whole of Germany under French control. 'It is but too certain,' Bunsen writes, 'that either for want of goodwill or of intelligence our Sovereigns will not grant us freedom such as we deserve. . . . And I fear that, as before, the much-enduring German will become an object of contempt to all nations who know how to value national spirit.' His first political essays belong to that period. Up to August, 1814, Bunsen continued to act as private tutor to Mr. Astor, though we see him at the same time, with his insatiable thirst after knowledge, attending courses of lectures on astronomy, mineralogy, and other subjects apparently so foreign to the main current of his mind. When Mr. Astor left him to return to America, Bunsen went to Holland to see a sister to whom he was deeply attached, and who seems to have shared with him the same religious convictions which in youth, manhood, and old age formed the foundation of Bunsen's life. Some of Bunsen's detractors have accused him of professing Christian piety in circles where such professions were sure to be well received. Let them read now the annals of his early life, and they will find to their shame how boldly the same Bunsen professed his religious convictions among the students and professors of Göttingen, who either scoffed at Christianity or only tolerated it as a kind of harmless superstition. We shall only quote one instance:—

'Bunsen, when a young student at Göttingen, once suddenly quitted a lecture in indignation at the unworthy manner in which

the most sacred subjects were treated by one of the professors. The professor paused at the interruption, and hazarded the remark that "some one belonging to the Old Testament had possibly slipped in unrecognized." That called forth a burst of laughter from the entire audience, all being as well aware as the lecturer himself who it was that had mortified him.'

During his stay in Holland Bunsen not only studied the language and literature of that country, but his mind was also much occupied in observing the national and religious character of this small but interesting branch of the Teutonic race. He writes :—

'In all things the German, or, if you will, the Teutonic, character is worked out into form in a manner more decidedly national than anywhere else. . . . This journey has yet more confirmed my decision to become acquainted with the entire Germanic race, and then to proceed with the development of my governing ideas—(i.e. the study of Eastern languages in elucidation of Western thought). For this purpose I am about to travel with Brandis to Copenhagen to learn Danish, and, above all, Icelandic.'

And so he did. The young student, as yet without any prospects in life, threw up his position at Göttingen, declined to waste his energies as a school-master, and started, we hardly know how, on his journey to Denmark. There, in company with Brandis, he lived and worked hard at Danish, and then attacked the study of the ancient Icelandic language and literature with a fervour and with a purpose that shrank from no difficulty. He writes (p. 79) :—

'The object of my research requires the acquisition of the whole treasures of language, in order to complete my favourite linguistic theories, and to inquire into the poetry and religious conceptions of German-Scandinavian heathenism, and their historical connexion with the East'

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When his work in Denmark was finished, and when he had collected materials, some of which, as

his copy taken of the 'Völuspá,' a poem of the Edda, were not published till forty years later, he started with Brandis for Berlin. 'Prussia,' he writes on the 10th of October, 1815, 'is *the true* Germany.' Thither he felt drawn, as well as Brandis, and thither he invited his friends, though, it must be confessed, without suggesting to them any settled plan of how to earn their daily bread. He writes as if he was even then at the head of affairs in Berlin, though he was only the friend of a friend of Niebuhr's, Niebuhr himself being by no means all powerful in Prussia, even in 1815. This hopefulness was a trait in Bunsen's character that remained through life. A plan was no sooner suggested to him and approved by him than he took it for granted that all obstacles must vanish, and many a time did all obstacles vanish before the joyous confidence of that magician, a fact that ~~should~~ be remembered by those who used to blame him as sanguine and visionary. One of his friends, Lücke, writes to Ernst Schulze, the poet, whom Bunsen had invited to Denmark, and afterwards to Berlin :—

'In the enclosed richly-filled letter you will recognize Bunsen's power and splendour of mind, and you will also not fail to perceive his thoughtlessness in making projects. He and Brandis are a pair of most amiable speculators, full of affection; but one must meet them with the *ne quid nimis*.'

However, Bunsen in his flight was not to be scared by any warning or checked by calculating the chances of success or failure. With Brandis he went to Berlin, spent the glorious winter from 1815 to 1816 in the society of men like Niebuhr and Schleiermacher, and became more and more determined in his own plan of life, which was to study Oriental languages in.

